John Adams.

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THE

WORKS

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT,

Dean of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

VOLUME XIII.

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LET-

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. BENJAMIN TOOKE.

SIR, *Dublin, June* 29. 1710.

I WAS in the country when I received your letter with the apology * incloſed in it; and I had neither health nor humour to finiſh that buſineſs. But the blame reſts with you, that if you thought it time, you did not print it when you had it. I have juſt now your laſt, with the complete key. I believe it is ſo perfect a Grubſtreet piece, it will be forgotten in a week. But it is ſtrange that there can be no ſatisfaction againſt a bookſeller, for publiſhing names in ſo bold a manner. I wiſh ſome lawyer could adviſe you how I might have ſatisfaction: For, at this rate, there is no book, however ſo vile, which may not be faſtened on me. I cannot but think that little parſon-cou-

* The Apology prefixed to the Tale of a Tub.

ſin of mine is at the bottom of this; for, having lent him a copy of ſome part of, &c. and he ſhewing it, after I was gone for Ireland, and the thing abroad, he affected to talk ſuſpiciouſly, as if he had ſome ſhare in it. If he ſhould happen to be in town, and you light on him, I think you ought to tell him gravely, that if he be the author, he ſhould ſet his name to the *&c.*; and rally him a little upon it: and tell him, if he can explain ſome things, you will, if he pleaſes, ſet his name to the next edition. I ſhould be glad to ſee how far the fooliſh impudence of a dunce could go. Well; I will ſend you the thing, now I am in town, as ſoon as poſſible. But, I dare ſay, you have neither printed the reſt, nor finiſhed the cuts, only are glad to lay the fault on me. I ſhall, at the end, take a little contemptible notice of the thing you ſent me; and I dare ſay it will do you more good than hurt. If you are in ſuch haſte, how came you to forget the Miſcellanies! I would not have you think of Steele for a publiſher; he is too buſy. I will, one of theſe days, ſend you ſome hints, which I would have in a preface, and you may get ſome friend to dreſs them up. I have thoughts of ſome other work one of theſe years; and I hope to ſee you ere it be long; ſince it is like to be a new world, and ſince I have the merit of ſuffering by not complying with the old. Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. TOOKE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *London, July* 10. 1710.

INcloſed I have ſent the Key, and think it would be much more proper to add the notes at the bottom of the reſpective pages they refer to, than printing

printing them at the end by themſelves. As to the cuts, Sir Andrew Fontaine has had them from the time they were deſigned, with an intent of altering them. But he is now gone into Norfolk, and will not return till Michaelmas; ſo that, I think, they muſt be laid aſide: For, unleſs they are very well done, it is better they were quite let alone. As to the Apology, I was not ſo careleſs but that I took a copy of it before I ſent it to you, ſo that I could have printed it eaſily, but that you ſent me word not to go on till you had altered ſomething in it. As to that couſin of yours, which you ſpeak of, I neither know him, nor ever heard of him till the Key mentioned him. It was very indifferent to me which I proceeded on firſt, the Tale or the Miſcellanies: But, when you went away, you told me there were three or four things ſhould be ſent over out of Ireland, which you had not here; which, I think, is a very reaſonable excuſe for myſelf in all theſe affairs. What I beg of you at preſent is, that you would return the apology and this Key, with directions as to the placing it: Although I am entirely of opinion to put it at the bottom of each page, yet ſhall ſubmit. If this be not done ſoon, I cannot promiſe but ſome raſcal or other will do it for us both; ſince you ſee the liberty that is already taken. I think too much time has already been loſt in the Miſcellanies; therefore haſten that: And which ever is in the moſt forwardneſs, I would begin on firſt. All here depend on an entire alteration. I am, &c.

LETTER III

To the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

My LORD, *February*, 1710-11.

I Envy none of the Queen's ſubjects ſo much as thoſe who are abroad; and I deſire to know, whether, as great a ſoul as your Lordſhip has, you did not obſerve your mind to open and enlarge, after you were ſome leagues at ſea, and had left off breathing party-air. I am apt to think this ſchiſm in politics has cloven our underſtandings, and left us but juſt half the good ſenſe that blazed in our actions: and we ſee the effect it has had upon our wit and learning, which are crumbled into pamphlets and penny-papers. The October club, which was in its rudiments when your Lordſhip left us, is now growing up to be a party by itſelf, and begins to rail at the miniſtry as much as the Whigs do, but from topics directly contrary. I am ſometimes talked into frights, and told that all is ruined; but am immediately cured when I ſee any of the miniſtry: Not from the ſatisfaction they give me in any one point, but becauſe I ſee them ſo perfectly eaſy, and believe they could not be ſo if they had any fear at heart. My comfort is, they are perſons of great abilities, and they are engaged in a good cauſe. And what is one very good circumſtance, as I told three of them the other day, they ſeem heartily to love one another, in ſpite of the ſcandal of inconſtancy which court-friendſhips lie under. And I can affirm to your Lordſhip, they heartily love you too; which I take to be a great deal more than when they aſſure you ſo themſelves. For even ſtateſmen will ſometimes diſcover their paſſions, eſpecially their good ones.

Here

Here is a pamphlet come out, called *A Letter to Jacob Banks*, ſhewing that the liberty of Sweden was deſtroyed by the principle of paſſive obedience. I know not whether his quotation be fair, but the piece is ſhrewdly written; and, in my opinion, not to be anſwered, otherwiſe than by diſclaiming that ſort of paſſive obedience which the Tories are charged with. This diſpute would ſoon be ended, if the dunces who write on each ſide, would plainly tell us what the object of this paſſive obedience is in our country. For, I dare ſwear, nine in ten of the Whigs will allow it to the legiſlature, and as many of the Tories deny it to the prince alone: and I hardly ever ſaw a Whig and Tory together, whom I could not immediately reconcile on that article, when I made them explain themſelves.

My Lord, the Queen knew what ſhe did, when ſhe ſent your Lordſhip to ſpur up a dull northern court: Yet, I confeſs, I had rather have ſeen that activity of mind and body, employed in conquering another kingdom, or the ſame over again.

I am,

My Lord, &c.

LETTER IV.

To the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

My LORD, *May* 4, 1711.

I Have had the honour of your Lordſhip's letter; and, by the firſt lines of it, have made a diſcovery that your Lordſhip is come into the world about eighteen hundred years too late, and was born about half a dozen degrees too far to the north, to employ that public virtue I always heard you did poſſeſs; which is now wholly uſeleſs, and

which thoſe very few that have it, are forced to lay aſide when they would have buſineſs ſucceed.

Is it not ſome comfort, my Lord, that you meet with the ſame degeneracy of manners, and the ſame neglect of the public, among the honeſt Germans, though, in the philoſopher's phraſe, differently modified; and I hope, at leaſt, we have one advantage, to be more polite in our corruptions than they.

Our diviſions run further than perhaps your Lordſhip's intelligence hath yet informed you of. That is, a triumvirate of our friends whom I have mentioned to you: I have told them more than once, upon occaſion, that all my hope of their ſucceſs depended on their union; that I ſaw they loved one another, and hoped they would continue it, to remove that ſcandal of inconſtancy aſcribed to court-friendſhips. I am not now ſo ſecure. I care not to ſay more on ſuch a ſubject, and even this is *entre nous*. My credit is not of a ſize to do any ſervice on ſuch an occaſion: But, as little as it is, I am ſo ill a politician, that I will venture the loſs of it to prevent this miſchief; the conſequences of which I am as good a judge of as any miniſter of ſtate, and perhaps a better, becauſe I am not one.

When you writ your letter, you had not heard of Guiſcard's attempt on Mr. Harley: Suppoſing you know all the circumſtances, I ſhall not deſcant upon it. We believe Mr Harley will ſoon be treaſurer, and be of the houſe of Peers; and then we imagine the court will begin to deal out employments, for which every October-member is a candidate; and conſequently nine in ten muſt be diſappointed: The effect of which we may find in the next ſeſſion. Mr Harley was yeſterday to open to the Houſe the ways he has thought of, to raiſe funds for the ſecuring the unprovided debts of the nation,

nation, and we are all impatient to know what his propoſals are.

As to the imperfect account you ſay you have received of diſagreement among ourſelves, your Lordſhip knows that the names of Whig and Tory have quite altered their meanings. All who were for turning out the late miniſtry, we now generally call *Tories*; and, in that ſenſe, I think it plain that there are among the Tories three different intereſts. One of thoſe, I mean the miniſtry, who agree with your Lordſhip and me, in a ſteady management for purſuing the true intereſt of the nation; another is that of warmer heads, as the October club and their adherents without doors; and a third is, I fear, of thoſe who, as your Lordſhip expreſſes it, would ſound a parly, and thoſe who would make fair weather in caſe of a change, and ſome of theſe laſt are not inconſiderable.

Nothing can be more obliging than your Lordſhip's remembering to mention me in your letters to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, when you are in the midſt of ſuch great affairs. I doubt I ſhall want ſuch an advocate as your Lordſhip; for, I believe, every man who has modeſty or merit, is but an ill one for himſelf. I deſire but the ſmalleſt of thoſe titles you give me on the outſide of your letter. My ambition is to live in England, and with a competency to ſupport me with honour. The miniſtry know by this time whether I am worth keeping; and it is eaſier to provide for ten men in the church, than one in a civil employment.

But I renounce England and deanries, without a promiſe from your Lordſhip, under your own hand and ſeal, that I ſhall have liberty to attend you whenever I pleaſe. I foreſee we ſhall have a peace next year, by the ſame ſagacity that I have often foreſeen when I was young. I muſt leave the town in a week, becauſe my money is gone, and

and I can borrow no more. Peace will bring your Lordſhip home; and we muſt have you to adorn your country, when you ſhall be no longer wanted to defend it. I am,

My LORD, &c.

LETTER V.

To Mr. Secretary St. JOHN *.

SIR, *Chelſea, May* 11. 1711.

BEing convinced by certain ominous prognoſtics, that my life is too ſhort to permit me the honour of ever dining another Saturday with Sir Simon Harcourt, Knight, or Robert Harley, Eſq; I beg I may take the laſt farewell of thoſe two gentlemen to-morrow. I made this requeſt on Saturday laſt, unfortunately, after you were gone; and they, like great ſtateſmen, pretended they could do nothing in it without your conſent; particularly my Lord-Keeper, as a lawyer, raiſed innumerable difficulties, although I ſubmitted to allow you an hour's whiſpering before dinner, and an hour after. My Lord Rivers would not offer one word in my behalf, pretending he himſelf was but a tolerated perſon. The Keeper alledged you could do nothing but when all three were capitularly met, as if you could never open but like a pariſh-cheſt, with the three keys together. It grieves me to ſee the preſent miniſtry thus confederated, to pull down my great ſpirit. Pray, Sir, find an expedient. Finding expedients is the buſineſs of Secretaries of State. I will yield to any reaſonable conditions not below my dignity. I will not find fault

* Afterwards Lord Bolingbroke.

with

with the victuals; I will restore the water-glass that I stole, and solicit for my Lord-Keeper's salary. And, Sir, to shew you I am not a person to be safely injured, if you dare refuse me justice in this point, I will appear before you in a pudding sleeve-gown, I will disparage your snuff, write a lampoon upon Nably Car, dine with you upon a foreign post-day; nay, I will read verses in your presence, until you snatch them out of my hands. Therefore, pray, Sir, take pity upon me and yourself; and believe me to be, with great respect,

SIR,

Your most obedient, and

Most humble servant.

LETTER VI.

Mr. SHOWER, to the Lord High-Treasurer OXFORD.

My LORD, *London, Dec.* 20. 1711.

THough there be little reason to expect your Lordship should interpose in favour of the Dissenters, who have been so shamefully abandoned, sold and sacrificed by their professed friends; the attempt is however so glorious, in all its views, tendencies and prospects, that, if it be not too late, I would most humbly beg your Lordship not to be immoveable as to that matter. The fatal consequences of that bill cannot be expressed: I dread to think of some of them; and shall as much rejoice with many thousands, if you may be instrumental to prevent it. May Heaven direct you in this, and

in

in all your great affairs for the public good of your country. I am,

My honoured Lord,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN SHOWER.

LETTER VII.

ANSWER to Mr SHOWER *.

REVEREND SIR, *Dec.* 21. 1711.

HAD not a very painful diſtemper confined me, I had deſired the favour of ſeeing you ſome time ſince; and I ſhould have ſpoken very plainly to you, as I ſhall whenever I ſee you. I have long foretold, that the Diſſenters muſt be ſaved whether they will or no: They reſiſt even reſtraining grace; and would almoſt convince me, that the notion of man's being a mechaniſm is true in every part. To ſee men moved as puppets, with rage for their intereſt, with envy acting againſt their own intereſt, *having mens perſons in admiration:* Not only thoſe of their own body, who certainly are the firſt who pretended to conſummate wiſdom and deep policy; yet have ſhewn that they knew not the common affairs of this nation, but are *dwellers in thick clay.* They are Epicureans in act, Puritans in profeſſion, politicians in conceit, and a prey and laughing-ſtock to the Deiſts and ſynagogue of the Libertines, in whom they have truſted, and to whoſe infallibility they have ſold themſelves and their congregations. All they have done, or can do, ſhall

* The Anſwer was written by Dr. Swift, as appears not only from his hand-writing, but particularly from a correction in the original draught.

never

never make me their enemy. I pity poor deluded creatures, that have for seventeen years been acting against all their principles, and the liberty of this nation, without leaving so much salt as to keep the body of them sweet. For, there has not been one good bill during that term of years, which they have not opposed in the House of Commons; contrary to the practice of those very few Dissenters, which were in the parliament in King Charles II.'s time, who thereby united themselves to the country-gentlemen, the advantage of which they found for many years after. But now they have lifted themselves with those, who had first denied our Saviour, and now have sold them.

I have written this only to shew you, that I am ready to do every thing that is practicable, to save people who are bargained for by their leaders, and given up by their ministers: I say their ministers; because it is averred and represented, that the dissenting ministers have been consulted, and are consenting to this bill. By what lies and arts, they are brought to this, I do not care to mention; but, as to myself, the engineers of this bill thought they had obtained a great advantage against me: Finding I had stopped it in the House of Commons, they thought to bring me to a fatal dilemma, whether it did or did not pass. This would have no influence with me; for I will act what I think to be right, let there be the worst enemies in the world of one side or other. I guess by your letter that you do not know that the bill, yesterday, passed both Houses, the Lords having agreed to the amendments made by the Commons; so that there is no room to do any thing upon that head.

What remains, is, to desire that the Dissenters may seriously think from whence they are fallen, and do their first works, —— and recover their reputation of sobriety, integrity, and love of their country,

country, which is the sincere and hearty prayer of,

REVEREND SIR,

Your most faithful, and
Most humble servant,
OXFORD.

LETTER VIII.

To Mrs. HILL.

MADAM, *May*, 1712

I Was commanded some days ago to do what I had long a mind to, but avoided because I would not offend your prudence, or strain your eyes. But my Lord Masham assures me there is no danger of either; and that you have courage enough to read a letter, though it comes from a man, provided it be one of no consequence, which his Lordship would insinuate to be my case; but I hope you will not affront me so highly as to understand it so. There is not a grain of news in this town, or five miles about it, worth sending you; and what we receive from Windsor is full as insignificant, except the account of the Queen's health, and your house-keeping. We are assured that you keep a constant table, and that your guests leave you with full stomachs and full pockets: That Dr. Arbuthnot sometimes leaves his beloved green cloth, to come and receive your chidings, and pick up your money. We intend shortly to represent your case to my Lord Treasurer, as what deserves commiseration; but we hope the matter is already settled between his Lordship and you, and that you are instructed to be thus magnificent, in order to carry on the cause. We reckon his Lordship's life is now

now secure, since a continuation of band-boxes and ink-horns, the engines of late times, were employed in vain to destroy him. He will do me the justice to tell you, that I never fail of toasting you under the name of the Governess of Dunkirk, and that you have the honour to be very particularly in my good graces. My Lady Masham still continues in a doubtful state of neither up nor down; and one of her servants told mine, that they did not expect she would cry out this fortnight. I saw, yesterday, our Brother Hill, who promises to be more thrifty of his health, and seems to have a pretty good stock of it. I hope you receive no visits from the head-ache and the spleen: and one who knows your constitution very well, advises you, by all means, against sitting in the dusk at your window, or on the ground, leaning on your hand, or at see-saw in your chair. I am,

MADAM, *&c.*

LETTER IX.

To General HILL. *

SIR, *Windsor-castle, Aug.* 12. 1712.

WIth great difficulty I recovered your present of the finest box in France, out of the hands of Mrs. Hill: She allowed her own to be the prettiest, but then mine was the handsomest; and in short, she would part with neither. I pleaded my brotherhood, and got my Lord and Lady Masham to intercede: and, at last, she threw it me with a heavy sigh: but, now it is in my possession, I wish you had sent a paper of directions how I shall keep it. You that sit at your ease, and have nothing to

* Brother to Lady Masham.

do but keep Dunkirk, never consider the difficulties you have brought upon me: Twenty ladies have threatened to seize or surprise my box; and what are twenty thousand French or Dutch in comparison of those? Mrs. Hill says, it was a very idle thing in you to send such a present, to a man who can neither punish nor reward you, since Grubstreet is no more: For the parliament has killed all the Muses of Grubstreet, who yet, in their last moments, cried out nothing but Dunkirk. My Lord Treasurer, who is the most malicious person in the world, says, you ordered a goose to be drawn at the bottom of my box as a reflection upon the clergy; and that I ought to resent it: But I am not angry at all, and his Lordship observes by halves; For the goose is there drawn pecking at a snail, just as I do at him, to make him mend his pace in relation to the public, although it be hitherto in vain. And besides, Dr. Arbuthnot, who is a scholar, says you meant it as a compliment for us both: That I am the goose, who saved the capitol by my cackling, and that his Lordship is represented by the snail, because he preserves his country by delays. But my Lord Masham is not to be endured: He observed, that, in the picture of the inside, which represents a great company dancing, there stands a fool with a cap and bells, and he would needs understand that figure as applied to me. And the worst of it was, that I happened, last night, to be at my Lady Duchess of Shrewsbury's ball; where, looking a little singular among so many fine ladies and gentlemen, his Lordship came and whispered me to look at my box; which I resented so highly, that I went away in a rage, without staying for supper. However, considering of it better, after a night's sleep, I find all this is nothing but envy, and a design to make a quarrel between you and me: But it shall not do so; for I hope your intentions were good, however

ver malice may misrepresent them. And though I am used ill by all your family, who win my money and laugh at me, yet, to vex them more, I will forgive them for your sake; and, as soon as I can break loose, will come to Dunkirk for a fortnight, to get a little ease from my many persecutions, by the Harleys, the Mashams, and the Hills: Only I intend to change my habit, for fear Colonel Killigrew should mistake me for a chimney-sweeper. In the mean time, I wish you all success in your government, loyal French subjects, virtuous ladies, little champaign, and much health: And am, with the truest respect and esteem,

SIR,

Your most obedient

Humble servant, and brother.

LETTER X.

To Lady ORKNEY.

MADAM, *Nov.* 21. 1712.

WHen, upon parting with your Ladyship, you were pleased to tell me I should find your present at home, natural justice prompted me to resolve that the first use I made of it should be in paying acknowledgements to my benefactor. But, when I opened the writing-table, which I must now call mine, I found you had neither sent pens, ink, nor paper, sufficient for such an undertaking But I ought to tell your Ladyship in order, that I first got there a much more valuable thing: And I cannot do greater honour to my scrutoire, than to assure your Ladyship that your letter is the first thing I have put in it, and shall be the last I will ever take

out. I muſt tell your Ladyſhip, that I am this moment under a very great concern. I was fully convinced that I ſhould write with a new ſpirit, by the influence of the materials you ſent me; but it is quite otherwiſe: I have not a grain of invention, whether out of the confuſion which attends us when we ſtrive too much to acquit ourſelves, or whether your pens and ink are ſullen, and think themſelves diſgraced ſince they have changed their owner. I heartily thank your Ladyſhip, for making me a preſent that looks like a ſort of eſtabliſhment. I plainly ſee by the contrivance, that, if you were firſt miniſter, it would have been a cathedral. As it is, you have more contributed towards fixing me, than all the miniſtry together; for it is difficult to travel with this equipage, and it will be impoſſible to travel, or live without it. You have an undoubted title to whatever papers this table ſhall ever contain, (except your letter) and I deſire you will pleaſe to have another key made for it; that, when the Court ſhall think fit to give me a room worth putting it into, your Ladyſhip may come and ſearch it whenever you pleaſe.

I beg your Ladyſhip to join in laughing with me, at my unreaſonable vanity, when I wiſhed that the motto written about the wax was a deſcription of yourſelf. But, if I am diſappointed in that, your Ladyſhip will be ſo in all the reſt; even this ink will never be able to convey your Ladyſhip's note as it ought. The paper will contain no wonders, but when it mentions you; neither is the ſeal any otherwiſe an emblem of my life, than by the deep impreſſion your Ladyſhip has made, which nothing but my death can wear out. By the inſcription about the pens, I fear there is ſome miſtake; and that your Ladyſhip did not deſign them for me. However, I will keep them until you can find the perſon you intended ſhould have them, and

and who will be able to dispose of them according to your predictions. I cannot find that the workman you employed and directed, has made the least mistake: But there are four implements wanting. The two first I shall not name, because an odd superstition forbids us to accept them from our friends; the third is a spunge, which the people long have given so ill a reputation to, that I vow it shall be no gift of your Ladyship: The last is a flat ivory instrument, used in folding up of letters, which I insist you must provide.

See Madam, the first fruits this unlucky present of yours has produced. It is but giving a fiddle to a scraper, or a pestel and mortar to an apothecary, or a Tory-pamphlet to Mrs. Ramsay. Nothing is so great discouragement to generous persons as the fear of being worried by acknowledgements. Besides your Ladyship is an unsufferable kind of giver, making every present fifty times the value, by the circumstances and manner. And I know people in the world who would not oblige me so much, at the cost of 1000 l. as you have done at that of 20 l. which, I must needs tell you, is an unconscionable way of dealing, and whereof, I believe, no body alive is so guilty as yourself. In short, you deceive my eyes and corrupt my judgement; nor am I now sure of any thing, but that of being, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the Ducheſs of ORMOND.

MADAM, *Dec.* 20. 1712.

ANY other perſon, of leſs refinement and prudence than myſelf, would be at a loſs how to thank your Grace, upon the ſurpriſe of coming home laſt night, and finding two pictures where only one was demanded. But I underſtand your Grace's malice, and do here affirm you to be the greateſt prude upon earth. You will not ſo much as let your picture be alone in a room with a man, no not with a clergyman, and a clergyman of five and forty, and therefore reſolved my Lord Duke ſhould accompany it, and keep me in awe, that I might not preſume to look too often upon it For my own part, I begin already to repent that I ever begged your grace's picture; and could almoſt find in my heart to ſend it you back: For, although it be the moſt beautiful ſight I ever beheld, except the original, yet the veneration and reſpect it fills me with, will always make me think I am in your Grace's preſence; will hinder me from ſaying and writing twenty idle things, that uſed to divert me; will ſet me labouring upon majeſtic, ſublime ideas, at which I have no manner of talent; and will make thoſe who come to viſit me, think I am grown, on the ſudden, wonderful ſtately and reſerved. But, in life, we muſt take the evil with the good; and it is one comfort, that I know how to be revenged. For the ſight of your Grace's reſemblance, will perpetually remind me of paying my duty to your perſon; which will give your Grace the torment, and me the felicity of a more frequent attendance.

But

But, after all, to deal plainly with your Grace, your picture (and I must say the same of my Lord Duke's) will be of very little use, further than to let others see the honours you are pleased to do me. For all the accomplishments of your mind and person are so deeply printed in my heart, and represent you so lively to my imagination, that I should take it for a high affront, if you believed it in the power of colours to refresh my memory: Almost as high a one, as if your Grace should deny me the justice of being, with the most profound respect and gratitude,

MADAM,

Your Grace's, &c.

LETTER XII.

To the Duke of ARGYLE.

My LORD, *Jan.* 20. 1712-13.

I Would myself have delivered the answer I sent yesterday to your Grace at court, by Dr. Arbuthnot, if I had not thought the right of complaining to be on my side: For I think it was my due, that you should have immediately told me whatever you had heard amiss of my conduct to your Grace. When I had the honour to be first known to those in the ministry, I made it an express condition, that whoever did me ill offices, they should inform me of what was said, and hear my vindication; that I might not be mortified with countenances estranged of the sudden, and be at a loss for the cause. And, I think, there is no person alive, whose favour or protection I would purchase at that expence. I could not speak to the disadvantage of your Grace without being ungrateful, (which is an ill word) since you were pleased, voluntarily,

voluntarily, to make so many professions of favour to me for some years past; and your being a Duke and a General, would have swayed me not at all in my respect for your person, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities, which I wish were easier to be found in those of your rank. I have indeed sometimes heard what your Grace was told I reported; but, as I am a stranger to coffeehouses, so it is a great deal below me to spread coffeehouse reports. This accusation is a little the harder upon me, because I have always appeared fond of your Grace's character; and have, with great industry, related several of your generous actions, on purpose to remove the imputation of the only real fault (for I say nothing of common frailties) which I ever heard laid to your charge. I confess, I have often thought that Homer's description of Achilles bore some resemblance to your Grace, but I do not remember that ever I said so. At the same time, I think few men were ever born with nobler qualities, to fulfil and adorn every office of a subject, a friend, and a protector, &c.

LETTER XIII.

To Lord Chancellor HARCOURT.

My Lord, *May* 1713.

I Wonder your Lordship would presume to go out of town, and leave me in fear that I should not see you before I go to Ireland, which will be in a week. It is a strange thing you should prefer your own health, and ease, and convenience, before my satisfaction. I want your Lordship for my solicitor: I want your letter to your younger brother of Ireland, to put him under my government:

I

I want an opportunity of giving your Lordſhip my humbleſt thanks for a hundred favours you have done me: I wanted the ſight of your Lordſhip this day in York-buildings *. Pray, my Lord, come to town before I leave it, and ſupply all my wants. My Lord-Treaſurer uſes me barbarouſly; appoints to carry me to Kenſington, and make me walk four miles at midnight. He laughs when I mention a thouſand pound, which he gives me; though a thouſand pound is a very ſerious thing, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

SIR, *May* 13. 1713.

I Was told yeſterday, by ſeveral perſons, that Mr. Steele had reflected upon me in his Guardian; which I could hardly believe, until, ſending for the paper of the day, I found he had, in ſeveral parts of it, inſinuated with the utmoſt malice, that I was author of the Examiner; and abuſed me in the groſſeſt manner he could poſſibly invent, and ſet his name to what he had written. Now, Sir, if I am not author of the Examiner, how will Mr. Steele be able to defend himſelf from the imputation of the higheſt degree of baſeneſs, ingratitude, and injuſtice? Is he ſo ignorant of my temper, and of my ſtyle? Has he never heard that the author of the Examiner (to whom I am altogether a ſtranger †) did, a month or two ago, vindicate me

* Lord Treaſurer Oxford then lived there.

† The reader will pleaſe to recollect, that Dr Swift never writ any Examiners after the 7th of June 1711. He took up that paper at No XIII. and laid it down at No. XLIV.

from

from having any concern in it? Should not Mr. Steele have first expostulated with me, as a friend? Have I deserved this usage from Mr. Steele, who knows very well that my Lord Treasurer has kept him in his employment upon my intreaty and intercession? My Lord Chancellor and Lord Bolingbroke will be witnesses how I was reproached by my Lord Treasurer, upon the ill returns Mr. Steele made to his Lordship's indulgence, &c.

LETTER XV.

From Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *May* 19. 1713.

MR. Addison shewed me your letter, wherein you mention me. They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interposition has kept me thus long in my office. If you have spoken in my behalf at any time, I am glad I have always treated you with respect; though I believe you an accomplice of the Examiner's. In the letter you are angry at, you see I have no reason for being so merciful to him, but out of regard to the imputation you lie under. You do not in direct terms say you are not concerned with him; but make it an argument of your innocence, that the Examiner has declared you have nothing to do with him. I believe I could prevail upon the Guardian to say there was a mistake in putting my name in his paper: But the English would laugh at us, should we argue in so Irish a manner. I am heartily glad of your being made Dean of St. Patrick's. I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient
Humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. STEELE.

SIR,

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† I may probably know better, when they are disposed * * * * * The case was thus: I did with the utmost application, and desiring to lay all my credit upon it, desire Mr. Harley (as he then was called) to shew you mercy. He said he would, and wholly upon my account: That he would appoint you a day to see him: That he would not expect you should quit any friend or principle. Some days after, he told me he had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it; upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could answer; and advised me to more caution another time. I told him, and desired my Lord Chancellor † and Lord Bolingbroke to be witnesses, that I would never speak for or against you as long as I lived; only I would, and that it was still my opinion you should have mercy till you gave further provocations. This is the history of what you think fit to call, in the spirit of insulting, "their laughing at "me:" And you may do it securely; for, by the most inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it

* It has unluckily happened that two or three lines have been torn by accident from the beginning of this letter; and, by the same accident, two or three lines are missing towards the latter part, which were written on the back part of the paper which was torn off. But what remains of this letter will, I presume, be very satisfactory to the intelligent reader, upon many accounts, and especially because a light into this affair will justify the prodigious severity of Dr. Swift's pen against Mr. Steele, in his public spirit of the Whigs.

† Lord Harcourt.

out

out of my power, as a Chriſtian, to do you the leaſt ill office. Next, I deſire to know, whether the greateſt ſervices ever done by one man to another, may not have the ſame turn as properly applied to them? And, once more, ſuppoſe they did laugh at me, I aſk whether my inclinations to ſerve you merit to be rewarded by the vileſt treatment, whether they ſucceeded or no? If your interpretation were true, I was laughed at only for your ſake; which, I think, is going pretty far to ſerve a friend. As to the letter I complain of, I appeal to your moſt partial friends, whether you ought not either to have aſked, or written to me, or deſired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any way concerned in writing the Examiner? And, if I had ſhuffled, or anſwered indirectly, or affirmed it, or ſaid I would not give you ſatisfaction; you might then have wreaked your revenge with ſome colour of juſtice. I have ſeveral times aſſured Mr. Addiſon, and fifty others, that I had not the leaſt hand in writing any of thoſe papers, and that I had never exchanged one ſyllable with the ſuppoſed author in my life, that I can remember, nor even ſeen him above twice, and that in mixed company, in a place where he came to pay his attendance. One thing more I muſt obſerve to you, that, a year or two ago, when ſome printers uſed to bring me their papers in manuſcript, I abſolutely forbid them to give any hints againſt Mr. Addiſon and you, and ſome others; and have frequently ſtruck out reflections upon you in particular, and ſhould (I believe) have done it ſtill, if I had not wholly left off troubling myſelf about thoſe kind of things.

I proteſt I never ſaw any thing more liable to exception, than every part is of the letter you were pleaſed to write me. You plead, that I do not, in mine to Mr. Addiſon, in direct terms, ſay I am not concerned with the Examiner; and is that an excuſe

excuſe for the moſt ſavage injuries in the world a week before? How far you can prevail with the Guardian I ſhall not trouble myſelf to inquire; and am more concerned how you will clear your own honour and conſcience, than my reputation. I ſhall hardly loſe one friend by what you † * * * * I know not any * * * laugh at me for any * * * * abſurdity of yours. There are ſoleciſms in morals as well as in languages; and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me, is paſt my imagination. Be pleaſed only to put theſe queſtions to yourſelf. If Dr. Swift be entirely innocent of what I accuſe him, how ſhall I be able to make him ſatisfaction? And how do I know but he may be entirely innocent? If he was laughed at only becauſe he ſolicited for me, is it a ſufficient reaſon for me to ſay the vileſt things of one in print under my hand, without any provocation? And, how do I know but he may be in the right, when he ſays I was kept in my employment at his interpoſition? If he never once reflected on me the leaſt in any paper, and hath hindered many others from doing it; how can I juſtify myſelf, for endeavouring in mine to ruin his credit as a Chriſtian and a clergyman?

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

Humble ſervant,

J. S.

† Here the manuſcript is torn.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Bloomſbury, May* 26, 1713.

I Have received yours, and find it is impoſſible for a man to judge in his own caſe. For an alluſion to you, as one under the imputation of helping the Examiner, and owning I was reſtrained out of reſpect to you, you tell Addiſon, under your hand, you think me the vileſt of mankind, and bid him tell me ſo. I am obliged to you for any kind things ſaid in my behalf to the Treaſurer; and aſſure you, when you were in Ireland, you were the conſtant ſubject of my talk to men in power at that time. As to the vileſt of mankind, it would be a glorious world if I were. For I would not conceal my thoughts in favour of an injured man, though all the powers on earth gainſaid it, to be made the firſt man in the nation. This poſition, I know, will ever obſtruct my way in the world; and I have conquered my deſires accordingly. I have reſolved to content myſelf with what I can get by my own induſtry, and the improvement of a ſmall eſtate, without being anxious whether I am ever in a court again or not. I do aſſure you, I do not ſpeak this calmly, after the ill uſage in your letter to Addiſon, out of terror of your wit or my Lord Treaſurer's power, but pure kindneſs to the agreeable qualities I once ſo paſſionately delighted in, in you. You know, I know no body but one that talked after you, could tell Addiſon had bridled me in point of party, this was ill hinted, both with relation to him, and,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient
Humble ſervant,
RICHARD STEELE.

I know no party; but the truth of the queſtion is what I will ſupport as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mr. STEELE.

SIR, *May* 27, 1713.

THE reaſon I give you the trouble of this reply to your letter, is becauſe I am going in a very few days to Ireland; and, although I intend to return towards winter, yet it may happen, from the common accidents of life, that I may never ſee you again.

In your yeſterday's letter, you are pleaſed to take the complaining ſide, and think it hard I ſhould write to Mr. Addiſon as I did, only for an alluſion. This alluſion was only calling a clergyman of ſome little diſtinction an infidel. A clergyman who was your friend, who always loved you, who had endeavoured at leaſt to ſerve you; and who, whenever he did write any thing, made it ſacred to himſelf never to fling out the leaſt hint againſt you.

One thing you are pleaſed to fix on me, as what you are ſure of; that the Examiner had talked after me, when he ſaid Mr. Addiſon had bridled you in point of party. I do not read one in ſix of thoſe papers, nor ever knew he had ſuch a paſſage; and I am ſo ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means: Whether, that Mr. Addiſon kept you cloſe to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talk'd or writ to that author in my life; ſo that he could not have learned it from me. And, in ſhort, I ſolemnly affirm, that, with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent as it is poſſible for a human creature to be.

And, whether you believe me or not, I think, with submission, you ought to act as if you believed me, till you have demonstration to the contrary. I have all the ministry to be my witnesses, that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party, whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them. For, I think, principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons. In these last you and I differ; but in the other, I think, we agree: For I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig.

As to the great man * whose defence you undertake; though I do not think so well of him as you do, yet I have been the cause of preventing five hundred hard things to be said against him.

I am sensible I have talked too much when myself is the subject; therefore I conclude with sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and am,

SIR,

Your, *&c.*

You cannot but remember, that, in the only thing I ever published with my name, I took care to celebrate you as much as I could, and in as handsome a manner, though it was in a letter to the present Lord Treasurer.

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LETTER XIX.

To the Lord Treasurer OXFORD.

On the Death of his Daughter, the Marchioness of Caermarthen.

My LORD, *November* 21, 1713.

YOUR Lordship is the person in the world to whom every body ought to be silent upon such an

* Duke of Marlborough.

an occaſion as this, which is only to be ſupported by the greateſt wiſdom and ſtrength of mind; wherein, God knows, the wiſeſt and beſt of us, who would preſume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind, and diſturb the underſtanding. This, indeed, might be ſome pretence to us to adminiſter our conſolations, if we had been wholly ſtrangers to the perſon gone. But, my Lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your Lordſhip; becauſe, though their loſs is not ſo great, yet they have not the ſame firmneſs and prudence to ſupport the want of a friend, a patroneſs, a benefactor, as you have to ſupport that of a daughter. My Lord, both religion and reaſon forbid me to have the leaſt concern for that Lady's death, upon her own account; and he muſt be an ill Chriſtian, or a perfect ſtranger to her virtues, who would not wiſh himſelf, with all ſubmiſſion to God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your Lordſhip, who hath loſt ſuch a daughter, and we, who have loſt ſuch a friend, and the world, which hath loſt ſuch an example; have, in our ſeveral degrees, greater cauſe to lament, than, perhaps, was ever given by any private perſon before. For, my Lord, I have ſat down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the compoſition of a lady, and could not ſingle out one, which ſhe did not poſſeſs in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But, as to your Lordſhip's own particular, as it is an unconceiveable misfortune to have loſt ſuch a daughter, ſo it is a poſſeſſion which few can boaſt of, to have had ſuch a daughter. I have often ſaid to your Lordſhip, that I never knew any one, by many degrees, ſo happy in their domeſtic as you; and I affirm you are ſo ſtill, though not by ſo many degrees: From whence it is very ob-

vious, that your Lordſhip ſhould reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have loſt.

To ſay the truth, my Lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is uſual with the diſpenſations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great inſtrument of preſerving your country from foreign and domeſtic ruin: You have had the felicity of eſtabliſhing your family in the greateſt luſtre, without any obligation to the bounty of your Prince, or any induſtry of your own: You have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies, by your courage and abilities; and, by the ſteadineſs of your temper, over the inconſtancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your Lordſhip has felt too much complacency within yourſelf, upon this univerſal ſucceſs: And God Almighty, who would not diſappoint your endeavours for the public, thought fit to puniſh you with a domeſtic loſs, where he knew your heart was moſt expoſed; and, at the ſame time, has fulfilled his own wiſe purpoſes, by rewarding, in a better life, that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my Lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am ſure it is not from any compliance with form; it is not from thinking that I can give your Lordſhip any eaſe. I think it was an impulſe upon me that I ſhould ſay ſomething: And whether I ſhould ſend you what I have written, I am yet in doubt, *&c.*

LETTER XX.

To the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN *.

My Lord, *London, Decem.* 31, 1713.

YOUR Grace's letter, which I received but laſt poſt, is of an earlier date than what have ſince arrived.

* Doctor William King.

arrived. We have received the Addreſs for removing the Chancellor, and the Counter-addreſſes from the Lords and Convocation; and you will know, before this reaches you, our ſentiments of them here. I am at a loſs what to ſay in this whole affair. When I writ to you before, I dropt a word on purpoſe for you to take notice of; that our Court ſeemed reſolved to be very firm in their reſolutions about Ireland. I think it impoſſible for the two kingdoms to proceed long upon a different ſcheme of politics. The controverſy with the city I am no maſter of: It took its riſe before I ever concerned myſelf with the affairs of Ireland, farther than to be an inſtrument of doing ſome ſervices to the kingdom, for which I have been ill requited. But, my Lord, the queſtion with us here, is, whether there was a neceſſity that the other party ſhould be a majority. There was put into my hands a liſt of your Houſe of Commons, by ſome who know the kingdom well: I deſired they would (as we often do here) ſet a mark on the names of thoſe who would be for the miniſtry. I found they amounted to 143; which, I think, comes within ſeven of an equality. Twenty names beſide they could not determine upon: So that, ſuppoſe eight to be of the ſame ſide, there would be a majority by one. But, beſides, we reckon that the firſt number, 143, would eaſily riſe to a great majority, by the influence of the government, if that had been thought fit. This is demonſtration to us: For the government there has more influence than the court here; and yet our court carried it for many years, againſt a natural majority, and a much greater one. I ſhall not examine the reaſons among you for proceeding otherwiſe: But your Grace will find that we are determined upon the concluſion; which is, that Ireland muſt proceed on the ſame foot with England. I am of opinion, my Lord, that nothing could do more hurt to the Whig-party in both kingdoms, than

than their manner of proceeding in your Houſe of Commons: I will confirm the Crown and miniſtry, that there can be no ſafety while thoſe people are able to give diſturbance: And, indeed, the effects it hath already produced here are hardly to be believed Neither do we here think it worth our while to be oppoſed, and encourage our enemies, only for ſeventy thouſand pounds a-year; to ſupply which it may not be hard to find other expedients. And, when there ſhall be occaſion for a parliament, we are confident a new one may be called, with a majority of men in the intereſt of the Queen and Church. For, when the preſent majority pretends to regard either, we look upon ſuch profeſſions to ſignify no more, than if they were penned by my Lord Wharton or Mr. Moleſworth. I have ſuffered very much by my tenderneſs to ſome perſons of that party, which I ſtill preſerve; but I believe it will not be long in my power to ſerve thoſe who may want it. It would be endleſs to recount to your Grace the reproaches that have been made me on account of your neighbour.

It is true, my Lord, we do not care to be troubled with the affairs of Ireland: But, there being no war, nor meeting of parliament, we have leiſure at preſent. Beſides, we look on ourſelves as touched in the tendereſt part. We know the Whig-party are preparing to attack us next ſeſſion; and their prevailing in Ireland would, we think, be a great ſtrength and encouragement to them here: Beſides, our remiſſneſs would diſhearten our friends, and make them think we acted a trimming game. There are ſome things which we much wonder at, as they are repreſented. The addreſs for removing the Chancellor is grounded upon two facts; in the former of which he was only concerned with ſeveral others; the criminal was poor and penitent, and a *noli proſequi* was no illegal thing. As to Moor's buſineſs, the Chancellor's ſpeech on that occaſion

occaſion hath been tranſmitted hither, and ſeems to clear him from the imputation of prejudging. Another thing we wonder at is, to find the Commons, in their votes, approve the ſending for the guards, by whom a man was killed. Such a thing would, they ſay, look monſtrous in England.

Your Grace ſeems to think, they will not break on money-matters; but we are taught another opinion: That they will not paſs the great bill, until they have ſatisfaction about the Chancellor. And what the conſequence of that will be, I ſuppoſe you may gueſs from what you know by this time.

My Lord, we can judge no otherwiſe here, than by the repreſentations made to us. I ſincerely look upon your Grace to be maſter of as much wiſdom and ſagacity as any perſon I have known; and, from my particular reſpect to you and your great abilities, ſhall never preſume to cenſure your proceedings, until I am fully appriſed of the motives. Your Grace is looked on here as altogether in the other party, which I do never allow, when it is ſaid to me. I conceive you to follow the dictates of your reaſon and conſcience; and, whoever does that, will, in public management, often differ, as well from one ſide as another.

As to myſelf, I take Ireland to be the worſt place to be in while the parliament ſits; and probably I may think the ſame of England in a month or two. I have few obligations (further than perſonal friendſhip and civilities) to any party: I have nothing to aſk for but a little money, to pay my debts; which, I doubt, they never will give me. And, wanting wiſdom to judge better, I follow thoſe who I think are for preſerving the conſtitution in church and ſtate, without examining whether they do ſo from a principle of virtue, or of intereſt, *&c.*

LETTER XXI.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

My Lord, *London, May* 18, 1714.

I Had done myself the honour of writing to your Excellency, above a month before yours of March the 5th came to my hands. The Saturday's dinners have not been resumed since the Queen's return from Windsor; and I am not sorry, since it became so mingled an assembly, and of so little use either to business or conversation: So that I was content to read your queries to our two great friends. The Treasurer stuck at them all; but the Secretary acquitted himself of the first, by assuring me he had often written to your Excellency.

I was told the other day, of an answer you made to somebody abroad, who inquired of you the state and dispositions of our court: That you could not tell, for you had been out of England a fortnight. In your letter you mention the World of the Moon, and apply it to England; but the moon changes but once in four weeks. By both these instances, it appears you have a better opinion of our steadiness than we deserve; for I do not remember, since you left us, that we have continued above four days in the same view, or four minutes with any manner of concert. I assure you, my Lord, for the concern I have for the common cause, with relation to affairs both at home and abroad, and from the personal love I bear to our friends in power, I never led a life so thoroughly uneasy as I do at present. Our situation is so bad, that our enemies could not, without abundance of invention and ability, have placed us so ill, if we had left it entirely to their management. For my own part,

my

ny head turns round; and, after every converſa-
ion, I come away juſt one degree worſe informed
han I went. I am glad, for the honour of our
nation, to find by your Excellency's letter, that ſome
other courts have a ſhare of frenzy, though not e-
qual, nor of the ſame nature with ours. The
height of honeſt mens wiſhes at preſent is to rub
off this ſeſſion; after which, no body has the im-
pudence to expect, that we ſhall not immediately
fall to pieces: Nor is any thing I write the leaſt ſe-
cret, even to a Whig-footman.

The Queen is pretty well at preſent; but the leaſt
diſorder ſhe has puts all in alarm; and, when it is
over, we act as if ſhe were immortal. Neither is
it poſſible to perſuade people to make any prepara-
tions againſt an evil day. There is a negotiation
now in hand, which, I hope, will not be abortive:
The States-General are willing to declare themſelves
fully ſatisfied with the peace and Queen's meaſures,
&c. and that is too popular a matter to ſlight. It is
impoſſible to tell you whether the Prince of Hano-
ver intends to come over or no. I ſhould think the
latter, by the accounts I have ſeen; yet our adver-
ſaries continue ſtrenuouſly to aſſert otherwiſe, and
very induſtriouſly give out, that the Lord Treaſu-
rer is at bottom; which has given ſome jealouſies
not only to his beſt friends, but to ſome I ſhall not
name: yet I am confident they do him wrong. This
formidable journey is the perpetual ſubject both of
Court and coffee-houſe chat.

Our myſterious and unconcerted ways of pro-
ceeding have, as it is natural, taught every body to
be refiners, and to reaſon themſelves into a thou-
ſand various conjectures: Even I, who converſe
moſt with people in power, am not free from the
evil: And, particularly, I thought myſelf twenty
times in the right, by drawing concluſions very re-
gularly from premiſes which have proved wholly
wrong. I think this, however, to be a plain proof
that

that we act altogether by chance, and that the game, such as it is, plays itself.

By the present inclosed in your Excellency's letter, I find the Sicilians to be bad delineators, and worse poets. As sneakingly as the Prince looks at the bishop's foot, I could have made him look ten times worse; and have done more right to the piece, by placing your Excellency there, representing your Mistress the Queen, and delivering the crown to the Bishop, with orders where to place it. I should like your new king very well, if he would make Sicily his constant residence, and use Savoy only as a commendam. Old books have given me great ideas of that island. I imagine every acre there worth three in England; and that a wise prince, in such a situation, would, after some years, be able to make what figure he pleased in the Mediterranean.

The Duke of Shrewsbury, not liking the weather on our side the water, continues in Ireland, although he formally took his leave there six weeks ago. Tom Harley is every hour expected here, and writes me word, he has succeeded at Hanover to his wishes. Lord Strafford writes the same, and gives himself no little merit upon it.

Barber the printer was, some time ago, in great distress, upon printing a pamphlet, of which evil tongues would needs call me the author*: He was brought before your House, which addressed the Queen in a body, who kindly published a proclamation, with 300 *l.* to discover. The fault was calling the Scots a fierce, poor, northern people. So well protected are those who scribble for the government. Upon which I now put one query to your Excellency, What has a man without employment to do among ministers, when he can neither serve himself, his friends, nor the public?

* The Public Spirit of the Whigs.

In

In my former letter, which I ſuppoſe was ſent to Paris to meet you there, I gave you joy of the government of Minorca. One advantage you have by being abroad, is, that you keep your friends, and I can name almoſt a dozen great men who thoroughly hate one another, yet all love your Lordſhip. If you have a mind to preſerve their friendſhip, keep at a diſtance; or come over and ſhew your power, by reconciling at leaſt two of them; and remember, at the ſame time, that this laſt is an impoſſibility. If your Excellency were here, I would ſpeak to you without any conſtraint; but the fear of accidents, in the conveyance of this letter, makes me keep to generals. I am ſure you would have prevented a great deal of ill, if you had continued among us; but people of my level muſt be content to have their opinion aſked, and to ſee it not followed; although I have always given it with the utmoſt freedom and impartiality. I have troubled you too much; and as a long letter from you is the moſt agreeable thing one can receive, ſo the moſt agreeable return would be a ſhort one. I am ever, with the greateſt reſpect and truth,

My LORD,

Your Excellency's

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER XXII.

To the Lord Treaſurer OXFORD.

My LORD, *July* 1, 1714.

WHEN I was with you, I have ſaid more than once that I would never allow quality or ſtation made any real difference between men. Being now abſent and forgotten, I have changed my

mind: You have a thouſand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of ſincerity as I; ſo that, according to common juſtice, I can have but a thouſandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your ſtation. And the misfortune is ſtill the greater, becauſe I always loved you juſt ſo much the worſe for your ſtation. For, in your public capacity, you have often angered me to the heart; but, as a private man, never once. So that, if I only look towards myſelf, I could wiſh you a private man to-morrow. For I have nothing to aſk, at leaſt nothing that you will give, which is the ſame thing: And then you would ſee whether I ſhould not, with much more willingneſs, attend you in a retirement, whenever you pleaſe to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windſor. From theſe ſentiments I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwiſe than as to a private perſon, or allow myſelf to have been obliged by you in any other capacity.

The memory of one great inſtance of your candour and juſtice, I will carry to my grave: That, having been in a manner domeſtic with you for almoſt four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me tho' malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, poſterity ſhall know that and more; which, though you and ſome body that ſhall be nameleſs ſeem to value leſs than I could wiſh, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to ſay, how I would deſire to ſtand in your memory? As one who was truly ſenſible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it: As one who was neither aſſuming, officious, nor teazing; who never wilfully miſrepreſented perſons or facts to you, nor conſulted his paſſions when he gave a character. And, laſtly, as one whoſe indiſcretions proceeded altogether from

from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the higheſt compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have ſaid enough; and, like one at your levee, having made my bow, I ſhrink back into the crowd.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXIII.

To the Duke of ORMOND.

My Lord, *July* 17, 1714.

I Never expected that a great man ſhould remember me in abſence, becauſe I knew it was unreaſonable, and that your Grace is too much troubled with perſons about you, to think of thoſe who are out of the way. But, if Dr. Pratt has done me right, I am miſtaken; and your Grace has almoſt declared that you expected a letter from me; which you ſhould never have had, if the miniſtry had been like you: For then I ſhould have been always near enough to have carried my own meſſages. But I was heartily weary of them; and your Grace will be my witneſs, that I deſpaired of any good ſucceſs from their manner of proceeding, ſome months before I left town; where I thought it became me to continue no longer, when I could do no ſervice either to myſelf, my friends, or the public. By the accounts I have from particular friends, I find the animoſity between the two Great Men does not at all diminiſh: Though I hear it is given out that your Grace's ſucceſſor * has undertaken a general

* The Duke of Shrewſbury.

reconcilement. If it be true, this will ſucceed like the reſt of his late undertakings.

I muſt beg your Grace's pardon, if I intreat you, for ſeveral reaſons, to ſee Lady Maſham as often as you conveniently can: And I muſt likewiſe deſire you, to exert yourſelf in the diſpoſal of the biſhoprics in Ireland. It is a ſcandal to the crown, and an injury to the church, that they ſhould be ſo long delayed. There are ſome hot-headed people, on the other ſide the water, who underſtand nothing of our court, and would confound every thing; always employed to raiſe themſelves upon the ruins of thoſe characters they have blaſted. I wiſh their intermeddling may not occaſion a worſe choice than your Grace approved of laſt winter. However, I beg you will take care that no injury be done to Dr. Pratt, or Dr. Elwood, who have more merit and candour than a hundred of their detractors. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My LORD,

Your Grace's moſt obedient,
and moſt obliged humble ſervant,
J. S.

LETTER XXIV.

To Lord OXFORD,

On hearing his intentions to reſign his Staff.

My LORD, *July* 25, 1714.

TO morrow ſe'ennight I ſhall ſet out from hence to Ireland; my licence for abſence being ſo near out, that I can ſtay no longer without taking another, I ſay this, that, if you have any commands, I ſhall have juſt time enough to receive them before I go. And, if you reſign in a few days,

days, as I am told you design to do, you may possibly retire to Herefordshire, where I shall readily attend you, if you soon withdraw; or, after a few months stay in Ireland, I will return at the beginning of winter, if you please to command me. I speak in the dark, because I am altogether so; and what I say may be absurd. You will please to pardon me; for, as I am wholly ignorant, so I have none of your composure of mind. I pray God Almighty direct and defend you, &c.

LETTER XXV.

To Lady MASHAM.

MADAM, *August*, 7. 1714.

I Had the honour of a letter from your Ladyship a week ago; and, the day after, came the unfortunate news of the Queen's death, which made it altogether unseasonable, as perhaps it may be still, to give your Ladyship this kind of trouble. Although my concern be as great, as that of any other good subject, for the loss of so excellent a Princess; yet I can assure you, Madam, it is little to what I suffer upon your Ladyship's particular account. As you excel in the several duties of a tender mother, a true friend, and a loving wife, so you have been the best and most faithful servant to your Mistress, that ever any sovereign had, And although you have not been rewarded suitably to your merits, I doubt not but God will make it up to you in another life, and to your children and posterity in this. I cannot go about to comfort your Ladyship in your great affliction, otherwise than by begging you to make use of your own piety and your own wisdom, of both which you have so great a share. You are

no longer a ſervant, but you are ſtill a wife, a mother, and a friend; and you are bound in conſcience to take care of your health, in order to acquit yourſelf of theſe duties, as well as you did of the other, which is now at an end.

I pray God to ſupport your Ladyſhip, under ſo great a ſhare of load, in this general calamity: and remain with the greateſt reſpect and truth,

MADAM, Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt obedient, and
Moſt obliged ſervant.

I moſt heartily thank your Ladyſhip for the favourable expreſſions and intentions in your letter, written at a time when you were at the height of favour and power.

LETTER XXVI.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

My LORD, *Auguſt* 7. 1714.

I Had your's of the third, and our country-poſt is ſo ordered, that I could acknowledge it no ſooner. It is true, my Lord, the events of five days laſt week might furniſh morals for another volume of Seneca. As to my Lord Oxford, I told him freely my opinion before I left the town, that he ought to reſign at the end of the ſeſſion. I ſaid the ſame thing often to your Lordſhip and my Lady Maſham, although you ſeemed to think otherwiſe, for ſome reaſons; and ſaid ſo to him one afternoon, when I met you there with my Lord Chancellor. But, I remember, one of the laſt nights I ſaw him, (it was at Lady Maſham's lodgings) I ſaid to him, that, upon the foot your Lordſhip and he then were,

were, it was impoſſible you could ſerve together two months; and I think I was juſt a week out in my calculation. I am only ſorry, that it was not a reſignation, rather than a removal; becauſe the perſonal kindneſs and diſtinction I always received from his Lordſhip and you, gave me ſuch a love for you both, (if you great men will allow that expreſſion in a little one) that I reſolved to preſerve it entire, however you differed between yourſelves; and, in this I did, for ſome time, follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candour of each of you, than to my own conduct; that, having been, for two years, almoſt the only man who went between you, I never obſerved the leaſt alteration in either of your countenances towards me. I will ſwear for no man's ſincerity, much leſs for that of a miniſter of ſtate: But thus much I have ſaid, wherever it was proper, that your Lordſhip's propoſals were always the faireſt in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: And, although I am no very ſkilful man at intrigue, yet, I durſt forfeit my head, that, if the caſe were mine, I could have either agreed with you, or put you *dans vôtre tort*. When I ſaw all reconciliation impracticable, I thought fit to retire; and was reſolved, for ſome reaſons (not to be mentioned at this diſtance) to have nothing to do with whoever was to be laſt in. For, either I ſhould not be needed, or not be made uſe of. And, let the caſe be what it would, I had rather be out of the way. All I pretended was, to ſpeak my thoughts freely, to repreſent perſons and things without any mingle of my own intereſt or paſſions, and, ſometimes to make uſe of an evil inſtrument, which was like to coſt me dear, even from thoſe for whoſe ſervice it was employed. I did believe there would be no further occaſion for me, upon any of thoſe accounts. Beſides, I had ſo ill an opinion of the Queen's health, that I was confident you had not a quarter

quarter of time left for the work you had to do; having let ſlip the opportunity of cultivating thoſe diſpoſitions ſhe had got after her ſickneſs at Windſor. I never left preſſing my Lord Oxford with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, (and perhaps more than became me) that we might be put in ſuch a condition, as not to lie at mercy on this great event. And I am your Lordſhip's witneſs, that you have nothing to anſwer for in that matter. I will, for once, talk in my trade, and tell you that I never ſaw any thing more reſemble our proceedings, than a man of fourſcore, or in a deep conſumption, going on in his ſins, although his phyſician aſſured him he could not live a week. Thoſe wonderful refinements, of keeping men in expectation, and not letting your friends be too ſtrong, might be proper in their ſeaſon. *Sed nunc non erat his locus.* Beſides, you kept your bread and butter till it was too ſtale for any body to care for it. Thus your machine of four years modelling is daſhed to pieces in a moment: And, as well by the choice of the regents, as by their proceedings, I do not find there is any intention of managing you in the leaſt. The whole nineteen conſiſt either of the higheſt partymen, or (which mightily mends the matter) of ſuch who left us upon the ſubject of the peace, and affected jealouſies about the ſucceſſion. It might reaſonably be expected, that this quiet poſſeſſion might convince the ſucceſſor of the good diſpoſitions of the church party towards him; and I ever thought there was a mighty failure ſomewhere or other, that this could not have been done in the Queen's life.——But this is too much for what is paſt; and yet, whoever obſerved and diſliked the cauſes, hath ſome title to quarrel with the effects. As to what is to come, your Lordſhip is in the prime of your years, *plein des eſprits qui fourniſſent les eſperances*; and you are now again to act that part (though in another

another assembly) which you formerly discharged so much to your own honour, and the advantage of your cause. You set out with the wind and tide against you; yet, at last, arrived at your port, from whence you are now driven back in open sea again. But, not to involve myself in an allegory, I doubt whether, after this disappointment, you can go on with the same vigour you did in your more early youth. Experience, which has added to your wisdom, has lessened your resolution. You are now a general, who, after many victories, hath lost a battle, and have not the same confidence in yourself or your troops. Your fellow-labourers have either made their fortunes, or are past them, or will go over to seek them on the other side.——Yet, after all, and to resume a little courage: To be at the head of the church-interest is no mean station; and that, as I take it, is now in your Lordship's power. In order to which, I could heartily wish for that union you mention: because, I need not tell you, that some are more dextrous at pulling down their enemies than, *&c.* We have certainly more heads and hands than our adversaries; but, it must be confessed, they have stronger shoulders and better hearts, I only doubt my friends, the rabble, are at least grown trimmers; and that, setting up the cry of trade and wool, against Sacheverel and the Church, hath cooled their zeal. I take it for granted, there will be a new parliament against winter; and, if they will retain me on the other side, as their counsellor, I will engage them a majority. But, since it is possible I may not be so far in their good graces, if your Lordship thinks my service may be of any use in this new world, I will be ready to attend you by the beginning of winter. For the misfortune is, that I must go to Ireland to take the oaths; which I never reflected on till I had notice from some friends in London. And the sooner I go the better, to prevent accidents; for

for I would not willingly want a favour at present. I think to set out in a few days, but not before your Lordship's commands and instructions may reach me.

I cannot conclude without offering my humblest thanks and acknowledgements, for your Lordship's kind intentions towards me, (if this accident had not happened) of which I received some general hints,——I pray God direct your Lordship: And I desire you will believe me to be, what I am, with the utmost truth and respect,

Your Lordship's most obedient, *&c.*

LETTER XXVII.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

My Lord, *Dublin, Sept.* 14. 1714.

I Hope your Lordship, who were always so kind to me while you were a servant, will not forget me now in your greatness. I give you this caution, because I really believe you will be apt to be exalted in your new station of retirement, which was the only honourable post that those who gave it you were capable of conferring. And, as in other employments, the circumstances with which they are given are sometimes said to be equally valuable with the gift itself, so it was in your case. The sealing up your office, and especially without any directions from the King, discovered such sentiments of you in such persons, as would make any honest man proud to share them.

I must be so free to tell you, that this new office of retirement will be harder for you to keep than that of Secretary: And you lie under one great disadvantage besides your being too young; that, whereas

whereas none but knaves and fools desire to deprive you of your former post, all the honest men in England will be for puting you out of this.

I go on in writing, though I know not how to send you my letter. If I were sure it would be opened by the sealers of your office, I would fill it with some terms of art, that they would better deserve than relish.

It is a point of wisdom too hard for me, not to look back with vexation upon past management. Divines tells us often from their pulpits, that half the pains which some men take to be damned, would have compassed their salvation: This, I am sure, was extremely our case. I know not what motions your Lordship intends; but, if I see the old Whig-measures taken in the next elections, and that the court, the bank, East-India, and South-sea, act strenuously, and procure a majority; I shall lie down, and beg of Jupiter to heave the cart out of the dirt.

I would give all I am worth, for the sake of my country, that you had left your mantle with some body in the House of Commons, or that a dozen honest men among them had only so many shreds of it.——And so, having dispatched all our friends in England, off flies a splinter, and knocks two Governours of Ireland dead. I remember, we never had leisure to think of that kingdom. The poor dead Queen is used like the giant *Longaron* in *Rabelais*. *Pantagruel* took *Longaron* by the heels, and made him his weapon to kill twenty other giants, then flung him over a river in the town, and killed two ducks and an old cat. I could talk very wisely to you, but you would regard me not. I could bid you, *non desperare de republicâ*; and say, that *res nolunt diu malè administrari*. But I will cut all short, and assure you, that if you do not save us, I will not be at the pains of racking my invention to guess how

how we ſhall be ſaved; and yet I have read *Polybius*.

They tell me you have a very good crop of wheat, but the barley is bad. Hay will certainly be dear, unleſs we have an open winter. I hope you found your hounds in good condition, and that Bright has not made a ſtirrup-leather of your jockey-belt.

I imagine you now ſmoaking with your humdrum ſquire, (I forget his name), who can go home at midnight, and open a dozen gates when he is drunk.

I beg your Lordſhip not to aſk me to lend you any money. If you will come and live at the Deanry, and furniſh up an apartment, I will find you in victuals and drink, which is more than ever you got by the Court: And, as proud as you are, I hope to ſee you accept a part of this offer before I die.

The ——— take this country; it has, in three weeks, ſpoilt two as good ſixpenny pamphlets, as ever a proclamation was iſſued out againſt. And, ſince we talk of that, will there not be * * * * * * * † I ſhall be cured of loving England, as the fellow was of his ague, by getting himſelf whipped through the town.

I would retire too if I could; but my country-ſeat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin. The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and ſtraw to thatch it. Beſides, a ſpiteful neighbour has ſeized on ſix feet of ground, carried off my trees, and ſpoiled my grove. All this is literally true, and I have not fortitude enough to go and ſee thoſe devaſtations.

But, in return, I live a country-life in town, ſee

† Here are two or three words in the manuſcript totally eraſed and illegible.

no

no body, and go every day once to prayers; and hope, in a few months, to grow as ſtupid as the preſent ſituation of affairs will require.

Well, after all, parſons are not ſuch bad company, eſpecially when they are under ſubjection; and I let none but ſuch come near me.

However, pray God forgive them, by whoſe indolence, neglect, or want of friendſhip, I am reduced to live with twenty leagues of ſalt-water between your Lordſhip and me, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

My LORD, *Dublin, July* 19. 1715.

IT may look like an idle or officious thing in me, to give your Lordſhip any interruption under your preſent circumſtances: Yet I could never forgive myſelf, if, after being treated for ſeveral years with the greateſt kindneſs and diſtinction, by a perſon of your Lordſhip's virtue, I ſhould omit making you, at this time, the humbleſt offers of my poor ſervice and attendance. It is the firſt time I ever ſolicited you in my own behalf; and, if I am refuſed, it will be the firſt requeſt you ever refuſed me. I do not think myſelf obliged to regulate my opinions by the proceedings of a Houſe of Lords or Commons; and therefore, however they may acquit themſelves in your Lordſhip's caſe, I ſhall take the liberty of thinking, and calling your Lordſhip the ableſt and faithfulleſt miniſter, and trueſt lover of your country, that this age hath produced. And I have already taken care that you ſhall be ſo repreſented to poſterity, in ſpite of all the rage and malice of your enemies. And this I

know will not be wholly indifferent to your Lordſhip; who, next to a good conſcience, always eſteemed reputation your beſt poſſeſſion. Your intrepid behaviour, under this proſecution, aſtoniſheth every one but me, who know you ſo well, and how little it is in the power of human actions, or events, to diſcompoſe you. I have ſeen your Lordſhip labouring under greater difficulties, and expoſed to greater dangers, and overcoming both by the providence of God, and your own wiſdom and courage. Your life has been already attempted by pivate malice, it is now purſued by public reſentment. Nothing elſe remained. You were deſtined to both trials; and the ſame power which delivered you out of the paws of the lion and the bear, will, I truſt, deliver you out of the hands of the uncircumciſed.

I can write no more. You ſuffer for a good cauſe, for having preſerved your country, and for having been the great inſtrument, under God, of his preſent Majeſty's peaceable acceſſion to the throne. This I know, and this your enemies know, and this I will take care that all the world ſhall know, and future ages be convinced of. God Almighty protect you, and continue to you that fortitude and magnanimity he hath endowed you with. Farewell. J. S.

LETTER XXIX.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

My LORD, *May* 1719.

I Forget whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have obſerved in Cicero; that, in ſome of his letters, while he was in exile, there is a ſort of melancholy pleaſure, which is wonderfully affecting.

fecting. I believe the reaſon muſt be, that, in thoſe circumſtances of life, there is more leiſure for friendſhip to operate, without any mixture of envy, intereſt, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when Cicero writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him; becauſe common diſtreſs is a great promoter both of friendſhip and ſpeculation. For, I doubt, proſperity and adverſity are too much at variance, ever to ſuffer a near alliance between their owners.

Friendſhip, we ſay, is created by a reſemblance of humours. You allow that adverſity both taught you to think and reaſon much otherwiſe than you did; whereas, I can aſſure you, that thoſe who contrived to ſtay at home and keep what they had, are not changed at all; and, if they ſometimes drink an abſent friend's health, they have fully diſcharged their duty. I have been, for ſome time, nurſing up an obſervation, which perhaps may be a juſt one: That no men are uſed ſo ill, upon a change of times, as thoſe who acted upon a public view, without regard to themſelves. I do not mean from the circumſtance of ſaving more or leſs money, but becauſe I take it, that the ſame grain of caution, which diſpoſeth a man to fill his coffers, will teach him how to preſerve them upon all events. And I dare hold a wager that the Duke of Marlborough, in all his campaigns, was never known to loſe his baggage. I am heartily glad to hear of that unconditional offer you mention; becauſe I have been taught to believe there is little good-nature to be had from that quarter: And, if the offer were ſincere, I know not why it has not ſucceeded, ſince every thing is granted that can be aſked for, unleſs there be an exception only for generous and good-natured actions. When I think of you with relation to Sir Roger, I imagine a youth of ſixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love; ſhe decays every year, while he grows up to his prime; and, when it is

too late, he wonders how he could think of so unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was so fond of.——I am told he outdoes himself in every quality for which we used to quarrel with him. I do not think, that leisure of life, and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wisdom hath given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of those affairs, wherein, to my knowledge, you had the most difficult and weighty part: And I have often thought, in comparing periods of time, there never was a more important one in England than that which made up the four last years of the late Queen. Neither do I think any thing could be more entertaining, or useful, than the story of it fully and exactly told, with such observations, in such a spirit, style, and method, as you alone are capable of performing it. One reason why we have so few memoirs written by principal actors, is because much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little; yet such persons will read Tacitus and Comines with wonderful delight. Therefore I must beg two things; first, that you will not omit any passage because you think it of little moment; and, secondly, That you will write to an ignorant world, and not suppose your reader to be only of the present age, or to live within ten miles of London. There is nothing more vexes me in old historians, than when they leave me in the dark in some passages which they suppose every one to know. It is this laziness, pride, or incapacity of great men, that hath given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to pester us with memoirs full of trifling and romance. Let a Frenchman talk twice with a minister of state, he desires no more to furnish out a volume; and I, who am no Frenchman, despairing ever to see any thing of what you tell me, have been sometime providing materials for such a work, only upon the strength of having

been

been always amongſt you, and uſed with more kindneſs and confidence, than it often happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of ſo good a reaſon to think no further that way, although I could ſay many things which you will never allow yourſelf to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one tract, and a ſketch of it in another. But I am ſenſible that when Cæſar deſcribes one of his own battles, we conceive a greater idea of him from thence, than from all the praiſes any other writer can give him.

I read your paraphraſe with great pleaſure, and the goodneſs of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philoſophy. I agree, that a great part of our wants is imaginary, yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man and another. A king, deprived of his kingdom, would be allowed to live in real want, although he had ten thouſand a year; and the caſe is parallel in every degree of life. When I reaſon thus on the caſe of ſome abſent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to be merry, or take ſatisfaction in any thing, while thoſe who preſided in councils, or armies, and by whom I had the honour to be beloved, are either in humble ſolitude, or attending, like Hannibal, in foreign courts, *donec Bithynio libeat vigilare tyranno* My health (a thing of no moment) is ſomewhat mended; but, at beſt, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God ſend you ſoon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more ſee him *cum quo morantem ſæpe diem fregi*, &c.

LETTER XXX.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

My LORD, *Dec.* 19. 1719.

I First congratulate with you upon growing rich; for I hope our friend's information is true. *Omne solum diti patria.* Euripides makes the Queen Jocasta ask her exiled son, How he got his victuals? But, who ever expected to see you a trader or dealer in stocks? I thought to have seen you where you are, or perhaps nearer; but *diis aliter visum.* It may be with one's country as with a lady: If she be cruel and ill-natured, and will not receive us, we ought to consider that we are better without her. But, in this case, we may add, she has neither virtue, honour, nor justice. I have gotten a mezzotinto (for want of better) of Aristippus, in my drawing-room: The motto at the top is, *Omnes Aristippum*, &c. and at the bottom, *Tantâ fœdus cum gente ferire, commissum juveni.* But, since what I heard of Mississippi, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandize three years, to shew he knew how to grow rich as well as to be a philosopher: And, I guess, Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty. *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known something of courts and ministers longer than you, who knew them so many thousand times better; but I do not remember to have ever heard of or seen one great genius, who had long success in the ministry: And, recollecting a great many, in my memory and acquaintance, those who had the smoothest time were, at best, men of middling

middling degree in understanding. But, if I were to frame a romance of a great minister's life, he should begin it as Aristippus has done; then be sent into exile, and employ his leisure in writing the memoirs of his own administration; then be recalled, invited to resume his share of power, act as far as was decent; at last retire to the country, and be a pattern of hospitality, politeness, wisdom, and virtue. Have you not observed, that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations in the court, the church, and the law? It must be so: For Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business within the reach of common understandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory-knife? Did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? Whereas, if he had used a razor or a pen-knife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory-implement to those talents that thrive best at court. Think upon Lord Bacon, Williams, Strafford, Laud, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, the last Duke of Buckingham *; and, of my own acquaintance, the Earl of Oxford and yourself: All great geniuses in their several ways; and, if they had not been so great, would have been less unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was Lord Sommers, whose timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer, and the consciousness of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman or a gentleman-usher. But, of late years, I have even refined upon this thought: For I plainly see, that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can sal-

* Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

ly

ly into the higheſt exorbitancies, with much more ſafety, than a man of great talents can make the leaſt ſtep out of the way. Perhaps it is for the ſame reaſon, that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious than a mettleſome horſe: But I rather think it owing to that inceſſant envy, wherewith the common rate of mankind purſues all ſuperiour natures to their own. And, I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an aſs, he would rather be kicked by one of his own ſpecies than a better. If you will recollect that I am towards ſix years older than when I ſaw you laſt, and twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty ſpeculations: I can now expreſs in an hundred words what would formerly have coſt me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty diſtiches, which might be ſqueezed into one. I have gone the round of all my ſtories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again I give hints how ſignificant a perſon I have been, and no body believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to deſire I would ſhew them ſome things I have written, but cannot ſucceed; and wreak my ſpite, in condemning the taſte of the people and company where I am. But it is with place, as it is with time. If I boaſt of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more uſe than if I told how handſome I was when I was young. The worſt of it is, that lying is of no uſe; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on any one to perſonate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is ſure to have the firſt glaſs out of the bottle, and the beſt bit I can carve. Nothing has convinced me ſo much that I am of a little ſubaltern ſpirit, *inopis atque puſilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the moſt trifling amuſements to divert the vexation of former thoughts, and preſent objects.

—— Why

—— Why cannot you lend me a ſhred of your mantle, or, why did you not leave a ſhred of it with me when you was ſnatched from me? ——— You ſee I ſpeak in my trade, although it is growing faſt a trade to be aſhamed of.

I cannot but wiſh that you would make it poſſible for me to ſee a copy of the papers you are about; and I do proteſt it neceſſary that ſuch a thing ſhould be in ſome perſon's hands beſides your own, and I ſcorn to ſay how ſafe they would be in mine. Neither would you diſlike my cenſures, as far as they might relate to circumſtantials. I tax you with two minutes a day, until you have read this letter, although I am ſenſible you have not half ſo much from buſineſs more uſeful and entertaining.

My letter which miſcarried * was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating with you for the delightful verſes you ſent me. And I ought to have expreſſed my vexation, at ſeeing you ſo much better a philoſopher than myſelf; a trade you were neither born nor bred to: But I think it is obſerved, that gentlemen often dance better than thoſe who live by the art. You may thank Fortune that my paper is no longer, &c.

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LETTER XXXI.

To the Biſhop of MEATH.

My LORD, *June* 5. 1721.

I Have received an account of your Lordſhip's refuſing to admit my proxy at your viſitation,

* He means letter XXIX, which he hath indorſed on the back as having miſcarried.

with.

with several circumstances of personal reflections on myself, although my proxy attested my want of health; to confirm which, and to lay before you the justice and Christianity of your proceeding, above a hundred persons of quality and distinction can witness, that, since Friday the 26th of May, I have been tormented with an ague, in as violent a manner as possible, which still continues, and forces me to make use of another hand in writing to you. At the same time, I must be plain to tell you, that if this accident had not happened, I should have used all endeavours to avoid your visitation, upon the public promise I made you three years ago. and the motives which occasioned it; because I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren or myself; and, by the Grace of God, I am still determined to absent myself on the like occasions, as far as I can possibly be dispensed with by any law, while your Lordship is in that diocese and I a member of it. In which resolution I could not conceive but your Lordship would be easy: Because, although my presence might possibly contribute to your real (at least future) interest, I was sure it could not to your present satisfaction.

If I had had the happiness to have been acquainted with any one clergyman in the diocese, of your Lordship's principles, I should have desired him to represent me with hopes of better success: But I wish you would sometimes think it convenient to distinguish men as well as principles, and not to look upon every person, who happens to owe you canonical obedience, as if *.

I have the honour to be Ordinary over a considerable number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the same obedience as I owe

* The remainder of this paragraph he has left to the Bishop's own conjecture.

to

to your Lordship, and are equally bound to attend my visitation; yet neither I, nor any of my predecessors, to my knowledge, did ever refuse a regular proxy.

I am only sorry that you, who are of a country famed for good-nature, have found a way to unite the hasty passion of your own countrymen *, with the long, sedate, resentment of a Spaniard: But I have an honourable hope, that this proceeding has been more owing to party than complexion. I am,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most humble servant.

LETTER XXXII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

My Lord, *Oct.* 11. 1722.

I Often receive letters, franked Oxford, but always find them written and subscribed by your Lordship's servant, Mynett. His meaning is some business of his own, wherein I am his solicitor; but he makes his court by giving me an account of the state of your family, and perpetually adds a clause, that your Lordship soon intends to write to me. I knew you indeed when you were not so great a man as you are now, I mean when you were Treasurer; but you are grown so proud since your retirement, that there is no enduring you: And you have reason, for you never acted so difficult a part of life before. In the two great scenes of power and prosecution you have excelled mankind; and, in this of retirement, you have most

* The Bishop was a Welchman; his name Evans.

injuriously

injuriously forgotten your friends. Poor Prior often sent me his complaints on this occasion, and I have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I use all my insinuations to keep myself in your memory. I am very sensible, that, next to receiving thanks and compliments, there is nothing you more hate than writing letters: But, since I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments, I have so much more merit than any of those thousands whom you have less obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendship, as you did me, whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be forgotten, either by the world or myself; for which never man was more proud or less vain.

I have now been ten years soliciting for your picture; and, if I had solicited you for a thousand pounds, (I mean of your own money, not the public), I could have prevailed in ten days. You have given me many hundred hours, can you not now give me a couple? Have my mortifications been so few, or are you so malicious to add a greater than I ever yet suffered? Did you ever refuse me any thing I asked you? And will you now begin? In my conscience, I believe, and, by the whole conduct of your life, I have reason to believe, that you are too poor to bear the expence. I ever told you that I was the richer man of the two; and I am now richer by five hundred pounds, than I was at the time when I was boasting at your table of my wealth, before Diamond Pitt.

I have hitherto taken up with a scurvy print of you, under which I have placed this lemma:

—— *Veteres actus primamque juventam*
Prosequar? ad sese mentem præsentia ducunt.

And

And this I will place under your picture, whenever you are rich enough to ſend it me. I will only promiſe, in return, that it ſhall never loſe you the reputation of poverty; which, to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments, is one of the greateſt glories of your life, and ſo ſhall be celebrated by me.

I entreat your Lordſhip, if your leiſure and your health will permit, to let me know when I can be a month with you at Brampton-caſtle; becauſe I have a great deal of buſineſs with you that relates to poſterity. Mr. Mynett has, for ſome time, led me an uncomfortable life with his ill accounts of your health; but, God be thanked, his ſtyle is of late much altered for the better.

My hearty and conſtant prayers are perpetually offered up for the preſervation of you and your excellent family. Pray, my Lord, write to me; or you never loved me, or I have done ſomething to deſerve your diſpleaſure. My Lord and Lady Harriot, my brother and Siſter *, pretend to atone by making me fine preſents; but I would have his Lordſhip know, that I would value two of his lines more than two of his manors, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

My Lord, *April* 28. 1724.

MAny of the principal perſons in this kingdom, diſtinguiſhed for their loyalty to his preſent Majeſty, hearing that I had the honour to be known

* The members of the Saturday's Club all called one another Brothers, and conſequently their wives were Siſters to the ſeveral members.

to your Excellency, have for some time pressed me very earnestly, since you were declared Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom, to represent to your Excellency the apprehensions they are under concerning Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence to pass in Ireland. Your Excellency knows the unanimous sentiments of the parliament here upon that matter: And, upon inquiry, you will find that there is not one person, of any rank or party, in this whole kingdom, who does not look upon that patent as the most ruinous project that ever was contrived against any nation. Neither is it doubted, that, when your Excellency shall be thoroughly informed, your justice and compassion for an injured people will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

I have made bold to send you inclosed two small tracts on this subject, one written (as it is supposed) by the Earl of Abercorn; the other is intitled to a weaver, and suited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.

I hope your Excellency will forgive an old humble servant, and one who always loved and esteemed you, for interfering in matters out of his province; which he would never have done, if many of the greatest persons here had not, by their importunity, drawn him out of his retirement, to venture giving you a little trouble, in hopes to save their country from utter destruction, for which the memory of your government will be blessed by posterity.

I hope to have the honour of seeing your Excellency here, and do promise neither to be a frequent visitor nor troublesome solicitor, but ever with the greatest respect, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

To the same.

My LORD, *June* 9. 1724.

IT is above a month since I took the boldness of writing to your Excellency, upon a subject where the welfare of this kingdom is highly concerned.

I writ at the desire of several considerable persons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honour of being well known to you.

I could have wished your Excellency had condescended so far, as to let one of your under-clerks have signified to me that a letter was received.

I have been long out of the world, but have not forgotten what used to pass among those I lived with, while I was in it: And I can say, that, during the experience of many years, and many changes in affairs, your Excellency, and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great persons that ever refused to answer a letter from me, without regard to business, party, or greatness; and, if I had not a peculiar esteem for your personal qualities, I should think myself to be acting a very inferiour part in making this complaint.

I never was so humble, as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather chose to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles sufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them; of which I have witnesses enough left, after all the havock made among them by accidents of time, or by changes of persons, measures, and opinions.

I know not how your own conceptions of your-

ſelf may alter, by every new high ſtation, but mine muſt continue the ſame, or alter for the worſe.

I often told a great miniſter, whom you well know, that I valued him for being the ſame man through all the progreſs of power and place. I expected the like in your Lordſhip; and ſtill hope that I ſhall be the only perſon who will ever find it otherwiſe.

I pray God to direct your Excellency in all your good undertakings, and eſpecially in your government of this kingdom.

I ſhall trouble you no more; but remain, with great reſpect,

My Lord,
Your Excellency's
Moſt obedient, and
Moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER XXXV.

To the ſame.

My Lord, *July* 9. 1724.

I Humbly claim the privilege of an inferior, to be the laſt writer; yet with great acknowledgements for your condeſcenſion in anſwering my letters. I cannot but complain of you for putting me in the wrong. I am in the circumſtances of a waiting-woman, who told her lady, that nothing vexed her more than to be caught in a lie. But, what is worſe, I have diſcovered in myſelf ſomewhat of the bully; and that, after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the moſt diſtant attender at your levee. It is well your Excellency's talents are in few hands; for, if it were otherwiſe, we, who pretend to be free ſpeakers,

ſpeakers, in quality of philoſophers, ſhould be utterly cured of our forwardneſs; at leaſt, I am afraid there will be an end of mine, with regard to your Excellency. Yet, my Lord, I am ten years older than I was when I had the honour to ſee you laſt, and conſequently ten times more teſty. Therefore I foretel, that you, who could ſo eaſily conquer ſo captious a perſon, and of ſo little conſequence, will quickly ſubdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

To EDWARD Earl of OXFORD.

On his Father's death.

My Lord, *July*, 1724.

Although I had, for two years paſt, inured myſelf to expect the death of my Lord your Father, from the frequent accounts of the bad condition of his health; yet the news of it ſtruck me ſo ſenſibly, that I had not ſpirit enough to condole with your Lordſhip, as I ought to have done, for ſo great a loſs to the world and yourſelf. It is true, indeed, you no longer wanted his care and tenderneſs, nor his example, to incite you to virtue; but his friendſhip and converſation you will ever want, becauſe they are qualities ſo rare in the world, and in which he hath ſo much excelled all others. It hath pleaſed me, in the midſt of my grief, to hear that he preſerved the greatneſs, and calmneſs, and intrepidity of his mind to his laſt mi-

nutes: For it was fit that such a life should terminate with equal lustre to the whole progress of it.

I must now beg leave to apply to your Lordship's justice. He was often pleased to promise me his picture; but his troubles, and sickness, and want of opportunity, and my absence, prevented him. I do therefore humbly insist, that your Lordship will please to discharge what I almost look upon as a legacy.

I would intreat another and much greater favour of your Lordship, that, at your leisure hours, you would please to inspect among your father's papers, whether there be any memorials that may be of use towards writing his life; which I have sometimes mentioned to him, and often thought on, when I little thought to survive him. I have formerly gathered several hints, but want many memorials, especially of his more early times, which might be easily supplied. And such a work most properly belongs to me, who loved and respected him above all men, and had the honour to know him better than any other of my level did.

I humbly beg your Lordship's pardon for so long a letter upon so mournful an occasion; and expect your justice to believe that I am, and shall ever be, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

Most obliged, and

Most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

My LORD, *Sept.* 3. 1724.

BEing ten years older than when I had the honour to see your Excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse, and so it happened. For I have been, this month past, so pestered with the return of a noise and deafness in my ears, that I had not spirit to perform the common offices of life, much less to write to your Excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you. But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence; that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, as an amuser of the world and myself. To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine France would be proper for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me: For, since I left England, such a parcel of trash has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgement of my friends could hinder them from thinking me to be grown the greatest dunce alive.

There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England; it is Doctor George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth about 1100 l. a year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will, of course, attend your Excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his

his friend my Lord Burlington. And, becauſe I believe you will chuſe out ſome very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with ſome account of the man, and his errand. He was a fellow in the univerſity here; and, going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a ſect called the *Immaterialiſts*, by the force of a very curious book upon that ſubject. Doctor Smaldridge, and many other eminent perſons, were his proſelytes, I ſent him ſecretary and chaplain to Sicily with my Lord Peterborow? and, upon his Lordſhip's return, Doctor Berkeley ſpent above ſeven years in travelling over moſt parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other iſlands. When he came back to England, he found ſo many friends, that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made Dean of Derry. Your Excellency will be frighted, when I tell you all this is but an introduction: For I am now to mention his errand. He is an abſolute philoſopher, with regard to money, titles, and power; and, for three years paſt, hath been ſtruck with a notion of founding an univerſity at Bermudas, by a charter from the Crown. He hath ſeduced ſeveral of the hopefulleſt young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the faireſt way of preferment: But, in England, his conqueſts are greater; and, I doubt, will ſpread very far this winter. He ſhewed me a little tract, which he deſigns to publiſh; and there your Excellency will ſee his whole ſcheme of a life academico-philoſophical, (I ſhall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian ſcholars and miſſionaries; where he, moſt exorbitantly, propoſeth a whole hundred pounds a year for himſelf, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a ſtudent. His heart will break if his deanry be not taken from him,

him, and left to your Excellency's dipoſal. I diſcourage him by the coldneſs of courts and miniſters, who will interpret all this as impoſſible, and a viſion; but nothing will do. And, therefore, I do humbly intreat your Excellency, either to uſe ſuch perſuaſions as will keep one of the firſt men in this kingdom, for learning and virtue, quiet at home, or aſſiſt him, by your credit, to compaſs his romantic deſign; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great perſon of your excellent education to encourage.

I muſt now, in all humility, intreat one favour of you, as you are Lord-Lieutenant. Mr. Proby, ſurgeon of the army here, laid out the greateſt part of his fortune to buy a captainſhip for his eldeſt ſon. The young man was lately accuſed of diſcovering an inclination to Popery, while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court-martial is tranſmitted to your Excellency. The univerſal opinion here is, that the accuſation was falſe and malicious: And the Archbiſhop of Tuam, in whoſe dioceſe Galway is, upon a ſtrict inquiry, hath declared it to be ſo, But all this is not to ſway with your Excellency, any more than that the father is the moſt univerſally beloved of any man I ever knew in his ſtation. But I intreat, that you will pleaſe to hear the opinion of others, who may ſpeak in his favour; and, perhaps, will tell you, that, as party is not the caſe, ſo you cannot do any perſonal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland, than in inclining towards lenity to Mr. Proby and his family; although I have reaſon to be confident, that they neither need nor deſire more than juſtice. I beg your Excellency will remember my requeſt to be only that you would hear others, and not think me ſo very weak, as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the leaſt turn to your mind. Therefore, I hope, what I have ſaid is pardonable in every reſpect, but that of taking up your time.

My

My Lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet ſeſſion under your government; but, whether you approve the manner, I can only gueſs. It is by univerſal declarations againſt Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of, that your Excellency will find and leave us under diſpoſitions very different towards your perſon and high ſtation, from what have appeared towards others.

I have no other excuſe for the length of this letter, but a faithful promiſe that I will never be guilty of the ſame fault a ſecond time. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mrs. PRATT.

MADAM, *March* 18. 2724-5.

MRS. Fitſmorrice did the unkindeſt thing ſhe could imagine; ſhe ſends an open note by a ſervant, (for ſhe was too much a prude to write me a letter) directing me to inquire for one Howard maſter of a ſhip, who had brought over a ſcreen to me from Mrs. Pratt. Away I ran to the cuſtom-houſe, where they told me the ſhip was expected every day: But the God of winds, in confederacy with Mrs. Fitſmorrice to teaze me, kept the ſhip at leaſt a month longer, and left me miſerable in a ſtate of impatience between hope and fear, worſe than a lady who apprehends her cloaths will not be ready againſt the birth-day.

I will not move your good-nature, by repreſenting how many reſtleſs days and nights I have paſſed, with what dreams my ſleep hath been diſturbed, when I ſometimes ſaw the ſhip ſinking, and my ſcreen floating in the ſea, and the mermaids ſtrug-

gling

gling which of them ſhould get it. At laſt Mr. Medlicott †, whoſe heart inclines him to pity the diſtreſſed, gave me notice of its ſafe arrival. He interpoſed his authority; and over-ruling the tedious forms of the cuſtom houſe, ſent me my ſcreen to the deanry: Where it was immediately opened, on Tueſday the 16th inſtant, three minutes ſeven ſeconds after four o' clock, the day being fair but ſomewhat windy, the ſun in Aries, and the moon within 39 hours 8 ſeconds and a half of being full. All which I find, by conſulting Ptolemy, to be fortunate incidents, and that, with due care, my ſcreen will eſcape the mops of the houſe-maid, and the greaſy hands of the footmen.

At the opening of the ſcreen juſt after dinner, ſome company of both ſexes were preſent. The ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I was very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing ſhewed a better judgement than to know how to make a proper preſent, and that no preſent could be more judiciouſly choſen. For no man in this kingdom wanted a ſcreen ſo much as myſelf; And, beſides, ſince I had left the world, it was very kind to ſend the world to me. As for my own part, I confeſs I never expected to be ſheltered by the world, when I have been ſo long endeavouring to ſhelter myſelf from it. See how ill you beſtow your favours, when you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches, inſtead of acknowledgments, for thinking in the midſt of courts, upon an abſent inſignificant man, buried in obſcurity. But I know it is as hard to give thanks as to take them Therefore I ſhall ſay no more, than that I receive your acceptable preſent juſt as I am ſure you deſire I ſhould. But I cannot pro-

† One of the Commiſſioners of the cuſtoms.

miſe

miſe that it will add one jot to the love and eſteem I have for you; becauſe it is impoſſible for me to be more than I have always been,

MADAM,

Yours, *&c.*

LETTER XXXIX.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

Deanry-houſe, April 17. 1725.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been ſo long afflicted with a deafneſs, and at preſent with a giddineſs in my head, (both old diſtempers) that I have not been able to attend your Excellency and my Lady Carteret, as my inclination and duty oblige me; and I am now haſting into the country, to try what exerciſe and better air will do towards my recovery. Not knowing how long I may be abſent, nor how ſoon you may think fit to leave this kingdom, I take this occaſion of returning your Excellency, and my Lady Carteret, my moſt humble acknowledgments for your great civilities towards me, which I wiſh it were in my power to deſerve.

I have only one humble requeſt to make to your Excellency, which I had in my heart ever ſince you were nominated Lord Lieutenant; and it is in favour of Mr. Sheridan. I beg you will take your time for beſtowing on him ſome church-living, to the value of 150 *l. per annum.* He is agreed on all hands to have done more public ſervice, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation; and has much more learning than uſually falls to the ſhare of thoſe who profeſs teaching,

ng, being perfectly skilled in the Greek, as well as Latin tongue, and acquainted with all the ancient writers, in poetry, philosophy, and history. He is a man of good sense, modesty and virtue. His greatest fault is a wife and four children, for which there is no excuse, but that a wife is thought necessary to a school-master. His constitution is so weak, that, in a few years, he must give up his business; and probably must starve, without some preferment, for which he is an ill sollicitor. My Lord Bishop of Elphin hath promised to recommend this request to your Excellency. And I hope you will please to believe that it proceeds wholly from justice and humanity, for he is neither a dependent nor relation of mine.

I humbly take my leave, and remain, with the utmost respect,

My Lord, *&c.*

LETTER XL.

To Mrs. HOWARD *.

Madam, *Feb.* 1. 1726-7.

I AM so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is yet but one piece finished of the two, which you commanded me to send to her Royal Highness. The other was done; but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, hath obtained my leave for a second attempt; in which he promises to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour may be quite off both with the Princess and you: For such were courts when I knew them. I desire you will order her Royal

* Afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

Highneſs to go to Richmond as ſoon as ſhe can this ſummer, becauſe ſhe will have the pleaſure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there: And I expect to find you are altered by flattery, or ill company, I am glad to tell you now, that I honour you with my eſteem; becauſe, when the Princeſs grows a crowned head, you ſhall have no more ſuch compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deſerve them. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pump for myſelf, but will rather provide another ſhoe for his royal Highneſs *, againſt there ſhall be occaſion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night: While I was careſſing one of my *Houyhnhnms*, he bit my little finger ſo cruelly, that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cauſe to ſome foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to a *Sieve Yahoo*, (for ſo you are pleaſed to call yourſelf.) Pray tell Sir Robert Walpole, that if he does not uſe me better next ſummer than he did laſt, I will ſtudy revenge, and it ſhall be *vengeance eccleſiaſtique*. I hope you will get your houſe and wine ready, to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free acceſs when you are at court: For, as to Mr. Pope, he is not worth conſidering on ſuch occaſions. I am ſorry I have no complaints to make of her Royal Highneſs: Therefore, I think I may let you tell her, That every grain of virtue and good ſenſe, in one of her rank, conſiderin the bad education among flaterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior perſon. Now, if what the world ſays be true, that ſhe excels all other ladies at leaſt a dozen times; then multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any one can ſay a civiler thing, let him, for I think it too much for me.

* Vide Gulliver's Travels, Chap. IV.

I hav

I have some title to be angry with you, for not ommanding those who write to me to mention our remembrance. Can there be any thing more ase, than to make the first advances, and then be nconstant. It is very hard, that I must cross the a, and ride two hundred miles, to reproach you n person; when, at the same time, I feel myself, vith the most entire respect,

MADAM, &c.

LETTER XLI

To the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN *.

MY LORD *May* 18. 1727.

I Understand, by some letters just come to my hands, that, at your Grace's visitation of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, a proxy was insisted on from the Dean, the visitation adjourned, and a rule entered, that a proxy be exhibited within a month, If your Grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a Dean of St. Patrick's, you will have some reason to insist upon it: But, as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the consequences be what they will, I shall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: It is only through them that you visit me, and my Sub dean is to answer for me. I am neither civilian nor canonist. Your Grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dextrous deputy. My proceeding shall be only upon one maxim; Never to yield to an oppression, to justify which your precedent can be produced. I see very

* Dr. William King.

well how perſonal all this proceeding is; and how, from the very moment of the Queen's death, your Grace has thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all ſorts of uneaſineſs, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one ſingle mark of your favour beyond common civilities. And, if it were not below a man of ſpirit to make complaints, I could date them from ſix and twenty years paſt. This hath ſomething in it the more extraordinary, becauſe, during ſome years, when I was thought to have credit with thoſe in power, I employed it to the utmoſt for your ſervice, with great ſucceſs, where it could be moſt uſeful, againſt many violent enemies you then had, however unjuſtly; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action of my life, I mean from my friends. My Lord, I have lived and, by the grace of God, will die an enemy to ſervitude and ſlavery of all kinds: And I believe, at the ſame time, that perſons of ſuch a diſpoſition will be the moſt ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your Grace hath often ſaid, you would never infringe any of our liberties. I will call back nothing of what is paſt: I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a licence to be abſent. Neither my age, health, humour, or fortune, qualify me for little brangles; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predeceſſors. I thought, and have been told, that I deſerved better from that church and that kingdom: I am ſure I do from your Grace. And, I believe, people on this ſide will atteſt, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard, that the occaſion of my journey hither being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on buſineſs of importance to me, and partly to ſee my friends; I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your Grace interpoſing to diſturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of thoſe in power here, who allow themſelves to be my profeſſed

ſeſſed adverſaries, make ſome atonement for the unkindneſs of others, who have ſo many reaſons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and, therefore, if conſcience were quite out of the caſe for me to do a baſe thing, I will ſet no unworthy examples for my ſucceſſors to follow: And, therefore, repeating it again, that I ſhall not concern myſelf upon the proceeding of your Lordſhip.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XLII.

To the Counteſs of SUFFOLK.

MADAM, *Twickenham, Auguſt* 15. 1727.

I WISH I were a young Lord, and you were unmarried; I ſhould make you the beſt huſband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life; and, inſtead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good ſubſtantial giddineſs and head-ache. The beſt of it is, that, although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no ſecrets that might not be heard five rooms diſtant. Theſe diſorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they uſed to do ſome years ago, will laſt as long as my leave of abſence, which I ſhall not renew; And then the Queen will have the misfortune not to ſee me, and I ſhall go back with the ſatisfaction never to have ſeen her ſince ſhe was Queen, but when I kiſſed her hand. And, although ſhe were a thouſand Queens, I will not loſe my privilege of never ſeeing her but when ſhe commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love-letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do laſt year: which I would not ſhew to either of them. I am the great-

eſt courtier and flatterer you have; becauſe I try your good ſenſe and taſte more than all of them put together, which is the greateſt compliment I could put upon you: And you have hitherto behaved yourſelf tolerably well under it; much better than your Miſtreſs, if what a lady told me was true: That, talking with the Queen about me, her Majeſty ſaid, I was an odd ſort of man. But I forgive her; for it is an odd thing in an honeſt man to ſpeak freely to princes. I will ſay another thing in your praiſe, that goodneſs would become you better than any perſon I know; And, for that very reaſon, there is no body I wiſh to be good ſo much as yourſelf.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

My LORD, *Jan.* 18. 1727-8.

I Was informed, that your Excellency having referred to the Univerſity here, ſome regulation of his Majeſty's benefaction for profeſſors; they have, in their anſwer, inſinuated as if they thought it beſt, that the ſeveral profeſſorſhips ſhould be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be ſo. I need not inform your Excellency, how contrary ſuch a practice is to that of all the univerſities in Europe. Your Excellency well knows how many learned men, of the two laſt ages, have been invited by princes to be profeſſors in ſome art or ſcience, for which they were renowned; and that the like rule hath been followed in Oxford and Cambridge. I hope your Excellency

Excellency will ſhew no regard to ſo narrow and partial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowſhips, and ſpoil profeſſorſhips: Although I ſhould be ſorry, that any fellow ſhould be thought incapable on that account when otherwiſe qualified. And I ſhould be glad that any perſon, whoſe education hath been in this univerſity, ſhould be preferred before another upon equal deſervings But that muſt be left to thoſe who ſhall be your Excellency's ſucceſſors, who may not always be great clerks: And I wiſh you could, in ſome meaſure, provide againſt having this benefaction made a perquiſite of humour or favour. Whoever is preferred to a biſhoprick, or to ſuch a preferment as ſhall hinder him from reſiding within a certain diſtance of this town, ſhould be obliged to reſign his profeſſorſhip.

As long as you are Governor here, I ſhall always expect the liberty of telling you my thoughts; and I hope you will conſider them, until you find I grow impertinent, or have ſome bias of my own.

If I had not been confined to my chamber, by the continuance of an unconverſable diſorder, I would have exchanged your trouble of reading for that of hearing, I am, &c.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Carteret.

Your friend Walpole hath lately done one of the cruelleſt actions that ever I knew, even in a miniſter of ſtate, theſe thirty years paſt; which, if the Queen hath not intelligence of, may my right hand forget it's cunning.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

To the same *.

My Lord, About *May* 10. 1728.

I Told your Excellency that you were to run on my errands. My Lord Burlington hath a very fine monument of his ancestor the Earl of Cork, in my cathedral, which your Excellency hath seen. I and the chapter have written to him in a body to have it repaired, and I in person have desired he would do it. And I desired likewise, that he would settle a parcel of land, worth five pounds a year, (not an annuity), to keep it always in repair. He said he would do any thing to oblige me; but was afraid that, in future times, the five pounds a-year would be misapplied, and secured by the Dean and chapter to their own use. I answered, that a Dean and twenty-four members of so great a chapter, who, in livings, estates, &c. had about 4000 l. a-year amongst them, would hardly divide four shillings among them to cheat his posterity; and that we could have no view but to consult the honour of his family. I therefore command your Excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he hath put upon us, in not answering a letter written to him by the Dean and chapter in a body.

The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My Lady Holderness is my old acquaintance, and I writ to her about a small sum, to make a monument for her grandfather I writ to her myself; and also, there was a letter from the Dean and chapter, to desire she

* This letter is not dated, but indorsed "To Lord Lieutenant "Carteret, before his going off."

would

would order a monument to be raiſed for him in my cathedral. It ſeems Mildmay, now Lord F***, her huſband, is a covetous fellow; or, whatever is the matter, we have had no anſwer. I deſire you will tell Lord F***, that, if he will not ſend fifty pounds to make a monument for the old Duke, I and the chapter will erect a ſmall one of ourſelves for ten pounds; wherein it ſhall be expreſſed, That the poſterity of the Duke, naming particularly Lady Holderneſs and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generoſity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourſelves. And if, for an excuſe, they pretend they will ſend for his body, let them know it is mine; and, rather than ſend it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a ſkeleton, and put it in my regiſtry-office, to be a memorial of their baſeneſs to all poſterity. This I expect your Excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or, as you now call him, Lord F***: And I expect likewiſe, that he will let Sir Conyers Darcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him juſtice, he averred, that Mildmay was ſo avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to ſave charges.

I expect likewiſe, that, if you are acquainted with your ſucceſſor, you will let him know how impartial I was in giving you characters of clergymen, without regard to party; and what weight you laid on them: And that, having but one clergyman who had any relation to me, I let him paſs unpreferred. And, laſtly, that you will let your ſaid ſucceſſor know, that you lament the having done nothing for Mr. Robert Gratton; and give him ſuch a recommendation, that he may have ſomething to mend his fortune.

Theſe are the matters I leave in charge to your Excellency: And I deſire that I, who have done with courts, may not be uſed like a courtier. For, as I was a courtier when you were a ſchool-boy, I know

know all your arts. And so GOD bless you, and all your family, my old friends: And remember, I expect you shall not dare to be a courtier to me.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLV.

To Mr. POPE.

SIR, *March 6.* 1728-9.

IF I am not a good correspondent, I have bad health; and that is as good. I passed eight months in the country, with Sir Arthur and my Lady Acheson, and had at least half a dozen returns of my giddiness and deafness, which lasted me about three weeks a piece; and, among other inconveniencies, hindered me from visiting my chapter, and punishing enormities, but did not save me the charges of a visitation-dinner. This disorder neither hinders my sleeping, nor much my waking, yet is the most mortifying malady I can suffer. I have been just a month in town, and have just got rid of it in a fortnight: And, when it is on me, I have neither spirits to write, to read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like; which is a resource you cannot fly to when you are ill. And I like it as little as you: But I can bear a pint better than you can a spoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr Whalley; but I hope you remembered, that Daniel is a damnable poet, and consequently a public enemy to mankind. But I despise the Lord's decree, which is a jest upon common sense: For, what did it signify to the merits of the cause, whether George the Old, or the Young, were on the throne?

No: I intended to pass last winter in England, but my health said No: And I did design to live a gentleman,

gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in Spring: If not, pray God you may never be in jest. Dr. Delany shall attend you at Chester, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise, and about sixteen dozen of the best cyder in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari*, &c. And, when I cannot hear, you shall have choice of the best people we can afford, to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say I am to blame, if I refuse the opportunity of going with my Lady Bolingbroke to Aix la Chapelle. I must tell you, that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr. Gay is a scandal to all lusty young fellows with healthy countenances; and, I think, he is not intemperate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his Opera * before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions to amount to 800 l. And yet, I believe, he lost as much more for want of human prudence.

I told you some time ago, that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the Lady of the family where I lived, and upon myself; but they never went further: And my Lady Achefon made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or suffered them to be copied. They were sometimes shewn to intimate friends, to occasion mirth, and that was all. So that I am

* The second part of the Beggar's Opera.

vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have some confused notion of seeing a paper called Sir Ralph the Patriot, but am sure it was bad or indifferent; and, as to the lady at Quadrille, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the same with a paper of verses called the Journal of a Dublin lady, which I writ at St. Arthur Achefon's; and, leaving out what concerned the family, I sent it to be printed in a paper which Dr. Sheridan had engaged in, called the *Intelligencer*, of which he made but sorry work, and then dropt it. But the verses were printed by themselves, and most horridly mangled in the press, and were very mediocre in themselves; but did well enough in the manner I mentioned of a family-jest. I do sincerely assure you, that my frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reason which time hath shewn, and will shew more if I live; have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and, for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at back-gammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within; or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am well. But, on Sunday evenings, it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray, come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies, and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. Brent, my housekeeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle *, says she

* See Vol. VI. p. 115.

will

will be your nurſe; and the beſt phyſicians we have ſhall attend you without fees: Although, I believe, you will have no occaſion but to converſe with one or two of them to make them proud.

Your letter came but laſt poſt, and you ſee my punctuality. I am unlucky at every thing I ſend to England. Two bottles of uſquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble ſervice to my Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Maſham, and his Lady my dear friend, and Mr. Pulteney, and the Doctor, and Mr. Lewis, and our ſickly friend Gay, and my Lady Bolingbroke; and very much to Patty *, who I hope will learn to love the world leſs, before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my Lord Peterborough being ill. I am exceedingly his ſervant, and pray God recover his health. As for your courtier Mrs. Howard and her Miſtreſs, I have nothing to ſay, but that they have neither memory nor manners; elſe I ſhould have ſome mark of the former from the latter, which I was promiſed above two years ago: But, ſince I made them a preſent, it would be mean to remind them. I am told poor Mrs. Pope is ill: Pray God preſerve her to you, or raiſe you up as uſeful a friend.

This letter is an anſwer to Mr. Ford, whoſe hand I miſtook for yours, having not heard from him this twelvemonth. Therefore you are not to ſtare; and it muſt not be loſt, for it talks to you only.

Again, forgive my blunders: For, reading the letter by candle-light, and not dreaming of a letter from Mr. Ford, I thought it muſt be yours, becauſe it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of Gay, and Mr. Whalley, and Lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it

* Patty Blunt.

muſt be yours: So all the anſwering part muſt go for nothing.

LETTER XLVI.

To a certain ESQUIRE.

SIR, *Jan.* 3. 1729-30.

SEeing your frank on the outſide, and your addreſs in the ſame hand, it was obvious who was the writer. And, before I opened it, a worthy friend being with me, I told him the contents of the difference between us. That, your tythes being generally worth five or ſix pounds per annum, and, by the terror of Squireſhip, frighting my agent to take what you graciouſly thought fit to give, you wronged me of half my due every year. That, having held from your father an iſland worth three pence a year, which I planted and paid two ſhillings annually for; and, being out of poſſeſſion of the ſaid iſland ſeven or eight years, there could not poſſibly be above four ſhillings due to you; for which you have thought proper to ſtop three or four years tythe, at your own rate of two pounds five ſhillings a year, (as I remember), and ſtill continue to ſtop it, on pretence that the ſaid iſland was not ſurrendered to you in form; although you have cut down more plantations of willows, and abeles, than would purchaſe a dozen ſuch iſlands. I told my friend, that this talent of Squires prevailed very much formerly in the country: That, as to yourſelf, from the badneſs of your education, againſt all my advices and endeavours, and from the caſt of your nature, as well as another circumſtance which I ſhall not mention; I expected nothing from you that became a gentleman: That

That I had expoſtulated this ſcurvy matter very gently with you: That I conceived this letter was an anſwer. That, from the prerogative of a good eſtate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few Iriſh wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was ſure your anſwer would be extremely rude and ſtupid, full of very bad language in all ſenſes. That a bear in a wilderneſs will as ſoon fix on a philoſopher as on a cottager. And a man, wholly void of education, judgement, or diſtinction of perſons, has no regard, in his inſolence, but to the paſſion of fear: And, how heartily I wiſhed, that to make you ſhew your humility, your quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons, than the Dean of St. Patrick's.

All this happened before my opening your letter; which, being read, my friend told me I was an ill gueſſer. That you affirmed you deſpiſed me only as a clergyman by your own confeſſion; and that you had reaſon, becauſe clergymen pretend to learning, wherein you value yourſelf as what you are an utter ſtranger to.

I took ſome pains in providing and adviſing about your education; but ſince you have made ſo ill uſe of my rules, I cannot deny, that, according to your own principles, your uſage of me is juſt. You are wholly out of my danger: The weapons I uſe will do you no hurt; and to that which would keep nicer men in awe you are inſenſible. A needle againſt a ſtone-wall can make no impreſſion. Your faculty lies in making bargains: Stick to that. Leave your children a better eſtate than your father left you; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiſer than I, who gave among you fifty years purchaſe for land, for which I am not to ſee one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reſide among you,

whenever any of your posterity shall be able to distinguish a man from a beast. One thing I desire you will be set right in: I do not despise all squires. It is true, I despise the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a squire must have some merit before I shall honour him with my contempt: For I do not despise a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

If you send me an answer to this, I shall not read it, but open it before company, and in their presence burn it; for no other reason but the detestation of bad spelling, no grammar, and that pertness which proceeds from ignorance and an invincible want of taste.

I have ordered a copy of this letter to be taken, with an intention to print it, as a mark of my esteem for you; which, however, perhaps I shall not pursue: For I could willingly excuse our two names from standing in the same paper, since I am confident you have as little desire of fame as I have to give it you.

I wish many happy new years to you and your family, and am, with truth,

Your friend and humble servant.

Let me add something serious: That, as it is held an imprudent thing to provoke valour; so, I confess, it was imprudent in me to provoke rudeness: Which, as it was my own standing rule never to do, except in cases where I had power to punish it, so my error proceeded from a better opinion of you than you thought fit to make good. For, with every fault in your nature, your education, and your understanding, I never imagined you so utterly devoid of knowing some little distinction between persons.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

To Lady WORSLEY.

MADAM, *April* 19. 1730.

MY Lady Carteret (if you know such a lady) commands me to pursue my own inclination; which is, to honour myself with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavouring to preserve myself in your memory, in spite of an acquaintance of more years, than in regard to my own reputation, as a young gentlemen, I care to recollect. I forgot whether I had not some reasons to be angry with your Ladyship, when I was last in England. I hope to see you very soon the youngest great grandmother in Europe: and fifteen years hence (which I shall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amusement of "Rise up daughter," &c. You are to answer this letter, and to inform me of your health and humour; and, whether you like your daughter better or worse, after having so long conversed with the Irish world, and so little with me. Tell me what are your amusements at present; cards, court, books, visiting, or fondling. (I humbly beg your Ladyship's pardon, but it is between ourselves) your grandchildren? My Lady Carteret hath been the best queen we have known in Ireland these many years; yet is she mortally hated by all the young girls, because (and it is your fault) she is handsomer than all of them together. Pray, do not insult poor Ireland on this occasion, for it would have been exactly the same thing in London. And therefore I shall advise the K—g, when I go next to England, to send no more of her sort, (if such another can be found), for fear of

turning all his loyal female subjects here against him.

How is our old friend Mrs. Barton? (I forget her new name). I saw her three years ago, at court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I first met them: Which, considering myself, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wish you may have grace to find it.

My Lady Carteret hath made me a present, which I take to be malicious, with a design to stand in your place. Therefore I would have you to provide against it by another, and something of your own work, as her's is. For you know I always expect advances and presents from Ladies. Neither was I ever deceived in this last article by any of your sex but the Q——n, whom I taxed three years ago with a present of ten pounds value. Upon taking my leave, she said she intended a medal for me, but it was not finished. I afterwards sent her, on her own commands, about five and thirty pounds worth of silk, for herself and the princesses; but never received the medal to this day. Therefore, I will trust your sex no more. You are to present my most humble service to my old friend Sir Robert Worlsley. I hope my friend Harry is well, and fattening in the sun, and continuing a batchelor to enrich the poor Worlsley family.

I command you to believe me to be, with the greatest truth and respect, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

My LORD, *Nov.* 10. 1730.

I Was positively advised by a friend, whose opinion hath much weight with me, and who hath a great veneration for your Lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: And it is the first request of this kind that I ever made since the public changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is *Launcelot*; he hath been long a servant to my Lord Sussex: He married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a lease which the Duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promises from the Duke of Dorset, while his Grace held that office which is now in your Lordship *, but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court-suiters must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your Lordship, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your

* The Earl of Chesterfield was then Lord Steward of his Majesty's household,

Lordship

Lordſhip will grant me leave to ſay, that, in thoſe times, when any perſons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable conſequence, they never failed to ſucceed in any reaſonable requeſt they made for a friend. And, when I ſometimes added my poor ſolicitations, I uſed to quote to the then miniſters a paſſage in the Goſpel, *The poor* (meaning their own dependents) *you have always with you*, &c.

This is the ſtrongeſt argument I have to entreat your Lordſhip's favour for Mr. Launcelot, who is a perfect honeſt man, and as loyal as you could wiſh. His wife, my near relation, hath been my favourite from her youth, and as deſerving as it is poſſible for one of her level. It is underſtood, that ſome little employments about the court may be often in your Lordſhip's diſpoſal; and that my Lord Suſſex will give Mr Launcelot the character he deſerves: And then let my petition be (to ſpeak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remember, my Lord, that, although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my requeſt is but of a few lines.

I ſhall not congratulate with your Lordſhip upon any of your preſent great employments, or upon the greateſt that can poſſibly be given to you; becauſe you are one of thoſe very few who do more honour to a court, than you can poſſibly receive from it: Which I take to be a greater compliment to any court than it is to your Lordſhip.

I am,

My LORD, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

To the Countess of SUFFOLK.

MADAM, *Nov.* 21. 1730.

I Do now pity the leisure you have to read a letter from me, and this letter shall be a history. First, therefore, I call you to witness that I did not attend on the Q——n till I had received her own repeated messages; which, of course, occasioned my being introduced to you. I never asked any thing, till, upon leaving England the first time, I desired from you a present worth a guinea, and from her Majesty one worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Your's I received; and the Q—n, upon my taking leave of her, made an excuse that she had intended a medal for me; which, not being ready, she would send it me the Christmas following: Yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and, by her commands, attended her as I had done before. I must now tell you, Madam, that I will receive no medal from her Majesty, nor any thing less than her picture at half length, drawn by Jervas; and, if he takes it from another original, the Q——n shall sit at least twice for him to touch it up. I desire you will let her Majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her displeasure. But this is a usual thing with princes as well as ministers, upon every false representation; and so I took occasion to tell the Q—n, upon the quarrel Mr. Walpole had with our friend Gay, the first time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Against you I have but one reproach: That, when

when I was last in England, and just after the present King's accession, I resolved to pass that summer in France, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity; from which those who seemed to love me well dissuaded me, by your advice: And, when I sent you a note, conjuring you to lay aside the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occasion, your answer positively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you said the same thing to my friends, who seemed to have power of giving me hints, that I might reasonably hope for a settlement in England. Which, God knows, was no very great ambition, considering the station I should leave here, of greater dignity, and which might have easily been managed to be disposed of as the Q—n pleased. If these hints came from you, I affirm you then acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and esteem you as much as ever. You had your reasons, which I shall not inquire into; because I always believed you had some virtues, besides all the accomplishments of mind and person that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the Q——n for sacrificing my friend Gay to the mistaken piques of Sir Robert Walpole, about a libel written against him, although he were convinced at the same time of Mr. Gay's innocence, and although, as I said before, I told her Majesty the whole story. Mr. Gay deserved better treatment amongst you, upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent unregarded Fables, dedicated to Prince William, which I hope his Royal Highness will often read for his instruction. I wish her Majesty would a little remember what I largely said to her about Ireland, when, before a witness, she gave me leave, and commanded me to tell here what she spoke to me upon that subject; and ordered me, that, if I lived to see her in her present station, to send her our grievances, promising to read my letter, and

do

do all good offices in her power for this miſerable and moſt loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never ſo near as now. As to myſelf, I repeat again, that I never aſked any thing more than a trifle, as a memorial of ſome diſtinction which her Majeſty graciouſly ſeemed to make between me and every common clergyman: But that trifle was forgotten, according to the uſual method of princes, although I was taught to think myſelf upon a foot of pretending to ſome little exception.

As to yourſelf, Madam, I moſt heartily congratulate with you for being delivered from the toil, the envy, the ſlavery, and vexation of a favourite, where you could not always anſwer the good intention that I hope you had. You will now be leſs teazed with ſolicitations, one of the greateſt evils in life. You poſſeſs an eaſy employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit: And, if it ſhall pleaſe God to eſtabliſh your health, I believe and hope you are too wiſe to hope for more. Mr. Pope hath always been an avocate for your ſincerity, and even I, in the character I gave you of yourſelf, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet I confeſs, I never heartily pledged your health as a toaſt upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good ſenſe, and an unblemiſhed character. For, as to friendſhip, truth, ſincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myſelf about them; becauſe I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals, which are altogether uſeleſs at courts. I am content that you ſhould tell the Q——n all I have ſaid of her, and in my own words, if you pleaſe,

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourſelf, if it had been good manners, in the height of your credit, to put you in mind of its mortality. For, you are not the

firſt,

firſt, by at leaſt three ladies, whom I have known to undergo the ſame turn of fortune. It is allowed that ladies are often very good ſcaffoldings, and I need not tell you the uſe that ſcaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanic. I ſhould have begun this letter by telling you, that I was encouraged to write it by my beſt friend, and one of your great admirers; who told me, that, from ſomething that had paſſed between you, he thought you would not receive it ill. After all, I know no perſon of your ſex, for whom I have ſo great an eſteem, as I do and believe I ſhall always continue to bear for you, I mean a private perſon; for I muſt except the Q——n, and it is not an exception of form: Becauſe I have really a great veneration for her great qualities, although I have reaſon to complain of her conduct to me; which I could not excuſe although ſhe had fifty kingdoms to govern. I have but room to conclude with my ſincere profeſſions of being, with true reſpect,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient,
Humble ſervant.

LETTER L.

To Lady SANTRY.

MADAM, 1730. At a conjecture.

MY reaſon for waiting on you, ſome time ago, was grounded on the eſteem I always had for you; which continued ſtill the ſame, although I had hardly the leaſt acquaintance with your Lord, nor was at all deſirous to cultivate it, becauſe I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days

days after I saw you at Sir Compton Domville's house, all my acquaintance told me how full the town was of the visit I had made you; and of the cruel treatment you received from me, with relation to your son. I will not believe your Ladyship was so weak as to spread this complaint yourself, but I lay it wholly to those two young women who were then in the same room, I suppose as visitors. But, if you were really discontented, and thought to publish your discontent in aggravating words, I must cut off at least nine tenths of the friendship I had for you, and list you in the herd of Irish ladies, whose titles, or those of their husbands, with me, never have the weight of a feather, or the value of a pebble. I imagined you had so much sense as to understand, that all I said was intended for the service both of you and your son. I have often spoken much more severely to persons of much higher quality than your son, and in a kingdom where to be a lord is of importance; and I have received hearty thanks, as well as found amendment. One thing I shall observe, upon your account; which is, Never to throw away any more advice upon any Irish lord, or his mother; because I thought you would be one of the last to deceive me.

I called four times at the house where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which, I suppose, you would have me think you are angry; whereas I am the person who ought to complain, because all I said to you proceeded from friendship, and a desire of reforming your son. But that desire is now utterly at an end.

LETTER LI.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

My LORD, *Jan.* 5. 1730-1.

I Return your Lordſhip my moſt humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter, and deſire your juſtice to believe, that, in writing to you a ſecond time, I have no deſign of giving you a ſecond trouble. My only end at preſent is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like thoſe of play; where, if the moſt expert be abſent for a few months, the whole ſyſtem is ſo changed, that he hath no more ſkill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wiſh, that your Lordſhip had pleaſed to forgive one, who hath been an utter ſtranger to public life above ſixteen years. Buſſy Rabutin himſelf, the politeſt perſon of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long baniſhment, appeared ridiculous there: And what could I expect from my antiquated manner, of addreſſing your Lordſhip in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; ſo diſtinguiſhed by your active ſpirit, and greatneſs of your genius? I do here repeat to your Lordſhip, that I lay the fault of my miſconduct entirely on a friend whom I exceedingly love and eſteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your Lordſhip ſhould continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court ſo long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention. And God forbid, that, in one

particular branch of the King's family, there ſhould ever be ſuch a mortality, as to take away a dozen of his meaner ſervants in leſs than a dozen years.

Give me leave, in further excuſe of my weakneſs, to confeſs, that, beſides ſome hints from my friends, your Lordſhip is in great meaſure to blame for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to ſee you; which I acknowledge to have been a diſtinction that I had not the leaſt pretence to, and conſequently as little to ground upon it the requeſt of a favour.

As I am an utter ſtranger to the preſent forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your Lordſhip's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourſelf: And that as, in my time, the moſt ſolemn and frequent promiſes of great men uſually failed againſt all probable appearances, ſo that ſingle ſlight one of your Lordſhip, may, by your generous nature, early ſucceed againſt all viſible impoſſibilities. I am, &c.

LETTER LII.

To VENTOSO.

SIR, *April* 28 1731.

YOUR letter hath lain by me without acknowledging it longer than I intended; not for want of civility, but becauſe I was wholly at a loſs what to ſay: For, as your ſcheme of thinking, converſing, and living, differs in every point diametrically from mine, ſo I think myſelf the moſt improper perſon in the world to converſe or correſpond with you. You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not a grain

of pride in you: For you are pleased that people should know you have been acquainted with persons of great names and titles, whereby you confess that you take it for an honour; which a proud man never does: And, besides, you ran the hazard of not being believed. You went abroad, and strove to engage yourself in a desperate cause, very much to the damage of your fortune, and might have been to the danger of your life, if there had not been, as it were, a combination of some, who would not give credit to the account you gave of your transactions; and of others, who, either really or pretending to believe you, having given you out as a dangerous person, (of which last notion I once hinted something to you): Because, if what you repeated of yourself were true, it was necessary that you had either made your peace, or must have been prosecuted for high-treason. The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes and other great persons, arises from its being generally known to others, but never once mentioned by ourselves, if it can possibly be avoided. I say this perfectly for your service, because an universal opinion among those who know, or have heard of you, that you have always practised a direct contrary proceeding, hath done you more hurt than your natural understanding, left to itself, could ever have brought upon you. The world will never allow any man that character which he gives to himself, by openly professing it to those with whom he converseth. Wit, learning, valour, great acquaintance, the esteem of good men will be known although we should endeavour to conceal them, however they may pass unrewarded: But, I doubt, our own bare assertions, upon any of those points, will very little avail, except in tempting the hearers to judge directly contrary to what we advance. Therefore, at this season of your life, I should be glad you would

would act after the common custom of mankind, and have done with thoughts of courts, of ladies, of lords, of politics, and all dreams of being important in the world. I am glad your country-life hath taught you Latin, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew you first; and I am astonished how you came to recover it. Your new friend Horace will teach you many lessons agreeable to what I have said, for which I could refer to a dozen passages in a few minutes. I should be glad to see the house wholly swept of these cobwebs, and that you would take an oath never to mention a prince, or princess, a foreign or domestic lord, an intrigue of state or of love; but suit yourself to the climate and company, where your prudence will be to pass the rest of your life. It is not a farthing matter to you what is doing in Europe, more than to every alderman who reads the news in a coffee house. If you could resolve to act thus, your understanding is good enought o qualify you for any conversation in this kingdom. Families will receive you without fear or constraint, nor watch to hear you talk in the grand style, laugh when you are gone, and tell it to all their acquaintance. It is a happiness that this quality may, by a man of sense, be as easily shaken off as it is acquired, especially when he hath no proper claim to it: For you were not bred to be a man of business; you never were called to any employments at courts; but destined to be a private gentleman, to entertain yourself with country-business and country acqaintance; or, at best, with books of amusement in your own language. It is an uncontrolled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

I am, &c.

LETTER LIII.

A Counterfeit LETTER to the Q——N *.

MADAM, *Dublin, June* 22. 1731.

I HAVE had the honour to tell your Majesty on another occasion, that provinces labour under one mighty misfortune, which is, in a great measure, the cause of all the rest; and that is, that they are, for the most part far removed from the Prince's eye, and of consequence from the influence both of his wisdom and goodness. This is the case of Ireland beyond expression!

There is not one mortal here, who is not well satisfied of your Majesty's good intentions to all your people: And yet your subjects of this isle are so far from sharing the effects of your good dispositions, in any equitable degree; are so far from enjoying all the good to which they are intitled, from your Majesty's most gracious inclinations, that they often find great difficulty how to enjoy even the relief of complaint.

To omit a thousand other instances, there is one person of Irish birth, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, *an honour* to her country, and to her sex! I will be bold to say, *not less so in her sphere than your Majesty in yours.* And yet all her talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one person about your Majesty, so far as to introduce her into your least notice. As I am your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject, it is a debt I owe your Majesty, to

† Thus indorsed by Dr. Swift; "Counterfeit letter from me "to the Q——n, sent to me by Mr. Pope, dated June 22. 1731. "Received July 19. 1731. Given by the Countess of Suffolk."

acquaint

acquaint you, that Mrs. Barber, *the beſt female poet of this or perhaps of any age*, is now in your Majeſty's capital, known to Lady Hartford, Lady Torrington, Lady Walpole, &c. A woman whoſe genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either *honoured* or *envied* by *every man of genius* in England.

Your Majeſty is juſtly reverenced for thoſe great abilities with which God hath bleſſed you; for your regard to learning, and your zeal for true religion: Compleat your character, by your regard to perſons of genius; eſpecially thoſe, who make the greatneſs of their talents, after your Majeſty's example, ſubſervient to the good of mankind and the glory of God; which is moſt remarkably Mrs. Barber's caſe and character.

Give me leave to tell you, Madam, that every ſubject of underſtanding and virtue, throughout your dominions, is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, Madam, is an open and an honeſt apology for this trouble; or, to ſpeak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true intereſt, that all your ſubjects ſhould ſee that merit is regarded by you in one inſtance; or rather that it is not diſregarded in any inſtance. Let them daily bleſs God for every gift of wiſdom and goodneſs beſtowed upon you, and pray inceſſantly for the long continuance of them; as doth

Your MAJESTY'S

Moſt dutiful, and

Loyal ſubject and ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

To Mr. POPE *.

Dear SIR, *July* 20. 1731.

I WRIT you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your laſt that I received yeſterday, with the incloſed from me to the Q——n. You hinted ſomething of this in a former letter: I will tell you ſincerely how the affair ſtands, I never was at Mrs Barber's houſe in my life, except once that I chanced to paſs by her ſhop, was deſired to walk in, and went no further, nor ſtaid three minutes. Dr. Delany hath been long her protector; and he, being many years my acquaintance, deſired my good offices for her, and brought her ſeveral times to the deanry. I knew ſhe was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a ſort of genius that way. She appeared very modeſt and pious, and I believe was ſincere, and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the ſcore of her trade, being a woollen drapier, until Doctor Delany ſaid, ſhe had a deſign of printing her poems by ſubſcription, and deſired I would befriend her; which I did chiefly by your means. The Doctor ſtill urging me on, upon whoſe requeſt I writ to her two or three times, becauſe ſhe thought that my countenancing of her might be of uſe. Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and ſhe ſeems to have made her way not ill. As for thoſe three letters you mention, ſuppoſed all to be written by me to the Q——n, on Mrs. Barber's account, eſpecially the letter which bears my name; I can only ſay,

* Occaſioned by the preceding counterfeit letter.

that

that the apprehenſions one may be apt to have of a friend doing a fooliſh thing, is an effect of kindneſs; and God knows who is free from playing the fool ſome time or other. But in ſuch a degree, as to write to the Q—— n, who hath uſed me ill without any cauſe, and to write in ſuch a manner as the letter you ſent me, and in ſuch a ſtyle, and to have ſo much zeal for one almoſt a ſtranger, and to make ſuch a deſcription of a woman, as to prefer her before all mankind, and to inſtance it as one of the greateſt grievances of Ireland, that her Majeſty hath not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-drapier's wife declined in the world, becauſe ſhe hath a knack at verſifying; was to ſuppoſe, or fear, a folly ſo tranſcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you ſent incloſed is not my hand; and why I ſhould diſguiſe, and yet ſign my name, ſhould ſeem unaccountable; eſpecially when I am taught, and have reaſon to believe, that I am under the Q——'s diſpleaſure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a ſtone over the burying-place of the Duke of Schomberg, in my cathedral: Which, however, I was aſſured by a worthy perſon, who ſollicited that affair laſt ſummer with ſome relations of the Duke, that her Majeſty, on hearing the matter, ſaid, they ought to erect a monument. Yet I am told aſſuredly, that the K—g, not long ago, on the repreſentation and complaint of the Pruſſian Envoy (with a hard name), who hath married a grand-daughter of the Duke, ſaid publicly in the drawing room, That I had put up that ſtone out of malice, to raiſe a quarrel between his Majeſty and the King of Pruſſia *. This perhaps may be falſe, becauſe it is abſurd: For I thought it was a Whiggiſh action to honour Duke Schomberg, who was ſo inſtru-

* See his Epitaph, Vol. VII. p. 119.

mental

mental in the Revolution, and was Stadtholder o Pruſſia, and otherwiſe in the ſervice of that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will obſerve, the letter you ſent me concluded, "Your "Majeſty's loyal ſubject;" which is abſolutely abſurd; for we are only ſubjects to the King, and ſo is her Majeſty herſelf. I have had the happineſs to be known to you above twenty years; and I appeal, whether you have known me to exceed the common indiſcretions of mankind; or that, when I conceived myſelf to have been ſo very ill uſed by her Majeſty, whom I never attended but on her own commands, I ſhould turn ſolicitor to her for Mrs. Barber? If the Q——n had not an inclination to think ill of me, ſhe knows me too well to believe in her own heart, that I ſhould be ſuch a coxcomb. I am puſhed on by that unjuſt ſuſpicion to give up ſo much of my diſcretion, as to write next poſt to my lady Suffolk on this occaſion, and to deſire ſhe will ſhew what I write to the Q——n; although I have as much reaſon to complain of her as of her Majeſty, upon the ſcore of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an Iriſh lady than an Engliſh one. You told me ſhe complained that I did not write to her: When I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required an anſwer, ſhe wanted the civility to acquit herſelf. I ſhall not be leſs in the favour of God, or the eſteem of my friends, for either of their Majeſty's hard thoughts, which they only take up from miſrepreſentations. The firſt time I ſaw the Q——n, I took occaſion, upon the ſubject of Mr. Gay, to complain of that very treatment which innocent perſons often receive from princes and great miniſters; that they too eaſily receive bad impreſſions; and, although they are demonſtrably convinced that thoſe impreſſions had no grounds, yet they will never ſhake them off. This I ſaid upon Sir Robert Walpole's treatment of Mr. Gay about

a

libel, and the Q——n fell intirely in with me, yet now falls into the same error. As to the lett

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† of accidents, and out of perfect commiseration. &c.

LETTER LV.

To the Countess of SUFFOLK *.

MADAM, *July* 24. 1731.

I GIVE you joy of your new title, and of the consequences it may have, or hath had on your rising at Court, whereof I know nothing but by common fame: For you remember how I prophesied of your behaviour, when you should come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your character; and hope you have kept it. I writ to you some time ago by the advice of Mr. Pope: I writ to you civilly; but you did not answer my letter, although you were not then a Countess; and if you were, your neglect was so much the worse: For your title hath not increased your value with me, and your conduct must be very good, if it will not lessen you. Neither should you have heard from me now, if it were not on a particular occasion. I find from several instances, that I am under the Q—n's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am told, there were three letters sent to her Majesty in relation to

† Here the paper is accidentally torn. There seem to be wanting eight small quarto lines, and concludes with those few words on the back of the page, which follow the asterisks.

* Occasioned by the counterfeit letter to the Queen.

one

one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the Q——n thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself, even to her Majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name: And why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well; and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Last post I writ my whole sentiments on the matter to Mr. Pope; who tells me, that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters; which, indeed, was but bare justice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the esteem I had for you. I desire you would ask the Q——n, whether, since the time I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one single action, or said one single word to disoblige her? I never asked her for any thing: And you well know, that, when I had an intention to go to France, about the time that the late K—g died, I desired your opinion, (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or no; and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein I confess I was your dupe, as well as somebody's else: And, for want of that journey, I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the Q——n hath blamed me for putting a stone, with a Latin inscription, over the Duke of Schomberg's burying place in my cathedral; and that the K—g said publicly, I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the King of Prussia. But the public prints, as well as the thing itself, will vindicate me: And the hand the Duke had in the Revolution, made him deserve the best monument. Neither could the King of Prussia justly take it ill,

who

who must needs have heard that the Duke was in the service of Prussia, and Statholder of it, as I have seen in his titles. The first time I saw the Q——n, I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great ministers, (it was on a particular occasion); That, when they receive an ill account of any person, although they afterwards have the greatest demonstration of the falsehood, yet will they never be reconciled: And, although the Q——n fell in with me upon the hardship of such a proceeding, yet now she treats me exactly in the same manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her Majesty or to you; and as little to the K—g, whom I never saw, but when I had the honour to kiss his hand. I am sensible that I owe a great deal of this usage to Sir Robert Walpole; whom yet I never offended, although he was pleased to quarrel with me very unjustly; for which I shewed not the least resentment, (whatever I might have in my heart) nor was ever a partaker with those who have been battling him for some years past *. I am contented that the Q——n should see this letter; and would please to consider how severe a censure it is to believe I should write three to her, only to find fault with her ministry, and recommend Mrs. Barber; whom I never knew until she was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to subscribers, which, by her writings, I thought she deserved. Her Majesty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was Q——n, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: For the miseries of this kingdom she appeared then to be much concerned. I desired the friend, who

* It is true, there are but two or three passages in Swift's Works that could, in the least, offend Sir R. W. before this period; but instantly after, even in this very year 1731. he attacks him with a good deal of severity. *Vide* his poems,

introduced me, to be witneſs of her Majeſty's promiſe. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occaſions; and is it not wonderful, that I ſhould be ſuſpected of writing to her in ſuch a ſtyle, in a counterfeit hand, and my name ſubſcribed, upon a perfect trifle, at the ſame time that I well knew myſelf to be very much out of her Majeſty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not ſo very much awed with Majeſty as others, having known courts more or leſs from my early youth. And I have more than once told the Q—n, that I did not regard her ſtation half ſo much, as the good underſtanding I heard and found to be in her: Neither did I ever once ſee the late K—g, although her Majeſty was pleaſed to chide me on that account, for my ſingularity. In this I am a good Whig, by thinking it ſufficient to be a dutiful ſubject, without any perſonal regard for princes, further than as their virtues deſerve; and, upon that ſcore, had a moſt particular reſpect for the Q——n, your Miſtreſs. One who aſks nothing may talk with freedom, and that is my caſe. I have not ſaid half that was in my heart, but I will have done: And, remembering that you are a Counteſs, will borrow ſo much ceremony, as to remain, with great reſpect,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER LVI.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, *Jan.* 1732-3.

ALthough I have but juſt received the honour of your Ladyſhip's letter, yet as things ſtand, I am determined, againſt my uſual practice, to give you no reſpite, but to anſwer it immediately; becauſe you have provoked me with your Lady Suffolk. It is ſix years laſt ſpring ſince I firſt went to viſit my friends in England, after the Queen's death. Her preſent Majeſty heard of my arrival, and ſent at leaſt nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for ſeveral reaſons not hard to gueſs; and, among others, becauſe I had heard her character from thoſe who knew her well. At laſt I went, and ſhe received me very graciouſly. I told her the firſt time, that I was informed ſhe loved to ſee odd perſons; and that, having ſent for a wild boy from Germany, ſhe had a curioſity to ſee a wild Dean from Ireland. I was not much ſtruck with the honour of being ſent for, becauſe I knew the ſame diſtinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. Howard, now Lady Suffolk, was uſually the perſon who ſent for me, both at Leiceſter-houſe and Richmond. Mr. Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr. Gay, were then great favourites of Mrs. Howard, eſpecially the latter, who was then one of her led captains. He had wrote a very ingenious book of Fables, for the uſe of her younger ſon, and ſhe often promiſed to provide for him. But, ſome time before, there came out a libel againſt Mr. Walpole, who was informed that it was written by Mr. Gay; and, al-

though Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princeſs. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and ſo were all the people in power. He invited me and ſome of my friends to dine with him at Chelſea. After dinner I took an occaſion to ſay, what I had obſerved of princes and great miniſters, That, if they heard an ill thing of a private perſon, who expected ſome favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the perſon was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay. I afterwards ſaid the ſame thing to the princeſs, with the ſame intention, and ſhe confeſſed it a great injuſtice. But Mr. Walpole gave it another turn: For he ſaid to ſome of his friends, and particularly to a Lord, a near relation of yours, that I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myſelf: It ſeems for my conduct in her late Majeſty's reign, in which no man was more innocent; and, particularly, more officious to do good offices to many of that party, which was then out of power, as it is well known. Mrs. Howard was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr. Gay; at leaſt, ſhe ſaw him often, and profeſſed herſelf his friend: But Mr. Walpole could hardly be perſuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a ſecond year, of commiſſioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her Highneſs, on coming hither, ſhe was very gracious; told me the medals ſhe had promiſed me were not ready, but ſhe would ſend them to me. However, by her commands, I ſent her ſome plaids for herſelf and the princeſſes, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next ſpring, I came again to England, was received the ſame way; and, as I had many hints given me that the court at Leiceſter-Fields would endeavour to ſettle me in England, (which I did not much

much regard), the late king died. I went, by Mrs. Howard's command, to kiss their new Majesty's hands, and was particularly distinguished by the Q——n. In a few weeks, the Q——n said to Mrs. Howard, (alluding to one of Mr. Gay's fables) that she would take up the hare; and bade her to put her in mind, in settling the family, to find some employment for Mr. Gay: But, in the event, it proved only on offer to be a gentleman-usher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the rest), advised him not to accept, and accordingly he excused himself with the utmost respect. This I and every body else were sure must have been a management of Mr. Walpole. As to myself, in a few weeks after the king's death, I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a step to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard; because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promises made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly desired, that since I had long done with courts, I conjured her not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice; which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It was by all means not to go. It would look singular, and perhaps disaffected; and, to my friends, enlarged upon the good intentions of the Court towards me. I staid; my health grew worse: I left Mr. Pope's house; went to a private lodging near Hammersmith: And, continuing ill, I writ to Mrs. Howard, with my duty to the Q——n, took coach for Chester, recovered in my journey, and came over hither: Where, although I have ever since lived in obscurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any ground, except misinformation, to ly under her Majesty's displeasure, as I have been as-

ſured by more than two honourable perſons of both ſexes; and Mr. Gay is in the ſame condition. For theſe reaſons, as I did always, ſo I do ſtill think Mrs. Howard, now my Lady Suffolk, to be an abſolute courtier. Let her ſhew you the character I write of her, and whereof no one elſe hath a copy: And I take Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of ſimpletons. In my anſwer to the laſt letter which my Lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did, with great civility, diſcharge her from ever giving herſelf another trouble of that kind. I have a great eſteem for her good ſenſe and taſte. She would be an ornament to any court: And I do not in the leaſt pity her for not being a female miniſter, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wiſe lady; of which I could eaſily produce inſtances. Mr. Pope, beſide his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour; and is, conſequently, apt to be too great a believer of aſſurances, promiſes, profeſſions, encouragements, and the like words of courſe. He aſks nothing, and thinks, like a philoſopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honeſt and ſincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor miniſters are either able to judge or inclined to encourage: Which, however, I do not take for ſo high a reach of politics as they uſually ſuppoſe. For, however inſignificant wit, learning, and virtue may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on its ſide. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not ſo wiſe as I thought you to be. But I will never offend again with ſo much length. I write only to juſtify myſelf. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and ſo am I to this day: But nature hath not given you leave to be virulent. As to myſelf, I am of the Old Whig principles,

ciples, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your Ladyſhip ſays not one ſyllable, to inform me whether you approve of what I ſent you to be written on the monument, nor whether you would have it in Latin or Engliſh. I am ever, with true reſpect and high eſteem,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's, &c.

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered; and his preferment is by turns in the Crown and the Primate, but the next vacancy will not be in the Crown's diſpoſal.

LETTER LVII.

To the Biſhop of CLOGHER *.

My LORD, *July*, 1733.

I Have been often told by ſome of our common acquaintance, that you have ſometimes expreſſed your wonder that I never waited on you for ſome years paſt, as I uſed to do for many years before; and that you could not gueſs the reaſon, becauſe, to your knowledge, you never once diſobliged me. As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the uſual occurrences of life, without any fault on either ſide, I never intended to ſay or think any thing of the matter, until a late proceeding of yours, which noway relates to me, put me upon a deſire of finding matter to juſtify you to your friends here, as well as to myſelf; becauſe I always wiſhed you well, and becauſe I have been more than once inſtrumental to

* Dr. John Stearne.

your

your ſervice. When I firſt came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood: You were afterwards Chancellor of St. Patrick's; then was choſen Dean, in which election I was the moſt buſy of all your ſolicitors. When the compromiſe was made between the government and you, to make you eaſy, and Dr. Synge Chancellor, you abſolutely and frequently promiſed to give me the curacy of St. Nicholas Without: But you thought fit, by concert with the Archbiſhop, to hold it yourſelf, and apply the revenue to build another church; againſt which it became me to ſay nothing, being a party concerned and injured, although it was generally thought by others, as well as myſelf, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent to build a church with the revenue of the miniſter. I deſire no thanks for being inſtrumental in your next promotion, becauſe, as things then ſtood, I conſulted my own advantage. However, upon the Queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reſide at my poſt, yet with ſome kind of hopes of getting ſome credit with you; very unwiſely: Becauſe, upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, that I would always reſpect you, but never hope for the leaſt friendſhip from you. But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your houſe; and, ſince you were a biſhop, have once or twice recommended perſons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: Which availed ſo little, that thoſe very perſons had the greateſt ſhare of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being inſtrumental to place, merit, and virtue, under your protection by my recommendations; and, as I was ever averſe from mingling with multitudes and ſtrangers, I forebore by degrees to be a partaker of your hoſpitality, rather than purchaſe a ſhare of it at ſo dear a rate. This

is

is the history of my conduct with regard to your Lordship: And it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner. For, otherwise, when those two abominable bills, for enslaving and beggaring the clergy, (which took their birth from hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your Lordship's name among the bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a person of your station. For, I call God to witness, that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever firmly believe, that every bishop who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating further promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy, their slaves and vassals until the day of judgement, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion, (an argument not to be conquered) or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves; when I saw a bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same snare, which word I use in partiality to your Lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops, and it is my constant rule never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your Lordship of a desire to know the particulars of a late proceeding

proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from some of whom I received the following account. That you have the great tythes of two livings in your diocese, which were let to some fanatic knight, whose name I forget. It seems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourself, which was to give up those tythes to the two incumbents, (the Fanatic's lease being near out) either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see. And the condition was, that your tenants among them, should raise the rents 150 l. which was what the Fanatic paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed, that Sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same Fanatic for 300 l. fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: The first is, That you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, That you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethren, as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence, if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring bills. I profess to your Lordship, that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point, than a resolution to justify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LVIII.

To the Duke of DORSET.

My LORD, *Jan.* 1733-4.

IT hath been my great misfortune, that, ſince your Grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been ſo many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been purſued by two old diſorders, a giddineſs and deafneſs, which uſed to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months, Thus I am put under a neceſſity to write what I would rather have choſen to ſay in your Grace's preſence.

On Monday laſt week, towards evening, there came to the deanry one Mr. Betteſworth; who, being told by the ſervants that I was gone to a friend's houſe, went thither to inquire for me, and was admitted into the ſtreet-parlour. I left my company in the back-room, and went to him. He began with aſking me, whether I were author of certain verſes, wherein he was reflected on? The ſingularity of the man, in his countenance, manner, action, ſtyle, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once ſeen him, about two or three years ago, at Mr. Ludlow's country-houſe. But I could not recollect his name, and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore deſired to know who, and what he was; ſaid, I had heard of ſome ſuch verſes, but knew no more. He then ſignified to me, that he was a ſerjeant at law, and a member of parliament. After which he repeated the lines, that concerned him with great emphaſis; ſaid, I was miſtaken in one thing,

thing, for he assured me he was no booby, but owned himself to be a coxcomb. However, that being a point of controversy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verses, he insisted, that, by his taste and skill in poetry, he was as sure I writ them as if he had seen them fall from my pen. But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, That, since I would not own the verses, and that since he could not get satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it by his pen, and shew the world what a man I was. When he began to grow over warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the house, from the room adjoining; and the Serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he hath since reported; and, likewise, that he had a sharp knife in his pocket, ready to stab or maim me. But the master and mistress of the house, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterwards told me. He hath since related to five hundred persons of all ranks, above five hundred falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears, and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your Grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own sake, that he proceeded no further; for, the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbours * first to my assistance,

* Dr. Swift was then at the Reverend Mr. Worral's house, which

ſiſtance, and next, to the manifeſt danger of his life. And I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever ſince he hath amuſed himſelf with declaring, in all companies, eſpecially before biſhops, and lords, and members of parliament, his reſolutions for vengeance, and the ſeveral manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of ſome judicious friends that your Grace owes the trouble of this letter. For though I may be diſpirited enough by ſickneſs and years, yet I have little reaſon to apprehend any danger from that man; and thoſe who ſeem to have moſt regard for my ſafety, are no more apprehenſive than myſelf, eſpecially ſuch as beſt know his character. For his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things except his words, his rhetorical action, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmleſs; and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt, but, if he will be ſo good as to continue ſtedfaſt in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and intereſts of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the univerſity, and the reſt of the kingdom.

What I have ſaid to your Grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preſerve myſelf in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour. I am, with the higheſt reſpect, &c.

which happened to be within three or four doors of Mr. Betteſworth's.

LETTER LIX.

To Miſs HOADLEY *.

MADAM, *June* 4. 1734.

WHen I lived in England, once every year I iſſued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, ſenſe, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, ſhould make the firſt advances at their peril; which edict you may believe, was univerſally obeyed. When (much againſt my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I publiſhed the ſame edict; only, the harveſt here being not altogether ſo plentiful, I confined myſelf to a ſmaller compaſs. This made me often wonder how you came ſo long to neglect your duty; for, if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witneſſes againſt you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was diſcovered by the ſqueaking; and therefore you have been ſo politic as to ſend me a dead one which can tell no tales. Your preſent of butter was made with the ſame deſign, as a known court practice, to greaſe my fiſts that I might keep ſilence. Theſe are great offences, contrived on purpoſe to corrupt my integrity. And beſides, I apprehend, that, if I ſhould wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your ſide, and give out that I made them firſt; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept ſo many years in two kingdoms, at leaſt make it

* Daughter of Dr. John Hoadley, Archbiſhop of Dublin.

poin

point of controverſy. However, I have two ways to be revenged: Firſt, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the ſole daughter and child of his Grace of Dublin, are ſo mean as to deſcend to underſtand houſewifery, which every girl of this town, who can afford ſixpence a month for a chair, would ſcorn to be thought to have the leaſt knowledge in: And this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a hiſtory, or handling a needle, or walking in a field at Tallough. My other revenge ſhall be this: When my Lord's gentleman delivered his meſſage, after I put him ſome queſtions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand: I ſaid it properly belonged to me; and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to ſwear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly ſpelt, and good plain ſenſe. You now may ſee I have you at mercy; for, upon the leaſt offence given, I will ſhew the paper to every female ſcrawler I meet, who will ſoon ſpread about the town, that your writing and ſpelling are ungenteel and unfaſhionable, more like a parſon than a lady.

I ſuppoſe, by this time you are willing to ſubmit; and, therefore, I deſire you may ſtint me to two china bowls of butter a week; for my breakfaſt is that of a ſickly man, rice-gruel, and I am wholly a ſtranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl laſt night, and I think my ſecond is almoſt entire. I hope and believe my Lord Archbiſhop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little Engliſh country management: And I lay it upon you, Madam, to bring houſewifery in faſhion among our ladies; that, by your example, they may no longer pride themſelves on their natural

or affected ignorance. I am, with the truest respect and esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient and
Obliged, &c.

I desire to present my most, &c. to his Grace and the ladies.

LETTER LX.

To the Duke of CHANDOIS.

My LORD, *Aug.* 31. 1734.

ALthough I have long had the honour to be an old humble servant to your Grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at least since her Majesty's death. For this reason, your Grace will reasonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten, begin a commerce by making a request. For which I can offer no other excuse, than that frequent application to me, by many worthy and learned persons of this city and kingdom; who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, seldom failed any opportunity of pressing me to solicit your Grace, of whose generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a present of those antient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late Earl of Clarendon, during his government here, and are now in your Grace's possession. They can be of no use in England, and the sight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuosi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wish

wish they were of great intrinsic value, so as to be sold on the Exchange for 1000 l. because you would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of generosity and munificence: And yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner, which so generous a patron of learning as your Grace will certainly be pleased with. And, at their request alone, I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental.

I intreat your Grace's pardon for this interruption, and remain, with the greatest respect,

My LORD,

Your Grace's, &c.

LETTER LXI.

To the Duke of DORSET.

My LORD, *Jan.* 14. 1734-5.

I Am assured that your Grace will have several representations of an affair relating to the university here, from some very considerable persons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuse the application made me by a very worthy person of that society, who was commissioned by some principal members of the body to desire my good offices to your Grace; because they believed you thought me an honest man, and because I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dread-

ful apprehenſion they lie under, of Dr. Whitecomb's endeavour to procure a diſpenſation for holding his fellowſhip along with that church-preferment beſtowed on him by your Grace. The perſon ſent to me on this meſſage, gave me a written paper, containing the reaſons why they hope your Grace will not be prevailed upon to grant ſuch a diſpenſation. I preſume to ſend you an abſtract of theſe reaſons; becauſe I may boldly aſſure your Grace, that party or faction have not the leaſt concern in the whole affair; and, as to myſelf, it happens that I am an entire ſtranger to Dr. Whitecomb.

It is alledged, that this preferment given to the Doctor, conſiſts of a very large pariſh, worth near ſix hundred pounds a year, in a very fine country thirty miles from Dublin: That it abounds very much with Papiſts, and conſequently a moſt important cure, requiring the Rector's reſidence, beſides ſome other aſſiſtant; which, being ſo rich, it might well afford.

That as to ſuch diſpenſations, they find in their college-books but three or four inſtances ſince the Revolution, and theſe in caſes very different from the preſent. For thoſe few livings, which had diſpenſations to be held with a fellowſhip, were ſinecures of ſmall value, not ſufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college; and, in the body of thoſe diſpenſations, is inſerted a reaſon for granting them, That they were ſuch livings as could be no hindrance in the diſcharge of a fellow's duty.

That diſpenſations are very hurtful to their ſociety, becauſe they put a ſtop to the ſucceſſion of fellowſhips, and thereby give a check to that emulation, induſtry, and improvement in learning, which the hopes of gaining a fellowſhip will beſt incite young ſtudents with.

That, if this diſpenſation ſhould take place it may prove a precedent for the like practice in future

ture times; which will be very injurious to the ſociety, by encouraging fellows to apply for diſpenſations, when they have intereſt enough to get preferments, by which the ſenior fellows will be ſettled in the college for life; and thus, for want of a ſucceſſion any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent ſtudents will be wholly loſt.

That a junior fellowſhip is of very ſmall value, and to arrive at it requires good ſenſe, as well as long and cloſe ſtudy; to which young ſtudents are only encouraged by hopes of ſucceeding, in a reaſonable time, to be one of the ſeven ſeniors; which hopes will be quite cut off, when thoſe ſeniors are perpetuated by diſpenſations.

That the fellows, at their admittance into their fellowſhips, take a ſolemn oath never to accept of any church-preferment above a certain value, and diſtance from Dublin, as long as they continue fellows: To which oath the accepting of a diſpenſation by Dr. Whitecomb, is directly contrary, in both particulars of value and diſtance.

That, at this time, there is a ſet of very hopeful young men in long and cloſe ſtudy, to ſtand for the firſt vacant fellowſhip, who will be altogether diſcouraged, and drop their endeavours in the purſuit of learning, by being diſappointed in their hopes of Dr. Whitecombe's leaving the college, and opening a way for one of them to ſucceed in a fellowſhip.

Theſe, my Lord, are the ſum of the reaſons brought me by a very worthy perſon, a fellow of that college, and recommended by ſome of the moſt deſerving in that body; and I have ſhortened them as much as I could.

I ſhall only trouble your Grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this ſubject.

The univerſity, and, in ſome ſenſe, the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgement for the honour

nour your Grace hath done them, in truſting the care of one of your ſons to be educated in the college of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your Grace's favour; and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deſerve at court, will ever deſire to be protected in their rights.

Your Grace will pleaſe to know, that a fellowſhip in this univerſity differs much in ſome very important circumſtances, from moſt of thoſe in either of the univerſities in England.

My Lord George will tell your Grace, that a fellowſhip here is obtained with great difficulty, by the number of candidates, the ſtrict examination in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is alſo diſpoſed of with much ſolemnity: The examiners take an oath at the altar to give their vote according to their conſciences.

The univerſity is patron of ſome church-preferments, which are offered to the ſeveral fellows downwards to the loweſt in holy orders.

I beg your Grace to conſider, That, there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their ſons to merchandize: That not many great employments, in church or law, fall to the ſhare of perſons born here: That the laſt reſource of younger ſons is to the church; where, if well befriended, they may chance to riſe to ſome reaſonable ſpiritual maintenance, although we do not want inſtances of ſome clergymen, well born and of good reputation, who have been, and ſtill are curates for thirty years; which hath been a great diſcouragement to others, who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your Grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your moſt deſerved favour with his Majeſty, to make Doctor Whitecomb eaſier in his preferment, by ſome addition,

dition, that no person or society can have the least pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your Grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your person and virtues, that you will please to let Dr. Whitecomb content himself for a while with that rich preferment, (one of the best in the kingdom) until it shall lie in your way further to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowship, he took an oath never to accept a church-living thus circumstantiated, and hold it with his fellowship, it will be thought hardly reconcileable to conscience to receive a dispensation.

I humbly entreat your Grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you, wherein I have no sort of interest, except that which proceeds from an earnest desire, that your Grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incurring the least censure from the world, or giving the least cause of discontent to any deserving person. I am, &c.

LETTER LXII.

To **** *****, Esq.

SIR, *March* 19, 1734.

I Had, some days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw; but, by the name subscribed, I found it came from a younger son of yours, I suppose your second. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the severities of you, and your lady his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies, when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old; but he appeals to Dr. Sheridan

Sheridan for the improvement he made in the doctor's ſchool, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his claſs; by which it appears that he paſſed for one of the four beſt ſcholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very ſmall hand; where he gives a hiſtory of his life, from the age of fourteen to the preſent time. It is written with ſo much ſpirit, nature, and good ſenſe, as well as appearance of truth, that, having firſt razed out the writer's name, I have ſhown it to ſeveral gentlemen my friends, of great worth, learning, and taſte; who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that ſo hopeful a youth ſhould not have proper encouragement, unleſs he hath ſome very diſagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far, Dr. Sheridan came to ſee me: I read your ſon's letter to him, and he was equally pleaſed with it, and juſtified the progreſs the young man had made in his ſchool. I went this evening to viſit a lady, who hath a very great eſteem and friendſhip for you and Mrs. ****: She told me that the young man's great fault was too much pertneſs and conceit of himſelf, which he often ſhewed in your houſe, and even among company; which, I own is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not eaſily cured: Yet, I think, if I had a ſon who had underſtanding, wit, and humour to write ſuch a letter, I could not find in my heart to caſt him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do towards amendment; and, in the mean time, give him no cauſe to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is content to ſtand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable

unpardonable fool; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one and twenty years; and what he alledges seems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, physic, or divinity; although, in his letter, he pretends to have studied the first, on your promise to send him to the Temple: But, your mind altering, and you rather chusing to send him to Leyden, he applied himself to study physic, and made some progress in it; but, for many months, he hath heard nothing more from you; so that now he is in utter despair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in Williamstreet, with only the liberty to dine at your house, and no further care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good-nature, and candour. As to your Lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes: She hath the character of being a very polite and accomplished person; and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, over weening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me in his letter, to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at Leyden. I think it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess

confeſs myſelf ſo very partial, as to be extremely ſorry if he ſhould not deſerve and acquire the favour of you and your Lady; in which caſe, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of ſuch a ſon. I have no acquaintance of his tutor Dr. King; but, if I can learn from thoſe who have, I ſhall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr Sheridan hath done.

I entreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domeſtic point, where I have no information but from one ſide: But I can faithfully aſſure you, that my regard is altogether for the ſervice and eaſe of you and your lady and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is ſeldom without ſome bent towards virtue, and therefore deſerves ſome indulgence. Moſt of the great villains I have known, (which were not a ſmall number), have been brutes in their underſtandings as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I ſhall therefore conclude with the ſincere profeſſion of being, with great eſteem and truth,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER LXIII.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, *June* 8. 1735.

TROUBLE you sooner than usual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27. because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forget the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head; and if I live two years longer, I shall first forget my own name, and last your Ladyship's. I gave my Lady Kerry an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied. I detest the House of Lords for their indulgence to such a profligate prostitute villain as Curle; but am at a loss how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope, although, by the vanity or indiscretion of correspondents, the rogue might have pickt up some that went from him. Those letters have not yet been sent hither, therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England, upon the Queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers for several years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your Ladyship, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you please: For I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept some letters merely out of friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others whose writers are dead. For I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes

too nice; for I burnt all my Lord * * * *'s letter upon receiving one where he uſed theſe words t me, *All I pretend to is a great deal of ſincerity* Which, indeed, was the chief virtue he wantec Of thoſe from my Lord * * **** I burnt a but one, which I keep as a moſt admirable or ginal of court-promiſes and profeſſions. I confe alſo that I have read ſome paſſages in many of you letters, to a friend, but without naming you, onl that the writer was a lady, which had ſuch mark of good ſenſe, that often the hearers would n believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mir printed, nor of any others to me.

Your Ladyſhip very much ſurprizes me with or paſſage in your letter, which however I do not i the leaſt underſtand; where you ſay, You *hav been honoured in print by amorous, ſatirical, a gallant letters, where there was no word but you bare name mentioned.* I can aſſure you, this is t me altogether a riddle, and what I never hear the leaſt ſyllable of; and wiſh you would expla it. No, Madam, I will never forgive your inſo lent niece, without a moſt humble ſubmiſſion u der her own hands; which if ſhe will not comp with, I ſhall draw up letters between us, and ſer them to Curle.

I will tell your Ladyſhip a cauſe I have of con plaint againſt the Duke of Dorſet. I have writte to him about four times ſince he was Lieutenan and three of my letters were upon ſubjects th concernd him much more than it did any frier of mine, and not at all myſelf; but he was n ver pleaſed to return me an anſwer. Whic omiſſion (for I diſdain to call it contempt) can account for only by ſome of the followir reaſons. He is either extremely buſy in affairs the higheſt importance, or he is a Duke with garter; or he is a Lieutenant of Ireland; or he of a very ancient noble extraction; or ſo obſcu

a mai

man, as I am, is not worth his remembrance; or, like the Duke of Chandois, he is an utter stranger to me: And it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I writ to his Grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman; which last circumstance, with submission to your Ladyship, is what I seldom grant; and the matter desired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some considerable members of the same body, which is highly concerned, as well as his Grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence, not only to the university, but the kingdom: And, for that reason, it is thought, his Grace hath chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine. I do assure you, Madam, that I have not been troublesome to my Lord Duke in any particular: Since he hath been Governor, my letters have been at most but once a year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any one of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true, that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where, perhaps, I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair: Although I have sometimes wished, that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the channel; which would gain abundance of hearts both to the Crown and his Grace. My pa-

per is so full, that I have not room to excuse it length. I remain,

Your Ladyship's
Most obedient humble servant,

LETTER LXIV.

To Sir CHARLES WOGAN, in SPAIN.

HONOURED SIR, 1735.

I THINK you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude; because, although I were utterly unknown to you, and become an obscure exile, in a most obscure and enslaved country; you were at the pains to find me out and send me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained some very ingenious friends, as well as myself; I mean not only your poetry, in Latin and English, but your poetical history in prose of your own life and actions inscribed to me; which I often wished it were safe to print here, or in England, under the madness of universal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power. *

I have been often told, that you have a brother † and some near relations in this country, and have oftener employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I suppose, on account of their religion, they are so prudent as to live in privacy: Although the court hath thought it better in point of politics, and, to keep the good-will of Cardinal Fleury, hath thought it

* These writings are at present in the hands of the editor of these volumes, all of them under Sir Charles Wogan's own hand.

† Mr. Wogan of Rathcoffee.

proper,

proper, to make the Catholics here much more eaſy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can aſſure you, that thoſe wretches here, who call themſelves a parliament, abhor the clergy of our church more than thoſe of yours, and have made an univerſal aſſociation to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have further thanks to give you for your generous preſent of excellent Spaniſh wine, whereof I have been ſo choice, that my butler tells me there are ſtill ſome bottles left * I did very often aſk ſome merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford ſomething that might be acceptable in Spain, but could not get any ſatisfaction. The price I am ſure would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my deſire: to which you anſwered in a diſintereſted manner, that you only deſired my works. It is true indeed, that a printer † here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which paſſed for mine, as well as ſeveral ſingle papers in verſe and proſe, that he could get from my friends, and deſired my leave to publiſh them in four volumes. He reaſoned, That printers here had no property in their copies: That mine would fall into worſe hands: That he would ſubmit to me and my friends what to publiſh or omit. On the whole, I would not concern myſelf; and ſo they have appeared abroad, as you will ſee them in thoſe I make bold to ſend you. I muſt now return to mention wine. The laſt ſeaſon, for it was very bad in France, upon which our merchants have raiſed the price twenty *per cent.* already, and the preſent weather is not like to mend it. Upon this I have told ſome

* Dr. Swift, in grateful remembrance of Sir Charles Wogan, uſed to call this Spaniſh wine his Hero wine.

† Mr. Faulkner.

merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy: That, when the warmth of ſummer happens to fail in the ſeveral wine-countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and thoſe in the South of Italy, will be at leaſt as ripe as thoſe of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would deſire our merchants to deal this year in thoſe warmer climates: Becauſe I hear that in Spain, French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spaniſh grape may fail for want of its uſual ſhare of ſun. In this point I would have your opinion; wherein, if you agree, I will make Mr. Hall, an honeſt Catholic, merchant here, who deals in Spaniſh wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get. For my diſorders, with the help of years, make wine abſolutely neceſſary to ſupport me. And, if you were not a perſon of too conſiderable a rank, (and now become half a Spaniard) I would try to make you deſcend ſo low, as to order ſome merchants there to conſign to ſome of ours, directed to me, ſome good quantity of wine that you approve of; ſuch as our claret-drinkers here will be content with. For, when I give them a pale wine, (called by Mr. Hall, *Caſſalia*) they ſay it will do for one glaſs, and then (to ſpeak in their language) call for Honeſt Claret.

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LETTER LXV.

To BISHOP HORTE *.

My Lord, *May* 12. 1736.

I Have two or three times begun a letter to your Lordſhip, and as often laid it aſide; until, by the unaſked advice of ſome friends of yours, and of all my own, I reſolved at laſt to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer, who ſuffered ſo much upon your Lordſhip's account, confined to a dungeon among common thieves, and others with infectious diſeaſes, to the hazard of his life; beſides the expence of above twenty-five pounds, and beſides the ignominy to be ſent to Newgate like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do alſo very highly and perſonally concern me. For, your Lordſhip declaring your deſire to have that paper looked for, he did, at my requeſt, ſearch his ſhop, and unfortunately found it: And, although he had abſolutely refuſed before to print it, becauſe my name as the author was fixed to it, which was very legible, notwithſtanding there was a ſcratch through the words; yet, at my deſire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you ſent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents; But your friends were the only perſons who gave out the report of its having been your performance. I read your Lordſhips's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue that he is, in theſe dealings, the adven-

* Dr. Joſiah Horte, Biſhop of Kilmore,

turer,

turer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss. Indeed, my Lord, the case is otherwise. He sells such papers to the running boys for farthings a-piece, and is a gainer by each, less than half a farthing; and it is seldom he sells above a hundred, unless they be of such as only spread by giving offence, and consequently endanger the printer both in loss of money and liberty, as it was the case of that very paper; Which, although it be written with spirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Betteſworth, would scarce have cleared above a shilling to Faulkner; neither would he have done it at all, but at my urgency, which was the effect of your Lordship's commands to me. But, as your Lordship hath since been universally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me, so it is as generally known that you never gave him the least consideration for his losses, disgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every person of my acquaintance, whom I see at home or abroad; and particularly from one person too high to name, who told me all the particulars; and I heartily wished, upon your account, that I could have assured him that the poor man had received the least mark of your justice, or, if you please to call it so, your generosity, which I would gladly inform that great person of before he leaves us.

Now, my Lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, hath made you extremely rich, I may venture to say, that the printer hath a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your Lordship, against Faulkner's will, to be an occasion of his sufferings: And, if you shall please to recompence him in the manner

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that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket. And, as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character: For which, I am sure, he will rejoice, and so will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.

Your Lordship hath too good an understanding to imagine, that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent sufferer. And I hope you will consider, that this case is not among those, where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world: Because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude, with assuring your Lordship again, that what I have written was chiefly for your Lordship's credit and service: Because I am, with great truth,

Your Lordship's most, *&c.*

LETTER LXVI.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, *June* 15. 1736.

I WRITE this letter to your Ladyship, in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the Duke of Dorset and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration, that I never proposed any thing to his Grace, wherein I did not chiefly consult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know

know him from a boy, as I did your Ladyſhip from a child; and yet, excepting great perſonal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church-preferment for any friend, except one too inconſiderable to mention. I writ to, and told my Lord Duke, that there was a certain family here, called the *Grattans*, and that they could command ten thouſand men: Two of them are Parſons (as you Whigs call them;) another is Lord Mayor of this city, and was knighted by his Grace a month or two ago. But there is another couſin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be *John Jackſon*, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own ſmall eſtate, four miles from this town, and in his own pariſh: But he hath four children. He only wants ſome little addition of 100 *l.* a year: For he hath laid out 800 *l.* to build upon his own ſmall eſtate in his own pariſh, which he cannot leave, and we cannot ſpare him. He hath lain a weight upon my ſhoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my Lord Duke as a moſt deſerving perſon. His Grace hath now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had a deanry of ſmall value: It was a hedge-deanry; (my Lord Duke will tell you what I mean), we have many of them in Ireland: But, as it doth not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great eaſe to him. He is no party-man but a loyal ſubject. It is the deanry of Cloyne: He is well acquainted with the Biſhop, who is Dr. Berkeley. I have reaſons enough to complain of my Lord Duke, who abſolutely refuſed to provide for a moſt worthy man whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: And therefore, if he will not conſent to give this poor deanry to Mr. John Jackſon, I will fall

out

out with him for ever. I desire your Ladyship to let the Duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a news-paper to me the other day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned as married with forty-five thousand pounds to her fortune. I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your Ladyship still preserves your health and good humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about, for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happiness hereafter.

I will (notwithstanding your commands to the contrary) be so bold to tell you, that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient, and

Obliged humble servant.

LETTER LXVII.

To Mr. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN, *March* 30. 1737.

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he will deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of Coleraine. It seems your society hath raised the rents in that town, and of your lands about it, within three years past, to four times the value of what the tenants formerly paid; which is beyond what I have ever heard, even among the most screwing landlords of this kingdom: And the consequence hath

hath already been, that many of your tenants in that town and the lands about it, are preparing to go to the plantations of America, for the same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the North to the same plantations, I mean the oppression of landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider, That no society can or ought, in prudence or justice, let their lands at so high a rate as a squire, who lives upon his estate, and is able to distrain at an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, so as to be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus bishops, deans, and chapters, as well as other corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as half the value; and when they raise those rents which are unreasonably low, it is by degrees. I have instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as that of my chapter, although my own lands, as Dean, are let four fifths under their value. On the other side, there is no reason why an honourable society should rent their estate for a trifle. And therefore I told Mr. Lloyd my opinion: That if you could be prevailed on just to double the rent and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner. For I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppressed country must necessarily decline for ever. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increase of rent; but not by such leaps as you are now taking: For you ought to remember the fable of the Hen who laid every second day a golden egg, upon which her mistress killed her to get the whole lump together. I am told that one condition in your charter is, to plant a colony of English in those parts. If that be so, you are too wise to let it be a colony of Irish beggars. I would not have said thus much in an affair, and about persons to whom I am a stranger,

ſtranger, if I had not been long aſſured of the poor condition thoſe people in and about Colerain have lain under ſince that enormous raiſing of their rents. The bearer, whom I never ſaw until yeſterday, ſeems to be a gentleman of truth and good ſenſe. Yet, if he hath miſrepreſented this matter to me, I ſhall never be his advocate again.

My health is very indifferent: Spirits I have none left. I decline every day. I hope and hear it is better with you. May you live as long as you deſire: For I have loſt ſo many friends without getting any new, that I muſt keep you as a ſample of the former. I am, my dear friend,

Your's, &c.

LETTER LXVIII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

My Lord, *June* 14. 1737.

I Had the honour of a letter from your Lordſhip, dated April the 7th, which I was not prepared to anſwer until this time. Your Lordſhip muſt needs have known, that the hiſtory you mention of the four laſt years of the Queen's reign, was written at Windſor, juſt upon finiſhing the peace; at which time your father and my Lord Bolingbroke had a miſunderſtanding with each other, that was attended with very bad conſequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery, (after the peace was made), I could not ſtay here above a fortnight, being recalled by an hundred letters to haſten back, and to uſe my endeavours in reconciling thoſe miniſters. I left them the hiſtory you mention, which I had finiſhed at Windſor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to Eng-

land, I found their quarrels and coldneſs increaſed I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was a ble: I contrived to bring them to my Lord Maſham's, at St. James's: My Lord and Lady Maſham left us together. I expoſtulated with them both but could not find any good conſequences. I wa to go to Windſor next day with my Lord Treaſurer: I pretended buſineſs that prevented me expecting they would come to ſome * * * * * * † But I followed them to Windſor; where my Lor Bolingbroke told me, that my ſcheme had come t nothing. Things went on at the ſame rate: The grew more eſtranged every day. My Lord Treaſurer found his credit daily declining. In May be fore the Queen died, I had my laſt meeting wit them at my Lord Maſham's. He left us together and therefore I ſpoke very freely to them both and told them I would retire, for I found all wa gone: Lord Bolingbroke whiſpered me, I was i the right; your father ſaid all would do well. told him that I would go to Oxford on Monday ſince I found it was impoſſible to be of any uſe. took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a frien in Berkſhire; there ſtaid until the Queen's death And then to my ſtation here; where I ſtaid twelv years, and never ſaw my Lord your father after wards. They could not agree about printing th hiſtory of the four laſt years: And therefore I hav kept it to this time, when I determine to publiſh i in London, to the confuſion of all thoſe raſcal who have accuſed the Queen and that miniſtry o making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Proteſtant ſucceſſion. I was then in the greateſt truſt and confidence with your father the Lord Treaſurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the admini-

† Here is a blank left for ſome word or other; ſuch as agreement, reconciliation, or the like,

ſtration.

tration. I had all the letters from the Secretary's office, during the treaty of peace: Out of those and what I learned from the miniſtry, I formed that hiſtory which I am now going to publiſh for the information of poſterity, and to controll the moſt impudent falſehoods which have been publiſhed ſince. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the moſt virtuous miniſter, and the moſt able that ever I remember to have read of. If your Lordſhip has any particular circumſtances that may fortify what I have ſaid in the hiſtory, ſuch as letters or other materials, I am content they ſhould be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my Lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the ſcore of preferment, having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almoſt a ſtranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country; although I happened to be dropt here, and was a year old before I left it; and, to my ſorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances, and deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Oxford, and your daughter the Dutcheſs *. As to the hiſtory, it is only of affairs which I know very well; and had all the advantages poſſible to know, when you were in ſome ſort but a lad. One great deſign of it, is to do juſtice to the miniſtry at that time, and to refute all the objections againſt them, as if they had a deſign of bringing in Popery and the Pretender; and further to demonſtrate, that the preſent ſettlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my Lord your father. I can never expect to ſee England: I am now too old and too ſickly, added to almoſt

*Dutcheſs of Portland.

a perpetual deafneſs, and giddineſs. I live a moſt domeſtic life: I want nothing that is neceſſary; but I am in a curſed, factious, oppreſſed, miſerable country; not made ſo by nature, but by the ſlaviſh, helliſh principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it. Farewell, my Lord. I have tired you and myſelf. I deſire again to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Oxford, and the Dutcheſs your daughter. Pray God preſerve you long and happy. I ſhall diligently inquire into your conduct from thoſe who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right; let me hear that you perſevere ſo. Your taſk will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily weary of it already; and ſo ſhould be in England, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enſlaved country. I am, with the trueſt love and reſpect,

My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's
Moſt obedient and obliged, &c.

LETTER LXIX.

To ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; *.

Dear Friend, *July* 23. 1737.

While any of thoſe who uſed to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But, ſince your Secretaryſhip in the Queen's time, I believed you were ſo glutted with the office, that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an abſent uſeleſs acquaintance: And I find I owe yours to my Lord Oxford. The hiſtory you men-

* Formerly private Secretary to the Earl of Oxford.

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tion was written above a year before the Queen's death. I left it with the Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke, when I first came over to take this deanry. I returned in less than a month, but the ministry could not agree about printing it: It was to conclude with the peace. I staid in London above nine months; but, not being able to reconcile the quarrels between those two, I went to a friend in Berkshire, and, on the Queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that history, as this Lord Oxford did, as he owns in his two letters, the last of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the Queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were universally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cause of my writing was, not to let such a Queen and ministry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity be so ill informed, &c. Lord Oxford is in the wrong to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his ministry; which is so drawn, that his greatest admirers will rather censure me for partiality; neither can he tell me any thing material out of his papers, which I was not then informed of. Nor do I know any body but yourself who could give me more light than what I then received: For I remember I often consulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to Lord Oxford or to you; for the person who hath it will not trust it out of his hands; but, I believe, would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands, although perhaps that may be too late *. If my health would

* As, a little before this period, the great abilities of Dr. Swift had

have permitted me, for some years past, to have ventured as far as London, I would have satisfied both my Lord and you. I believe you know that Lord Bolingbroke is now busy in France, to write the history of his own time, and how much he grew to hate the Treasurer you know too well; and I know how much Lord Bolinbroke hates his very memory. This is what the present Lord Oxford should be in most pain at, not about me. I have had my share of affliction sufficient, in the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot, and poor Gay and others; and I heartily pity poor Lord Masham. I would fain know whether his son be a valuable young man; because I much disliked his education. When I was last among you, Sir William Wyndham was in a bad state of health: I always loved him, and rejoice to hear from you the figure he makes. But I know so little of what passeth, that I never heard of Lady Blandford his present wife.

had begun to fail, he had, in order to gratify some of his acquaintance, called for the history of the four last years of the Queen's reign, once or twice out of his friend's hands, and lent it abroad; by which means part of the contents of it were whispered about the town, and several had pretended to have read it, who perhaps had never seen one line of it. And this caused it to be apprehended, that, if the Dean should frequently lend the history, a copy of it might be taken some time or other. Whereupon Mrs. Whiteway, the next time the Dean put the original into her hands, told him plainly, That, if she ever again should take the charge of that manuscript, he should never lend it again to any man alive; and that if he should, at any time hereafter, call for it again, and insist upon having it in his own possession, she would never take the charge of it more: And, accordingly, she took it upon these conditions; and has faithfully kept it from that day to this; the history which is now abroad, having been printed from a spurious manuscript, taken, as it is supposed, from a copy of the original which had been sent to England, by the late Earl of Corke and Orrery, for the Dean's friends to peruse. Mr. Nugent, the present representative in parliament for the city of Bristol, who read the original in Mrs. Whiteway's parlour in the year 1739, can, if he please, vouch the authenticity of this fact, as he could not have the pleasure of reading that history (which the Dean was desirous enough to lend him) at his own lodgings.

Lord

Lord Bath uſed to write to me, but hath dropped it ſome years. Pray, is Charles Ford yet alive? For he hath dropped me too; or perhaps my illneſs hath hindered me from provoking his remembrance: For I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafneſs, which uſed to be occaſional, and for a ſhort time, hath ſtuck by me now ſeveral months without remiſſion; ſo that I am unfit for any converſation, except one or two ſtentors of either ſex, and my old giddineſs is likewiſe become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former ſhort fits.

I was never ſo much deceived in any Scot, as by that execrable Lord K * * * * * whom I loved extremely, and now deteſt beyond expreſſion.

You ſay ſo little of yourſelf, that I know not whether you are in health or ſicklineſs, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a ſign of health. I find you have not, like me, loſt your memory; nor, I hope, your ſenſe of hearing, which is the greateſt loſs of any, and more comfortleſs than even being blind; I mean in the article of company. Writing no longer amuſeth me, for I cannot think. I dine conſtantly at home in my chamber, with a grave houſekeeper, whom I call Sir Robert, and ſometimes receive one or two friends and a female couſin, with ſtrong high tenor voices.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXX.

To Miſs RICHARDSON.

MADAM, *Jan.* 28. 1737-8.

I Muſt begin my correſpondence by letting you know that your uncle is the moſt unreaſonable perſon I was ever acquainted with; and, next to him, you are the ſecond, although I think impartially that you are worſe than he. I never had the honour and happineſs of ſeeing you, nor can ever expect it, unleſs you make the firſt advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's ſteps, by maliciouſly bribing a uſeleſs man, who can never have it in his power to ſerve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendſhip with Alderman Barber, who is governor of the London ſociety about your parts; whereupon Mr. Richardſon came to the Deanry, although it was not in my power to do him the leaſt good office further than writing to the Alderman. However, your uncle came to me ſeveral times; and I believe, after ſeveral invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breaſt, and you ſhall hear how he gratified it. Firſt, he was told that my ill ſtomach, and a giddineſs I was ſubject to, forced me, in ſome of thoſe fits, to take a ſpoonful of uſquebagh: He diſcovered where I bought it, and ſent me a dozen bottles, which coſt him three pounds. He next was told, that, as I never drank malt-liquors, ſo I was not able to drink Dublin claret without mixing it with a little ſweet Spaniſh wine: He found out

out the merchant with whom I deal, by the treachery of my butler, and sent to me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid six pounds. But what can I say of a man who, some years before I ever saw him, was loading me every season with salmons, that surfeited myself and all my visiters? Whereby it is plain, that his malice reached to my friends as well as to myself. At last, to complete his ill designs, he must needs force his niece into the plot; because, it can be proved that you are his prime minister, and so ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings, that you have been his partaker and seconder in mischief, by sending me half a dozen of shirts, although I never once gave you the least cause of displeasure. And, what is yet worse, the few ladies that come to the deanry assure me, they never saw so fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happiness they were not stockings, for then you would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, Madam, I must deal so plain, as to repeat, that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to such a degree, that if my health and a good summer can put it in my power to travel to Summer-Seat, I must take that journey on purpose to expostulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have seen some persons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have inquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all by never sending them any such dangerous presents: For they swore to me, that you were a lady adorned with all perfections, such as virtue, prudence, wit, humour, excellent conversation, and even good housewifery: which last is seldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take so ill your manner of treating me, that I shall not believe one syllable of what they said, until I have it by a letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man

man, and much leſs dare to write, for fear (as their expreſſion is) of being expoſed. So that when I ſee any of your ſex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies, and aſk pardon. And therefore, becauſe princes are ſaid to have long hands, I wiſh I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this diſtance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cauſe to change, in any ſingle article, the opinion and idea I have of your perſon and qualities. May you very long continue the delight of your uncle and your neighbours round, who deſerve your goodwill, and of all who have merit enough to diſtinguiſh you. I am, with great reſpect and the higheſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient, and
Moſt obliged humble ſervant.

LETTER LXXI.

To Mr. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Aug. 8. 1738.

My dear and honoured friend,

I Have received yours of July 27. and two days ago had a letter from Mr. Pope, with a dozen lines from my Lord Bolingbroke, who tells me he is juſt going to France, and, I ſuppoſe, deſigns to continue there as long as he lives. I am very ſorry he is under a neceſſity of ſelling Dawley: Pray, let me know whether he be tolerably eaſy in his fortunes; for he hath theſe ſeveral years lived very expenſively.

expensively. Is his Lady still alive? And hath he still a country-house and an estate of her's to live on? I should be glad to live so long, as to see his history of his own times, which would be a work very worthy of his Lordship, and will be a defence of that ministry, and a justification of our late glorious Queen, against the malice, ignorance, falsehood, and stupidity of our present times and managers. I very much like Mr. Pope's last poem, intitled M DCC XXXVIII, called Dialogue II.; but I live so obscurely, and know so little of what passes in London, that I cannot know the names of persons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the Duke of Ormond lives so well at ease and in so good health, as well as with so valuable a companion. His Grace hath an excellent constitution at so near to fourscore. Mr. Dunkin is not in town, but I will send to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my Lord and Lady Oxford, but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a rascally butcher, one Morley, a great land-jobber and knave, who was his Lordship's manager, and hath been the principal cause of my Lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakness and credulity. I desire you will please, upon occasion, to present my humble service to my Lord and Lady Oxford, and to my Lord Bathurst. I just expected the character you give of young * * * * *. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr. Ford is alive; perhaps walking preserves him.

I very much lament your asthma. I believe temperance and exercise have preserved me from it. I seldom walk less than four miles, sometimes six, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much through the house, up and down stairs: And, if it were not for this cruel deafness, I would ride through the kingdom, and

and half through England; pox on the modern phraſe, GREAT BRITAIN, which is only to diſtinguiſh it from Little Britain, where old cloaths and old books are to be bought and ſold. However, I will put Dr. Sheridan (the beſt ſcholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible aſthma. I wiſh you were rich enough to buy and keep a horſe, and ride every tolerable day twenty miles. Mr. Richardſon is, I think, ſtill in London. I aſſure you he is very grateful to me, and is too wiſe and diſcreet to give any juſt occaſion of complaint, by which he muſt be a great loſer in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written ſo much this many a-day. I have tired myſelf much; but, in revenge, I will tire you.

I am, Dear Mr. Alderman, with very great eſteem, Your moſt obedient, and Moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Twitnam, Octob. 12. 1738.

My DEAR FRIEND,

I Could gladly tell you every week the many things that paſs in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendſhip to me; but I am not ſo willing to put you to the trouble of ſhewing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occaſions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuſe the requeſt of a very particular and very deſerving friend; one of thoſe whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with,

ith, after I had ſworn never to love a man more, nce the ſorrow it coſt me to have loved ſo many, ow dead, baniſhed, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. yttleton, one of the worthieſt of the riſing gene- ation. His nurſe has a ſon, whom I would beg ou to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. loved my own nurſe, and ſo does Lyttleton: He ves, and is loved through the whole chain of elations, dependents, and acquaintance. He is ne who would apply to any perſon to pleaſe me, r to ſerve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you or this man, whoſe name is William Lamb, and e is the bearer of this letter. I preſume he is ualified for that which he deſires; and I doubt ot, if it be conſiſtent with juſtice, you will gratify e in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling ou — What? — what I cannot tell, the kindneſs bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hear- wiſhes I form for you, my prayers for your ealth of body and mind, or the beſt ſoftenings of e want of either, quiet and reſignation. You oſe little by not hearing ſuch things as this idle and aſe generation has to tell you: You loſe not much y forgetting moſt of what now paſſes in it. Per- aps, to have a memory that retains the paſt ſcenes f our country, and forgets the preſent, is the eans to be happier and better contented. But, the evil of the day be not intolerable (though fficient, God knows, at any period of life) we ay, at leaſt we ſhould, nay we muſt (whether atiently or impatiently) bear it, and make the beſt f what we cannot make better, but may make erſe. To hear that this is your ſituation, and our temper, and that peace attends you at home, nd one or two true friends, who are tender about ou, would be a great eaſe to me to know, and now from yourſelf. Tell me who thoſe are whom ou now love or eſteem, that I may love and eſteem

them too; and, if ever they come into England, let them be my friends. If, by any thing I can here do, I can ſerve you, or pleaſe you, be certain it will mend my happineſs; and that no ſatisfaction any thing gives me here will be ſuperior, if equal to it.

My dear Dean, whom I never will forgot, or think of with coolneſs, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and reſpect. Lord Orrery, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Oxford, Lord Maſham, Lewis, Mrs. P. Blount, (allow one woman to the liſt, for ſhe is as conſtant to old friendſhips as any man); and many young men there are, nay all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can ſuffer, nothing of you can be obſcured, or locked up from eſteem and admiration, except what is at the deanry; juſt as much of you only as God made mortal. May the reſt of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honeſt men may expect, and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know, that their Maker is merciful. Adieu.

Your's, ever,

A. POPE

LET

LETTER LXXIII.

To the Honourable the Society of the Governour and Assistants, London, for the New Plantation in Ulster, within the realm of Ireland, at their chamber in Guild-hall, London,

By conjecture, 1738.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN,

I Heartily recommend to your very Worshipful Society, the Reverend Mr. William Dunkin, for the living of Colerain, vacant by the death of Dr. Squire. Mr. Dunkin is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for these qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of such a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your commands. You have my best wishes, and all my endeavours for your prosperity: And I shall, during my life, continue to be, with the truest respect and highest esteem,

WORTHY SIRS,

Your most obedient, and
Most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXIV.

To Mr. POPE.

May 10. 1739, at a conjecture.

YOU are to ſuppoſe, for the little time I ſhal live, that my memory is entirely gone, and eſpecially of any thing that was told me laſt night or this morning. I have one favour to entrea from you. I know the high eſteem and friendſhi you bear to your friend Mr. Lyttleton, whom yo call the riſing genius of this age. His fame, hi virtue, honour, and courage, have been earl ſpread even among us. I find he is ſecretary t the prince of Wales, and his Royal Highneſs hat been for ſeveral years Chancellor of the Univerſit in Dublin. All this is a prelude to a requeſt I am going to make you. There is in this city one A lexander M'Aulay, a lawyer of great diſtinctio for ſkill and honeſty, zealous for the liberty of th ſubject, and loyal to the houſe of Hanover; an particularly to the Prince of Wales, for his High neſs's love to both kingdoms.

Mr. M'Aaulay is now ſolliciting for a ſeat i parliament here, vacant by the death of Docto Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the perſon choſen for this univerſity: And, as his Roya Highneſs continues ſtill Chancellor of it, there i no perſon ſo proper to nominate the repreſentativ as himſelf. If this favour can be procured, by you good will and Mr. Lyttleton's intereſt, it will be particular obligation to me, and grateful to th people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to repreſent this univerſity.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; h hath at preſent but half a vicarſhip: The value o

it is not quite 50 l. *per annum*. You writ to me in his favour some months ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar-choral, Mr. Lamb shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it: And I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

LETTER LXXV.

To Mr. LYTTLETON *.

SIR, *June* 5. 1739.

YOU treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb, which deserves mine and my Chapter's thanks, for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. Dean Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr. Pope, that he might have the happiness to see and know so great a genius in poetry, and so agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (several years older than you) was much surprised to see his junior in so high a station as Secretary to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and to find himself treated by you in so kind a manner. In one article you are greatly mistaken. For, however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the prince your master's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court-politics; For, in a letter I writ to Mr. Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr. M'Aulay to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the

* Now Lord Lyttleton.

Prince, to prevail with the univerſity to chuſe him for a member to repreſent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr. Coghill deceaſed.

I have been juſt now informed, that ſome of the Fellows have ſent over an apology, or rather a remonſtrance, to the Prince of Wales, pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tiſdal, and therefore have deſired his Royal Highneſs to withdraw his recommendation. A modeſt requeſt indeed, to demand from their Chancellor what they think is diſhonourable in themſelves, to give up an engagement. Their whole proceeding, on this occaſion, againſt their Chancellor, heir of the crown, is univerſally condemned here, and ſeems to be the laſt effort of ſuch men; who, without duly conſidering, make raſh promiſes, not conſiſtent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldneſs to deſire, that his Royal Highneſs may know from you the profound reſpect, honour, eſteem, and veneration, I bear towards his princely virtues. All my friends on your ſide the water repreſent him to me in the moſt amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it ſhall pleaſe God to make him the reſtorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuſe you highly for your ill treatment of me, by wiſhing yourſelf in the number of my friends: But you ſhall be pardoned, if you pleaſe to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You ſhall therefore make it up in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me loſe my memory in every thing but friendſhip and gratitude: And you, whom I have never ſeen, will never be forgotten by me, until I am dead. I am, Honourable Sir, with the higheſt reſpect, Yours, &c.

POEMS

POEMS

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

POEMS

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

Dr. PARNEL to Dr. SWIFT.

On his Birth-day, Nov. 30. 1713.

URGE'D by the warmth of Friendſhip's ſacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame;
By all thoſe offſprings of thy learned mind,
In judgement ſolid, as in wit refin'd,
Reſolv'd I ſing: Tho' lab'ring up the way
To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.
Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Thro' Contemplation's airy fields I rove;
Where pow'rful Fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter ſky;
Freſh paints the meadows, bids green ſhades aſcend,
Clear rivers wind, and op'ning plains extend;
Then fills its landſcape thro' the vary'd parts
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts:
Superiour Forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more ſerenely fair.

Of

Of these two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
Ye future times, I heard the silver sound!
I saw the Graces form a circle round!
Each, where she fix'd, attentive seem'd to root,
And all, but Eloquence herself, was mute.
High o'er the rest I see the Goddess rise,
Loose to the breeze her upper garment flies:
By turns, within her eyes the Passions burn,
And softer passions languish in their turn:
Upon her tongue Persuasion, or Command;
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.
From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day.
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the list'ning audience to admire,
How strong thy flight, how large thy grasp of thought,
How just thy schemes, how regularly wrought;
How sure you wound when ironies deride,
Which must be seen, and feign to turn aside.
'Twas thus exploring she rejoice'd to see
Her brightest features drawn so near by thee:
Then here, she cries, let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy where they can't excel.
She spake. Applause attended on the close:
Then Poesy, her sister-art, arose;
Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,
Not made so much for bus'ness, more to please.
Upon her cheek sits Beauty, ever young;
The Soul of Music warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleasing ardour glows,
And from her heart the sweetest Temper flows:
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air:
She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And, from the Spheres, she takes a pitch to sing.
Thrice happy Genius his, whose works have hit
The lucky point of bus'ness and of wit.

They

They ſeem like ſhow'rs, which April months prepare
To call their flow'ry glories up to air:
The drops deſcending, take the painted bow,
And dreſs with ſunſhine, while for good they flow.
To me retiring oft, he finds relief
In ſlowly-waſting care, and biting grief:
From me retreating oft, he gives to view
What eaſes care and grief in others too.
Ye fondly grave, be wiſe enough to know,
"Life ne'er unbent were but a life of woe."
Some full in ſtretch for greatneſs, ſome for gain,
On his own rack each puts himſelf to pain.
I'll gently ſteal you from your toils away,
Where balmy winds with ſcents ambroſial play:
Where, on the banks as cryſtal rivers flow,
They teach immortal amarants to grow:
Then, from the mild indulgence of the ſcene,
Reſtore your tempers ſtrong for toils again.
She ceas'd: Soft muſic trembled in the wind,
And ſweet delight diffus'd thro' ev'ry mind:
The little ſmiles, which ſtill the Goddeſs grace,
Sportive aroſe, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bleſs)
A gentle band their eager joys expreſs:
Here Friendſhip aſks, and love of merit longs
To hear the Goddeſſes renew their ſongs;
Here great Benevolence to man is pleas'd;
Theſe own their SWIFT, and grateful hear him prais'd.
You gentle band, you well may bear your part,
You reign ſuperior graces in his heart.
O SWIFT! if fame be life, (as well we know
That Bards and Heroes have eſteem'd it ſo)
Thou canſt not wholly die; thy works will ſhine
To future times, and Life in Fame be thine.

To Lord HARLEY, since Earl of Oxford, on his Marriage.

Written in the Year MDCCXIII.

AMong the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley, gen'rous youth, admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.
Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent observation taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and nat'ral parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts inchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield;
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursu'd,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew.
For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light:
They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb, or a rake.
How then, dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet, in love, success?
For, if those ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you:
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And, since the same resemblance held
In gifts, wherein you both excell'd,

I fancy'd ev'ry nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's ſon.
Then where, ſaid I, ſhall Harley find
A virgin of ſuperior mind,
With wit and virtue to diſcover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character ſhall Ca'ndiſh claim,
Born to retrieve her ſex's fame.
The chief among that glitt'ring crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are inſolent and vain)
Madly aſpir'd to wear her chain:
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Deſcending to her charge's aid,
Held out Meduſa's ſnaky locks,
Which ſtupify'd them all to ſtocks.
The nymph, with indignation, view'd
The dull, the noiſy, and the lewd:
For Pallas, with celeſtial light,
Had purify'd her mortal ſight;
Shew'd her the Virtues all combin'd,
Freſh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terreſtrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Diſplay their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method ſet,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting ſkill and pow'r to chuſe,
Their only pride is to refuſe.
But, when a Goddeſs would beſtow
Her love on ſome bright youth below,
Round all the earth ſhe caſts her eyes;
And then, deſcending from the ſkies,
Makes choice of him ſhe fancies beſt,
And bids the raviſh'd youth be bleſs'd.
Thus the bright empreſs of the morn
Choſe, for her ſpouſe, a mortal born:
The Goddeſs made advances firſt,
Elſe what aſpiring hero durſt?

Tho', like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.
Diana thus, Heav'n's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.
Thus Ca'ndish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the Queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

EPIGRAM on Mr. HARLEY being stabbed by GUISCARD.

Written by Bishop Atterbury.

DEvotum ut cordi sensit sub pectore ferrum,
Immoto Harlæus saucius ore stetit;
Dum tamen huic lætâ gratatur voce Senatus,
Confusus subito pallor in ore sedit:
O pudor! O virtus! partes quam dignas utrasque
Sustinuit, vultu dispare, laude pari.

On

On Biſhop BURNET's being ſet on Fire in his Cloſet.

By DOCTOR PARNEL.

FROM that dire æra, bane to Sarum's pride,
Which broke his ſchemes, and laid his friends aſide,
He talks and writes that Pop'ry will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.
What touch'd himſelf was almoſt fairly prov'd,
(Oh, far from Britain be the reſt remov'd!)
For, as of late he meant to bleſs the age
With flagrant prefaces of party-rage,
O'er-wrought with paſſion and the ſubject's weight,
Lolling, he nodded on his elbow ſeat,
Down fell the candle; Greaſe and zeal conſpire,
Heat meets with heat, and Pamphlets burn their Sire.
Here crawls a preface on its half-burn'd maggots,
And there an introduction brings its faggots;
Then roars the Prophet of the Northern nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming ſpeech on moderation.
Unwarn'd by this, go on the realm to fright,
Thou Briton, vaunting in thy ſecond-ſight;
In ſuch a Miniſtry you ſafely tell,
How much you'd ſuffer, if religion fell.

DIRECTIONS

FOR MAKING

A BIRTH-DAY SONG.

Written in the Year M.DCC.XXIX.

TO form a juſt and finiſh'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whoſe godſhips are in chief requeſt,
And fit your preſent ſubject beſt:
And, ſhould it be your Hero's caſe,
To have both male and female race,
Your bus'neſs muſt be to provide
A ſcore of goddeſſes beſide.

Some call their monarchs ſons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Becauſe they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his ſon;
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then appoint him ſon of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely ſhall conſent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their ſenſe, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verſe require,
He muſt be greater than his ſire;
For Jove, as ev'ry ſchool-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depoſe:
And ſure no Chriſtian poet breathing
Would be more ſcrup'lous than a Heathen?
Or, if to blaſphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.

Your Hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a——s;
Behold his glitt'ring faulchion mow
Whole ſquadrons at a ſingle blow:
While Victory, with wings outſpread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head.
His milk white ſteed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead mens paunches:
As Overton has drawn his fire,
Still ſeen o'er many an ale-houſe fire.
Then from his arm hoarſe thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty muſtard bowls:
For thunder ſtill his arm ſupplies,
And light'ning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conſcience,
And ſerve to echo rattling nonſenſe.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your ſong.
Sweet poet, hir'd for birh-day rhimes,
To ſing of wars chuſe peaceful times.
What tho', for fifteen years and more
Janus hath lock'd his temple-door;
Tho' not a coffee-houſe we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this ſide Sweden,
Nor London-Journals, nor the Poſt-men,
Tho' fond of warlike lies as moſt men;
Thou ſtill with battles ſtuff thy head full,
For, muſt thy hero not be dreadful?
Diſmiſſing Mars, it next muſt follow
Your conqu'ror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mecænas;
But that he ſtruts, and that he ſquints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright.
For yours can ſhine both day and night.
The firſt, perhaps, may once an age
Inſpire you with poetic rage;

Your Phœbus royal, ev'ry day,
Not only can inſpire, but pay.
Then make this new Apollo ſit
Sole patron, judge, and God of wit.
" How from his altitude he ſtoops
" To raiſe up virtue when ſhe droops;
" On learning how his bounty flows,
" And with what juſtice he beſtows:
" Fair Iſis, and ye banks of Cam!
" Be witneſs if I tell a flam.
" What prodigies in arts we drain,
" From both your ſtreams in G——'s reign,
" As from the flow'ry bed of Nile:"——
But here's enough to ſhew your ſtyle.
Broad inuendos, ſuch as this,
If well applied, can hardly miſs:
For, when you bring your ſong in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint;
(It muſt be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled;)
And will be ſo much more your debtor.
Becauſe he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and ſenſe,
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic ſtrains,
A guinea ſhall reward your pain,
For patrons never pay ſo well,
As when they ſcarce have learn'd to ſpell.
Next call him Neptune: With his trident
He rules the ſea, you ſee him ride in't;
And, if provok'd, he ſoundly ſerks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have ſeiz'd the Spaniſh plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports beſiege 'em,
But that he would not diſoblige 'em;
And made the raſcals pay him dearly
For thoſe affronts they give him yearly.

'Ti

'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we ſcrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in ſatiric wit.
But you ſome white-lead ink muſt get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your int'reſt lies to learn the knack
Of whit'ning what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be ſtrong,
Muſt be apply'd directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praiſe,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A ſquinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fiere in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his gen'rous mind:
And, when we ſtarve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthæa's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleaſing princes:
For, princes love you ſhould deſcant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But ſongſters muſt omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why then, your hero muſt be told,
In him ſuch virtues ly inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent,
That with no title to inherit,
He muſt have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly falſe and partly true;
And take it right it means no more
Than G——e and W——m claim'd before.
Should ſome obſcure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,

When

When all your liſt of gods is out,
Preſume to ſhew his mortal ſnout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Becauſe he had the world ſubdu'd;
Oh, let him not debaſe your thoughts,
Or name him but to ſhew his faults.
Of Gods I only quote the beſt,
But you may hook in all the reſt.
Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
To praiſe your Empreſs and her breed.
Firſt of the firſt, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the ſkies;
The Graces, and their miſtreſs Venus,
Muſt venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees, when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her?
Nor ſhall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great grandam:
Six thouſand years has liv'd the goddeſs,
Your Heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Beſides, you ſongſters oft have ſhown
That ſhe hath Graces of her own:
Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Juſt three, and every Grace a daughter.
Here many a King his heart and crown
Shall at their ſwowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their Engliſh-German couſins:
Beſides a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be *Hebes*.
Now ſee her ſeated in her throne
With genuine luſtre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never ſhone ſo bright,
Her ſplendour is but borrow'd light;
And only with her brother linkt
Can ſhine, without him is extinct.
But C——a ſhines the clearer
With neither ſpouſe nor brother near her;

And

And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Tho' G——e is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heav'nly race;
And sees a son in ev'ry God,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.
Now sing his little Highness * * * *.
Who struts like any King already:
With so much beauty, shew me any maid
That could resist this charming *Ganymede?*
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever ——— 'till the conflagration.
But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little D———e behind;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make *Gulliver* his Commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant *Willie* put,
Will soon subdue the realm of *Lilliput*.
A skillful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, gutt'ral, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough:
Hesse Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony;

And

And yet I muſt except the Rhine,
Becauſe it clinks to Caroline.
Hail! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes!
Be ſung ten hundred thouſand times!
Too happy were the poets crew,
If their own happineſs they knew:
Three ſyllables did never meet,
So ſoft ſo ſliding and ſo ſweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels ſtand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring conſonant betwixt.
May C———e continue long,
For ever fair and young! ———in ſong.
What tho' the royal carcaſe muſt,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn'd to duſt?
Thoſe elements her name compoſe,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
Tho' C———e may fill your gaps,
Yet ſtill you muſt conſult your maps:
Finds rivers with harmonius names,
Sabrina, *Medway*, and the *Thames*.
Britannia long will wear like ſteel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phraſe of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia ſoundly maul:
Reſtore the ſhips by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to ſave his bacon.
Naſſau, who got the name of Glorious
Becauſe he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;

And,

And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you ſhare his fate,
And bear the new ſucceſſor's frown;
Or, whom you once ſang up, ſing down.
Reject with ſcorn that ſtupid notion,
To praiſe your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought ſo odd,
That princes ſhould believe in God;
But follow the ſecureſt rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choiceſt wit at Court,
And gives the maids of honour ſport.
For, ſince they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That ſound Divine the truth hath ſpoke all,
And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains ſold, or meanings double.
Suppoſing now your ſong is done,
To *Mynheer Handel* next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to ſome Italian tune:
Then print it in the largeſt letter,
With capitals, the more the better;
Preſent it boldly on your knee,
And take a Guinea for your fee.

On the HERMITAGE at RICHMOND.

LEWIS, the living learned fed,
And rais'd the ſcientific head:
Our frugal Q——n, to ſave her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

A CON-

A Conclusion drawn from the above Epigram, and sent to the Drapier.

Since Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And since our good Q——n to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted:
Prithee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

Dr. SWIFT's Answer.

Her Majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, —— by a halter.

BILLET to the Company of Players.

The inclosed Prologue is formed upon the story of the Secretary's not suffering you to act, unless you would pay him 500 l. *per annum*, upon which you got a licence from the Lord Mayor to act as strollers.

The Prologue supposes, that, upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country-strollers came and hired the Playhouse, and your cloaths &c. to act in.

The PROLOGUE.

OUR ſet of ſtrollers, wand'ring up and down,
Hearing the houſe was empty, came to town;
And, with a licence from our good Lord May'r,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a play'r:
Him we perſuaded with a mod'rate bribe,
To ſpeak to Elrington, and all the tribe,
To let our company ſupply their places,
And hire us out their ſcenes, and cloaths, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look ſharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were ſervants to the king,
We, humble ſtrollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think upon the whole,
Rather than ſtarve, a better man would ſtrole.
Stay, let me ſee — Three hundred pounds a year,
For leave to act in town? 'Tis plaguy dear.
Now, here's a warrant; Gallants, pleaſe to mark,
For three thirteens, and ſixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
The public ſhould beſtow the actors ſix.
A ſcore of guineas, given under hand,
For a good word or ſo, we underſtand.
To help an honeſt lad that's out of place,
May coſt a crown or ſo; a common caſe:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injuſtice thought
To ſhip a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of ſervants paying wages?

I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part.

I told him what it was to be a ſtroller,
How free we acted, and had no controller:
In ev'ry town we wait on Mr. May'r,
Firſt get a licence, then produce our ware;
We ſound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
Huzza! the ſchoolboys roar, the play'rs are come!
And then we cry, to ſpur the bumkins on,
Gallants, by Tueſday next we muſt be gone.
I told him in the ſmootheſt way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good.
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has ſhone with Betterton and Weeks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who choſe to leave his deareſt pledges here,
Owns all your favours; here intends to ſtay,
And, as a ſtroller, act in ev'ry play:
And the whole crew this reſolution takes,
To live and die all ſtrollers for your ſakes;
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your diſpleaſure is their only ſhame.

A pox on Elrington's majeſtic tone!
Now to a word of bus'neſs in our own!

Gallants, next Thurſday night will be our laſt,
Then, without fail, we pack up for Belfaſt,
Loſe not your time, nor our diverſions miſs,
The next we act, ſhall be as good as this.

THI

THE

YAHOO's OVERTHROW;

OR,

The KEVAN BAYL's NEW BALLAD, upon Serjeant KITE's insulting the DEAN.

To the Tune of, *Derry down.*

JOlly boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How B——th, that booby, and S——l in grain,
Hath insulted us all by insulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we ev'ry one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the De'el did he grow?
How greater's his merit at four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show,
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhet'ric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all sorts but applause;

Has, with noiſe and odd geſtures, been prating
ſome years,
What honeſter folks never durſt for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all ſizes and ſorts, the Fanatical crew
Are his brother Proteſtants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the ſame,
What the De'l is't to him whence the Devil they
came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolſton, and Collins, and
Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the taylor,
Are Chriſtians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Chriſtian as good as the reſt of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We'll ſet on new
rates
On their tythes, at half nothing, their prieſthood
at leſs:
What's next to be voted with eaſe you may gueſs.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his Old Maſter (I need not him name)
To this damnable Speaker had long ow'd a ſhame;
When his ſpeech came abroad, he paid him off
clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c

He kindled. as if the whole ſatire had been
The oppreſſion of Virtue, not wages of Sin:

He

e began as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
e bragg'd how he bounce'd, and he swore how he
swore.
Knock him down, &c.

'ho' he cringe'd to his Deanship in very low strains,
'o others he boasted of knocking out brains,
nd slitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
Vhile his own ass's *Zaggs* were more fit for the
shears.
Knock him down, &c.

n this worrier of Deans whene'er we can hit,
Ve'll shew him the way how to crop and to slit;
Ve'll teach him some better address to afford
'o the Dean of all Deans, tho' he wears not a
sword.
Knock him down, &c.

Ve'll colt him thro' Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore;
nd Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
Ve'll oil him with kennel, and powd'r him with
grains,
modus right fit for insulters of Deans.
Knock him down, &c.

nd, when this is over, we'll make him amends,
'o the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be
friends:
ut how? Why, the Dean shall to him discloſe
face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, &c.

f you say this is hard, on a man that is reckon'd
hat serjeant at law, whom we call Kite the Se-
cond,
ou mistake; for a Slave, who will coax his supe-
riors,
lay be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his paſſion or pride
Tho' his ſoul he deſpiſes, he values his hide :
Then fear not his tongue, or his ſword, or h
knife ;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down,——keep him down.

ON THE

Archbiſhop of Caſhel, and Betteſworth.

DEar Dick, prithee tell by what paſſion yo
move ?
The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love ;
And, while at good Caſhel you rail with ſuch ſpit
They ſhrewdly ſuſpect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, tho' ſo loudly you vapour.
His ſpite cannot wound, who attempted the drapie
Then, prithee reflect, take a word of advice ;
And, as your old wont is, change ſides in a trice
On his virtues hold forth ; 'tis the very beſt way
And ſay of the man what all honeſt men ſay.
But if, ſtill obdurate, your anger remains,
If ſtill your foul boſom more rancour contains ;
Say then more than they ; nay, laviſhly flatter,
'Tis your groſs panegyrics alone can beſpatter.
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to ſpea
plain,
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clea

ON THE

IRISH CLUB.

Written in the year 1729.

YE paultry underlings of ſtate,
Ye ſ——rs, who love to prate;
Ye r——ls of inferior note,
Who for a dinner ſell a vote;
Ye pack of penſionary P——rs,
Whoſe fingers itch for poets ears;
Ye biſhops far remov'd from ſaints,
Why all this rage? Why theſe complaints?
Why againſt printers all this noiſe?
This ſummoning of blackguard boys?
Why ſo ſagacious in your gueſſes?
Your *eſſs* and *tees*, and *ârrs*, and *eſſes?*
Take my advice; to make you ſafe,
I know a ſhorter way by half.
The point is plain. Remove the cauſe;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be ſometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely deſpiſe Champagne at court,
And chuſe to dine at home with Port:
Let P——rs, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor ſell what they ſo dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true ſatyric muſe
Virtue or innocence abuſe;

And

And 'tis againſt poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools :
But * * * * *
* * * * * *

Dr. SWIFT to HIMSELF.

ON

St. CECILIA's DAY.

GRave Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to paſs,
That you who know muſic no more than an aſs,
That you, who ſo lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your Cathedral to players and ſcrapers?
To act ſuch an opera once in a year,
So offenſive to every true Proteſtant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs and ſinging,
Will ſure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
No Proteſtant prelate, his Lordſhip, or Grace,
Durſt there ſhew his Right or moſt Reverend face:
How would it pollute their croſiers and rochets,
To liſten to minims, and quavers, and crochets?

The reſt is wanting.

To

TO

STELLA.

March 13. M,DCC,XXIII-IV.

[Written on the Day of her Birth, but not on the ſubject, when I was ſick in bed.]

TOrmented with inceſſant pains,
Can I deviſe poetic ſtrains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verſe on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve ſhe ever ſaw the light.
Ungrateful; ſince to her I owe
That I theſe pains can undergo.
She tends me, like an humble ſlave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutiſh paſſions break,
With gall in every word I ſpeak,
She with ſoft ſpeech my anguiſh chears,
Or melts my paſſions down with tears:
Although 'tis eaſy to deſcry
She wants aſſiſtance more than I;
Yet ſeems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.
When, among ſcholars, can we find
So ſoft and yet ſo firm a mind?
All accidents of life conſpire
To raiſe up Stella's virtue higher;
Or elſe to introduce the reſt
Which had been latent in her breaſt.

Her

Her firmneſs who could e'er have known,
Had ſhe not evils of her own?
Her kindneſs who could ever gueſs,
Had not her friends been in diſtreſs?
Whatever baſe returns you find
From me, Dear Stella, ſtill be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Tho' I continue ſtill a brute.
But when I once am out of pain,
I promiſe to be good again:
Mean time your other juſter friends
Shall for my follies make amends:
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

ON THE
GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

By Dr. DELANY.

AMphora, quæ mœſtum linquis, lætumque reviſes
Arentem dominum, ſit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depoſitum ſerves, neve opprime marmor,
Amphora non meruit tam pretioſa mori.

EPITAPH II.

ON THE

GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

By the ſame.

Hôc tumulata jacet proles Lenæa ſepulchro,
Immorale genus, nec peritura jacet,
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo:
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

To Mr. DELANY.

Written Nov. 10. M,DCC,XVIII.

TO you, whoſe virtues I muſt own
With ſhame, I have too lately known;
To you, by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have ſought,
Had not ill Fate, perverſe and blind,
Place'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I ſhould repine at more,
Place'd me in life too far before:
To you the Muſe this verſe beſtows,
Which might as well have been in proſe:
No thought, no fancy, no ſublime,
But ſimple topics told in rhyme.

Talents

Talents for converſation fit,
Are humour, breeding, ſenſe, and wit:
The laſt, as boundleſs as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd:
For, ſure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can deſcribe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite,
That gives ſurpriſe, and this delight.
Humour is odd, groteſque, and wild,
Only by affectation ſpoil'd:
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.

Our converſation to refine,
Humour and wit muſt both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein ſometimes the French excel.
Voiture, in various lights, diſplays
That irony which turns to praiſe:
His genius firſt found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A ſatire where he moſt commends.

But, as a poor pretending beau,
Becauſe he fain would make a ſhow,
Nor can arrive at ſilver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the diff'rence lay abſtruſe
'Twixt raillery and groſs abuſe;

To

To ſhew their parts will ſcold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boiſt'rous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but to gibe;
Who firſt run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horſe-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence, The Club.
I mean your Butler, Dawſon, Car,
All ſpecial friends, and always jar,

The mettled and the vicious ſteed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Lee
As rudeneſs is to repartee.

If what you ſaid, I wiſh, unſpoke,
'Twill not ſuffice, it was a joke:
Reproach not, tho' in jeſt, a friend
For thoſe defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, ſhape, or ſenſe,
If nam'd with ſcorn, gives juſt offence.

What uſe in life to make men fret,
Part in worſe humour than they met?
Thus all ſociety is loſt,
Men laugh at one another's coſt;
And half the company is teaz'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For, all buffoons have moſt in view
To pleaſe themſelves by vexing you.

You wonder now to ſee me write
So gravely on a ſubject light;

Some part of what I here design
Regards a Friend * of your's and mine;
Who, neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.

When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend to blame.
For, though men cry, they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test:
And, would you have their meaning known?
They love a jest that is their own.

You must, although the point be nice,
Bestow your friend some good advice:
One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, observe with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor, indistinctly, to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose:
To study the obliging jest
By reading those who teach it best;
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more shall then accuse
The flirts of his ill-manner'd muse.

If he be guilty you must mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

* He means Dr. Sheridan.

AN

INVITATION to DINNER,

FROM

DOCTOR SHERIDAN to DOCTOR SWIFT.

Written in the Year M,DCC,XXVII.

I'VE ſent to the ladies *this morning, to warn 'em
To order their chaiſe, and repair to † Rathfarnam;
Where you ſhall be welcome to dine, if your Deanſhip
Can take up with me, and my friend's Stella's leanſhip ‡.
I've got you ſome ſoals, and a freſh bleeding bret,
That's juſt diſengag'd from the toils of a net:
An excellent loin of fat veal to be roaſted,
With lemons, and butter, and ſippets well toaſted:
Some larks that deſcended, miſtaking the ſkies,
Which Stella brought down by the light of her eyes:
And there like Narciſſus,, they gaz'd till they dy'd,
And now they're to ly in ſome crumbs that are fry'd.

* Mrs. Johnſon [Stella] and her friend Mrs. Dingley.

† A village near Dublin, where Dr. Sheridan had a country-houſe.

‡ Stella was at this time in a very declining ſtate of health. She died the January following.

My wine will inſpire you with joy and delight,
'Tis mellow, and old, and ſparkling, and bright;
An emblem of one that you love I ſuppoſe,
Who gathers more lovers the older ſhe grows *.
Let me be your Gay, and let Stella be Pope,
We'll wean you from ſighing for England I hope:
When we are together there's nothing that is dull,
There's nothing like Durfey, or Smedly, or Tiſdall †.
We're ſworn to make out an agreeable feaſt,
Our dinner, our wine, and our wit to your taſte.

Your anſwer in half an hour, though you are at prayers; you have a pencil in your pocket.

* He means Stella, who was certainly one of the moſt amiable woman in the world.

† A gentleman of wit and learning, who had written ſome very ſarcaſtic verſes upon Sheridan.

DINGLEY, and BRENT *.

A SONG.

To the Tune of *Ye Commons and Peers.*

DINGLEY and Brent
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was ſpoken:
Whatever was ſaid,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own ſilly joking.

* Dr. Swift's houſe-keeper.

Should

Should Solomon wiſe
In majeſty riſe,
And ſhew them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jeſt,
And pleaſe all the reſt,
Comes Dingley, and aſks you, What was it!
And curious to know,
Away ſhe will go
To ſeek an old rag in the cloſet.

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT for BEC *.

Written in the Year M,DCC,XXIII-IV.

RETURNING *Janus* now prepares,
For Bec, a new ſupply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
Who thus diſplays a New-year's-gift.

Firſt, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertneſs, Robin's leaſings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on ev'ry ſide
With Stella's magiſterial pride.
Behold a cage with ſparrows fill'd,
Firſt to be fondled, then be kill'd.

* Mrs Rebecca Dingley, Stella's friend and companion,

Now to this hamper I invite you,
With fix imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle *Janus* ſends
Concerns by thouſands for your friends:
And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Leſt you the town may have leſs trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca † cares to Dublin,
For which he ſends this empty ſack;
And ſo take all upon your back.

† A country-houſe of Dr. Sheridan's.

BEC's BIRTH-DAY.

NOVEMBER 8, M.DCC,XXVI.

THIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity,
Had fate a lucky'r one, ſhe'd give it ye:
She choſe a thread of greateſt length
And doubly twiſted it for ſtrength;
Nor will be able with her ſhears
To cut it off theſe forty years.
Then who ſays care will kill a cat?
Rebecca ſhews they're out in that:
For ſhe, tho' over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.

As, if the gout ſhould ſeize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;

But,

But, if they can, by all their arts.
Eject it to th' extremeſt parts,
They give the ſick man joy, and praiſe
The gout that will prolong his days:
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, tho' philoſophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary pow'r convey her
She ne'er conſiders why, or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-ſtander:
And all her buſtling but ſupplies
The part of wholeſome exerciſe:
Thus, nature hath reſolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives and eke the care.

Long may ſhe live, and help her friends
Whene'er it ſuits her private ends;
Domeſtic bus'neſs never mind
'Till coffee has her ſtomach lin'd;
But, when her breakfaſt gives her courage,
Then, think on Stella's chicken porridge;
I mean when Tyger * has been ſerv'd,
Or elſe poor Stella may be ſtarv'd.

May Bec have many an ev'ning nap
With Tyger flabb'ring in her lap;
But always take a ſpecial care
She does not overſet the chair;
Still be ſhe curious, never hearken
To any ſpeech but Tyger's barking,

And, when ſhe's in another ſcene,
Stella long dead, but firſt the Dean,

* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog.

May Fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will pleaſe her better;
Whole afternoons will ſit beſide her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her;
A goodly ſet as can be found
Of hearty goſſips prating round;
Freſh from a wedding, or a chriſt'ning,
To teach her ears the art of liſt'ning,
And pleaſe her more to hear them tattle
Than the Dean ſtorm, or Stella rattle.

Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elyſian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her.

My LADY's *

LAMENTATION and COMPLAINT againſt the DEAN.

July 28. 1728.

SURE never did man ſee
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teaz'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight;
To puniſh my ſins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe: †
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.

* Lady Acheſon, wife to Sir Arthur Acheſon.
† The Dean uſed to call her by thoſe names,

The

The Dean never ſtops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite over run
With rebus and pun.

Before he came here
To ſpunge for good cheer,
I ſat with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my own gums,
Or ſcratching my noſe,
And jogging my toes;
But at preſent, forſooth,
I muſt not rub a tooth:
When my elbows, he ſees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And juſt as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I ſink in the ſpleen,
An uſeleſs machine.

If he had his will,
I ſhould never ſit ſtill:
He comes with his whims,
I muſt move my limbs:
I cannot be ſweet
Without uſing my feet;
To lengthen my breath
He tires me to death.
By the worſt of all Squires,
Thro' bogs and thro' briers,

Where

Where a cow would be ſtartled,
I'm in ſpite of my heart led:
And, ſay what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
'Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My ſpirit's quite ſhatter'd,
I return home at night,
And faſt out of ſpite:
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er ſhould be ſaid
I was better for him,
In ſtomach or limb.

But, now to my diet,
No eating in quiet,
He's ſtill finding fault,
Too ſour or too ſalt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick;
But traſh without meaſure,
I ſwallow with pleaſure.

Next, for his diverſion,
He rails at my perſon:
What court breeding this is?
He takes me to pieces.
From ſhoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank:
My noſe, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not ſtay,
But meets it half way:
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked ſticks:
He ſwears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,
Or ſharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my ſmocks:

To 'ſcape them, Sir Arthur
Is force'd to lie farther,
Or his ſides they would gore
Like the tuſks of a boar.

Now, changing the ſcene,
But ſtill to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he ſees her but once,
He'll ſwear ſhe's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books:
Thro' each line of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which ſpoils every feature
Beſtow'd her by nature,
But ſenſe gives a grace
To the homelieſt face:
Wiſe books and reflection
Will mend the complexion.
(A civil Divine!
I ſuppoſe meaning mine.)
No Lady who wants them
Can ever be handſome.

I gueſs well enough
What he means by this ſtuff:
He haws and he hums,
At laſt out it comes.

What, Madam? no walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You're now in your prime,
Make uſe of your time.
Conſider, before
You come to threeſcore,
How the huſſies will ſleer
Where'er you appear:

That filly old puſs
Would fain be like us.
What a figure ſhe made
In her tarniſh'd brocade?

And then he grows mild:
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclin'd
To poliſh your mind,
Be ador'd by the men
'Till threeſcore and ten,
And kill with the ſpleen
The jades of ſixteen,
I'll ſhew you the way:
Read ſix hours a-day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.

Thus was I drawn in,
Forgive me my ſin
At breakfaſt he'll aſk
An account of my taſk,
Put a word out of joint,
Or miſs but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am ſerious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Muſt come in my ſight;
But, inſtead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's eſſays,
And pore ev'ry day on
That naſty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd

But, while, in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will ſwear,
Is at ſtudy or pray'r.
He's all the day ſaunt'ring,
With labourers bant'ring,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us
And bribes with mundungus).
Hail fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's maſter, who's man;
Who makes the beſt figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the beſt
At cracking a jeſt.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzacks and walks
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boaſts of his feats,
His grottos and ſeats;
Shews all his gew——gaws,
And gapes for applauſe?
A fine occupation
For one in his ſtation!
A hole where a rabbit
Would ſcorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour,
He calls it a bow'r.

But, Oh! how we laugh,
To ſee a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green ſeat;

Or run helter ſkelter
To his arbor for ſhelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing.
The girls of the village
Come flocking for village,
Pull down the fine briers,
And thorns to make fires;
But yet are ſo kind
To leave ſomething behind:
No more need be ſaid on't,
I ſmell when I tread on't.

Dear friend, Doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmſley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it ſo,
That I'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No 'Squire to be found
The neighbourhood round,
(For, under the roſe,
I would rather chuſe thoſe:)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity,
To eaſe a poor Lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be ſeen
No more in the ſpleen:
May Walmſley give wine,
Like a hearty divine;
May Whalley diſgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face;
And may your three ſpouſes,
Let you lie at friends houſes.

TO

DEAN SWIFT;

By Sir ARTHUR ACHESON.

Written in the year M,DCC,XXVIII.

GOOD cauſe have I to ſing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier:
He, that of ev'ry ear's the charmer,
Now condeſcends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his ſtrains;
Lives ſuch a bard on Britiſh plains?
No; not in all the Britiſh court;
For none but witlings there reſort,
Whoſe names and works (tho' dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad;
And ſure, as monument of braſs,
Their fame to future times ſhall paſs,
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of Brazen Knight they vainly ſung:
A ſubject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both ſenſe and wit.
What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the leaſt pretence
To common law, or common ſenſe;
A biſhop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons ſhine:
Nay, he can make what's greater far,
A middle-ſtate 'twixt peace and war;

And say, there shall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill! at least,
That court and courtiers have no taste:
You never else had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obscurely lain;
All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's hill been still Drumlack;
But now your name with Pensburst vies,
And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

THE

DEAN's REASONS

FOR

Not building at DRAPIER's HILL.

I Will not build on yonder mount:
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself, I find,
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
No fault of mine, the scheme is ended:
Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
I have a hundred causes ready:
All risen since that flatt'ring time,
When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.

I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind:
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.

How

How could I form ſo wild a viſion,
To ſeek, in deſarts, fields Elyſian?
To live in fear, ſuſpicion, variance,
With thieves, Fanatics, and Barbarians!

But here my Lady will object;
Your Deanſhip ought to recollect,
That, near the Knight of Goſsford * plac't,
Whom you allow a man of taſte,
Your intervals of time to ſpend
With ſo converſible a friend,
It would not ſignify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.

'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a us'rer's plumbs;
Though I ſhould ſee him twice a day,
And am his neighbour croſs the way;
If all my rhetoric muſt fail
To ſtrike him for a pot of ale?

Thus, when the learned and the wiſe
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And, from deſerving friends, withold
Their gifts, as miſers do their gold;
Their knowledge, to themſelves confin'd,
Is the ſame avarice of mind:
Nor makes their converſation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's Knight,
Who keeps his wiſdom out of ſight;
Whoſe uncommunicative heart,
Will ſcarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in ſpeculations deep,
His outward ſenſes faſt aſleep;

* Sir Arthur Acheſon's great-grandfather was Sir Archibald of Goſsford, in Scotland.

Who, while I talk, a ſong will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the ſkies tranſports his mind,
And leaves a lifeleſs corpſe behind.

But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To underſtand Malebranch or Cambray;
Who ſend my mind (as I believe) leſs
Than others do, on errands ſleeveleſs;
Can liſten to a tale humdrum,
And, with attention, read Tom Thumb;
My ſpirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphyſics ſmatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dreams of worlds intelligible;
And think all notions too abſtracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourſe of minds can be
Betwixt the Knight ſublime and me?
If when I talk, as talk I muſt,
It is but prating to a buſt.

Where friendſhip is by Fate deſign'd,
It forms an union in the mind:
But, here I differ from the Knight
In every point, like black and white:
For, none can ſay that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philoſophy, or ale,
In ſtate affairs, or planting cale:
In rhetoric, or picking ſtraws;
In roaſting larks or making laws;
In public ſchemes, or catching flies,
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.

The neighbours wonder why the Knight
Should in a country-life delight,

Who

Who not one pleaſure entertains
To chear the ſolitary ſcenes:
His gueſts are few, his viſits rare,
Nor uſes time, nor time will ſpare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, ſeated in an eaſy chair,
Deſpiſes exerciſe and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona ſits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora ſettles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.

Thoſe thankleſs and officious cares
I uſe to take in friends affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From theſe I am recover'd quite,
At leaſt in what regards the Knight.
Preſerve his health, his ſtore increaſe;
May nothing interrupt his peace.
But now, let all his tenants round
Firſt milk his cows, and after, pound:
Let ev'ry cottager conſpire
To cut his hedges down for fire;
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and ſloes may freely pillage:
He ſtill may keep a pack of knaves
To ſpoil his work, and work by halves:
His meadows may be dug by ſwine,
It ſhall be no concern of mine.
For, why ſhould I continue ſtill
To ſerve a friend againſt his will?

DAPHNE.

DAphne knows, with equal eaſe,
How to vex and how to pleaſe;
But, the folly of her ſex
Makes her ſole delight to vex.
Never woman more deviſ'd
Surer ways to be deſpis'd:
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquered, never yielding.
To diſpute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments ſhe lays on,
And with cavils combats reaſon:
Anſwers in deciſive way,
Never hears what you can ſay:
Still her odd perverſeneſs ſhows
Chiefly where ſhe nothing knows.
And where ſhe is moſt familiar,
Always peeviſher and fillier:
All her ſpirits in a flame
When ſhe knows ſhe's moſt to blame.

Send me hence ten thouſand miles,
From a face that always ſmiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.
Ye who hate ſuch inconſiſtence,
To be eaſy keep your diſtance;
Or in folly ſtill befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.
Loſe not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.

Never

Never take it in your thought,
That ſhe'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to adviſe her wrong;
And reprove her when ſhe's right;
She may then grow wiſe for ſpight.

No—that ſcheme will ne'er ſucceed,
She has better learnt her creed:
She's too cunning, and too ſkilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful;
This is flatt'ring and delightful:
That ſhe throws away as foul;
Sits by this, to dreſs her ſoul.

Thus you have the caſe in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you;
Heav'n forbid he ſhould deſpiſe thee,
But will never more adviſe thee.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I.

Leſt it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II.

By diſputing I will never
To convince you, once endeavour.

When

III.

When a paradox you ſtick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV.

When I talk, and you are heedleſs,
I will ſhew no anger needleſs.

V.

When your ſpeeches are abſurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI.

When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

VII.

Not a jeſt, or hum'rous ſtory,
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining
When you quite miſtake the meaning.

VIII.

Never more will I ſuppoſe
You can taſte my verſe or proſe.

IX.

You no more at me ſhall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X.

You ſhall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI.

Shew your poverty of ſpirit,
And in dreſs place all your merit;

Give

Give yourſelf ten thouſand airs,
That with me ſhall break no ſquares.

XII.

Never will I give advice
'Till you pleaſe to aſk me thrice;
Which, if you in ſcorn reject,
'Twill be juſt as I expect.

Thus we both ſhall have our ends,
And continue ſpecial friends.

ROBIN and HARRY*.

ROBIN, to beggars, with a curſe,
Throws the laſt ſhilling in his purſe;
And, when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue muſt call another day.

Grave Harry, when the poor are preſſing,
Gives them a penny, and God's bleſſing;
But, always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.

Robin, from noon to night will prate,
Runs out in tongue, as in eſtate;
And ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to ſay.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a ſtory twice;

* Theſe gentlemen were ſons of the famous Dr. Leſlie, and one of them was a colonel in the Spaniſh ſervice.

It

And, if he always be ſo thrifty,
His fund may laſt till five and fifty.

It ſo fell out that cautious Harry,
As ſoldiers uſe, for love muſt marry,
And, with his Dame, the ocean croſt,
All for Love, or the world well loſt.
Repairs a cabbin gone to ruin,
Juſt big enough to ſhelter two in;
And, in his houſe, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum.
Where goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her ſpouſe;
Or darns his hoſe, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and ſix,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A miſtreſs worth five thouſand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her:
And ſell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a meſs of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quinteſſence of beaux;
But, when eſpous'd, he ran the fate
That muſt attend the married ſtate;
From gold brocade and ſhining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt beſmear'd,
Nor twice a week will ſhave his beard.

Old Robin, all his youth a ſloven,
At fifty two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduaſoy,
A flaxen wig, and waiſtcoat gay,

Powder'd

Powder'd from ſhoulder down to flank,
In courtly ſtyle addreſſes Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life:
Supplying thoſe defects by dreſs,
Which I muſt leave the world to gueſs.

THE

FIVE LADIES ANSWER

TO THE

BEAU with the WIG and WINGS at his Head.

YOU little ſcribbling beau,
What Dæmon made you write?
Becauſe to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment ſo ſcurvy,
I wiſh we had you here;
We'd turn you topſy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we choſe;
We're ſure a ſingle parſon
Is worth a hundred Beaux.

And you would make us vaſſals,
Good Mr Wig and Wings,
To ſilver clocks and taſſels;
You wou'd, you thing of things!

Becauſe around your cane
A ring of diamonds is ſet;
And you, in ſome bye-lane,
Have gain'd a paultry grizette:

Shall we, of ſenſe refin'd,
Your trifling nonſenſe bear,
As noiſy as the wind.
As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle,
And vow and ſwear 'tis true;
There's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

THE

THE BEAU's REPLY, TO THE FIVE LADIES ANSWER.

WHY, how now dapper black,
I ſmell your gown and caſſock,
As ſtrong upon your back,
As Tiſdal ſmells of a ſock.

To write ſuch ſcurvy ſtuff!
Fine Ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine Ladies when they write,
Nor ſcold, nor keep a ſplutter:
Their verſes give delight,
As ſoft and ſweet as butter.

But Satan never ſaw
Such haggard lines as theſe:
They ſtick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk-cheeſe.

A

LETTER

FROM

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

I'D have you to know, as ſure as you're Dean,
On Thurſday my caſk of Obrien I'll drain:
If my wife is not willing, I ſay ſhe's a queen,
And my right to the cellar, I Gad I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell her it over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For ſhould it, I fear it ſhould cool my hot brain,
Intirely extinguiſh my poetic vein;
And then I ſhould be as ſtupid as Kain,
Who preach'd on three heads, tho' he mention'd
but twain.
Now Wardel's in haſte, and begins to complain;
Your moſt humble ſervant, Dear Sir, I remain,

T. S——n.

Get Helſham, Walmſley, Delany,
And ſome Grattans, if there be any ‖,
Take care you do not bid too many.

‖ *i. e.* In Dublin, for they were country-clergy, living near the city.

Dr.

Dr. SWIFT's ANSWER

TO

DOCTOR SHERIDAN.

THE verſes you ſent on the bottling your wine
Were, in ev'ry one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I muſt confeſs, as a Dean and Divine,
I think you inſpir'd by the Muſes all nine.
I nicely examin'd them ev'ry line,
And the worſt of them all, like a barn-door, did ſhine.
Oh, that Jove would give me ſuch a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would ſcorn to combine:
I know they have many a wicked deſign;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wiſh, honeſt comrade of mine,
You would really on Thurſday leave St. Catherine ‖,
Where I hear you are cramm'd ev'ry day like a ſwine.
With me you'll no more have a ſtomach to dine,
Nor after your victles lie ſleeping ſupine:
So I wiſh you were toothleſs, like Lord Maſſerine.
But, were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wiſh you would tell me which way you incline.
If, when you return, your road you don't line,
On Thurſday I'll pay my reſpects at your ſhrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In ſquare, or in oppoſite circle, or trine,
Your beef will on Thurſday be ſalter than brine:

‖ St. Catherine's, the ſeat of Lady Mountcaſſer, about ſix miles from Dublin.

I hope you have ſwill'd, with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan ſhall be with us, with noſe aqualine.
If you do not come back, we ſhall weep out our eyn,
Or may your gown never be good *Lutherine*.
The beef you have got I hear is a chine:
But, if too many come, your Madam will whine;
And then you may kiſs the low end of her ſpine.
But enough of this poetry *Alexandrine*:
I hope you will not think this a *Paſquine*.

A PORTRAIT from the LIFE.

COME ſit by my ſide, while this picture I draw:
In chatt'ring a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the Devil himſelf could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of buſy and idle.
As rude as a bear, no mule half ſo crabbed,
She ſwills like a ſow, and ſhe breeds like a rabbit:
A houſe-wife in bed, at table a flattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me friend Thomas *, Ford †, Grattan ‡ and merry Dan ‖,
Has this any likeneſs to good Madam Sheridan?

* Doctor Thomas Sheridan.
† Charles Ford of Woodpark, Eſq;
‡ Reverend John Grattan.
‖ Reverend Daniel Jackſon.

TH

THE

DEAN AND DUKE.

J—S B—s and the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of courſe their friendſhip ends.
But ſure the Dean deſerves a ſharp rebuke,
From knowing James. to boaſt he knows the Duke.
Yet, ſince juſt Heav'n the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is loſt by ſtocks,
His wings are clipp'd; he tries no more in vain,
With bands of fidlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The Duke and Dean ſeem near upon a level.
Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humpry,
From Bailiff's claws thou ſcarce couldſt keep thy bum free.
A Duke to know a Dean! Go ſmooth thy crown:
Thy brother (far thy better) wore a gown.
Well, but a Duke thou art; ſo pleas'd the King:
Oh! would his Majeſty but add a ſtring.

A SA-

A

SATIRICAL ELEGY

On the Death of a late

FAMOUS GENERAL.

HIS Grace! impoſſible! what dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall?
And ſo inglorious after all!
Well, ſince he's gone, no matter how,
The laſt loud trump muſt wake him now:
And, truſt me, as the noiſe grows ſtronger,
He'd wiſh to ſleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed ſo old
As by the news-papers we're told?
Threeſcore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conſcience he ſhould die.
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the ſnuff;
And that's the reaſon, ſome folks think,
He left behind *ſo great a ſtink.*
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's ſighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at ſuch times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progreſs of his hearſe.
But what of that, his friends may ſay,
He had thoſe honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he dy'd.

Come

Come hither all ye empty things,
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of Kings;
Who float upon the tide of ſtate,
Come hither, and behold your fate.
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a Duke;
From all his ill got honours ſlung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he ſprung.

AN EPITAPH ON General G****S and Lady M**TH.

UNDER this ſtone ly Dicky and Dolly;
Doll dying firſt, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick loſt in Doll a wife tender and dear,
But Dick loſt by Doll twelve hundred a year,
A loſs that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dich ſigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms croſt;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he loſt:
The firſt vex'd him much, the other vex'd moſt.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick ſigh'd and he cry'd;
To live without both full three days he try'd:
But lik'd neither loſs, and ſo quietly dy'd.

Dick

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray ſhed ſome tears of ſalt water;
For ſo ſad a tale is no ſubject of laughter.

M——th ſmiles for the jointure, tho' gotten ſo late;
The ſon laughs that got the hard-gotten eſtate;
And * Cuff grins, forgetting the Alicant plate.

Here quietly they ly, in hopes to riſe one day,
Both ſolemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here reſt; *ſic tranſit gloria mundi.*

* General G——s's ſon-in-law.

THE

PHEASANT and the LARK.

A FABLE.

By Dr. DELANY.

—— Quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat ſe?
JUVENAL.

IN antient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have con'd the records right)
A Peacock reign'd, whoſe glorious ſway
His ſubjects with delight obey;
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold,

(Fair

(Fair emblem of that monarch's guiſe,
Whoſe train at once is rich and wiſe)
And princely rul'd he many regions,
And ſtateſmen wiſe, and valiant legions.

A Pheaſant Lord *, above the reſt,
With ev'ry grace and talent bleſt,
Was ſent to ſway, with all his ſkill,
The ſcepter of a neighb'ring hill † ;
No ſcience was to him unknown,
For all the Arts were all his own :
In all the living learned read,
Tho' more delighted with the dead :
For birds, if ancient tales ſay true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too,
Cou'd read and write in proſe and verſe,
And ſpeak like * * *, and build like ‡ Pearce.
He knew their voices, and their wings,
Who ſmootheſt ſoars, who ſweeteſt ſings ;
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true ſublime :
Their merits he could well deſcry,
He had ſo exquiſite an eye ;
And when that fail'd, to ſhew them clear,
He had as exquiſite an ear.
It chance'd as on a day he ſtray'd,
Beneath an Academic ſhade,
He lik'd, amidſt a thouſand throats,
The wildneſs of a ‖ Woodlark's notes,
And ſearch'd, and ſpy'd, and ſeiz'd his game,
And took him home, and made him tame ;
Found him on trial true and able,
So chear'd and fed him at his table.

* Lord Carteret Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.
† Ireland.
‡ A famous modern architect.
‖ Dr. D———y.

Here

Here ſome ſhrewd critic finds him caught,
And cries out, *Better fed than taught* ———
Then jeſts on Game and Tame, and reads
And jeſts, and ſo my tale proceeds.

Long had he ſtudy'd in the wood,
Converſing with the wiſe and good;
His ſoul with harmony inſpir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
His brethren's good and Maker's praiſe,
Were all the ſtudy of his lays;
Were all his ſtudy in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the Great.
His friendſhip was the ſure reſort
Of all the wretched at the Court;
But chiefly merit in diſtreſs
His greateſt bleſſing was to bleſs.

This fix'd him in his Patron's breaſt,
But fir'd with envy all the reſt:
I mean that noiſy craving crew,
Who round the court inceſſant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of ſons and couſins:
" Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
" To ev'ry thought of common good,
" Confining ev'ry hope and care"
To their own low contracted ſphere.
Theſe ran him down with ceaſeleſs cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit ſupply'd,
Sufficient matter to deride:
" 'Tis envy's ſafeſt, ſureſt rule,
" To hide her rage in ridicule:
" The vulgar eye ſhe beſt beguiles,
" When all her ſnakes are deck'd with ſmiles:"
Sardonic ſmiles, by rancour rais'd!
" Tormented moſt when ſeeming pleas'd!"

Their

Their ſpight had more than half expir'd,
Had he not wrote what all admir'd ;
What morſels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted !
How had his ſenſe and learning griev'd 'em.
But that his charity reliev'd 'em !

" At higheſt worth dull malice reaches,
" As ſlugs pollute the faireſt peaches :
" Envy defames, as Harpies vile
" Devour the food they firſt defile."

Now, aſk the fruit of all his favour ——
" He was not hitherto a ſaver" ——
What then could make their rage run mad?
" Why what he *hop'd*, not what he had.

" What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
" Or racks, or rods, to puniſh hopes ?
" Th' inheritance of Hope and Fame
" Is ſeldom earthly wiſdom's aim ;
" Or, if it were, is not ſo ſmall,
" But there is room enough for all."

If he but chance to breathe a ſong
(He ſeldom ſang, and never long)
The noiſy, rude, malignant croud,
Where it was high, pronounce'd it loud :
Plain Truth was Pride, and what was ſillier,
Eaſy and Friendly was Familiar.

Or if he tun'd his lofty lays,
With ſolemn air to Virtue's praiſe,
Alike abuſive and erroneous,
They call'd it hoarſe and unharmonious :
Yet ſo it was to ſouls like theirs,
Tuneleſs as Abel to the bears !

A * Rook with harſh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a † Daw;
(Tho' ſome, who would be thought to know,
Are poſitive it was a Crow):
Jack Daw was ſeconded by *Tit*,
Tom Tit * could write, and ſo he writ,
A tribe of tuneleſs Praters follow,
The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow,
And twenty more their throats let looſe,
Down to the witleſs waddling Gooſe.

Some pick'd at him, ſome flew, ſome flutter'd
Some hiſs'd, ſome ſcream'd, and others mutter'd;
The Crow, on carrion wont to feaſt,
The Carrion Crow condemn'd his taſte:
The Rook in earneſt too, not joking,
Swore all his ſinging was but croaking.

Some thought they meant to ſhew their wit,
Might think ſo ſtill,—— "But that they writ"—
Could it be ſpight or envy? —— "No———
"Who did no ill, could have no foe." ———
So Wiſe Simplicity eſteem'd,
Quite otherwiſe True Wiſdom deem'd;
This queſtion rightly underſtood,
"What more provokes than doing?
"A ſoul ennobled and refin'd,
"Reproaches ev'ry baſer mind:
"As ſtrains exalted and melodious
"Make every meaner muſic odious." ———

At length the ‡ Nightingale was heard,
For voice and wiſdom long rever'd,
Eſteem'd of all the wiſe and good,
The Guardian Genius of the wood:

* Doctor T———r.
† Right Honourable R—— T——gh, Eſq;
* Dr. Sh——d——n.
‡ Dean Swift.

He long in discontent retir'd,
Yet not obscur'd, but more admir'd,
His Brethren's servile souls disdaining,
He liv'd indignant and complaining:
They now afresh provoke his choler,
't seems the Lark had been his scholar,
A fav'rite scholar always near him,
And oft had wak'd whole nights to hear him:
Enrag'd he canvasses the matter,
Exposes all their senseless chatter,
Shews him and them in such a light,
As more inflames, yet quells their spight;
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high:
Sham'd by the wisdom of his notes,
They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

AN

ANSWER

TO

Dr. DELANY's FABLE.

OF THE

PHEASANT and the LARK.

Written in the Year M,DCC,XXX.

IN antient times the wiſe were able,
In proper terms, to write a fable:
Their tales would always juſtly ſuit
The characters of ev'ry brute.
The aſs was dull, the lion brave,
The ſtag was ſwift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound wou'd ſcent, the wolf wou'd prole;
A pigeon wou'd, if ſhown by Æſop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his peaſe up.
Far otherwiſe a great divine
Has learnt his Fables to refine:
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You ſee him firſt the peacock bring,
Againſt all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wiſe.

Now,

Now, pray, obſerve the doctor's choice,
A peacock choſe for flight and voice:
Did ever mortal ſee a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his ſinging, doctor, you know,
Himſelf complain'd of it to Juno.
He ſqualls in ſuch a helliſh noiſe,
It frightens all the village-boys.
This peacock kept a ſtanding force,
In regiments of foot and horſe;
Had ſtateſmen too of ev'ry kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind.
(And this was thought the higheſt poſt;
For, rule the Rump, you rule the roaſt.)
The doctor names but one at preſent,
And he of all birds was a pheaſant.
This Pheaſant was a man of wit,
Cou'd read all books were ever writ;
And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he ſays, and I allow,
Were ſcholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricaſſees and olios.
This Pheaſant, by the Peacock's will,
Was Viceroy of a neighb'ring hill;
And, as he wand'red in his Park,
He chance'd to ſpy a Clergy Lark;
Was taken with his perſon outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t——d:
Then in a net the Pheaſant caught him,
And in his palace both fed and taught him.
The moral of the Tale is pleaſant,
Himſelf the Lark, my Lord the pheaſant:
A lark he is, and ſuch a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And tho' he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;

Tho' 'tis a maxim you muſt know,
Who does no ill, can have no foe,
Yet how ſhall I expreſs in words
The ſtrange ſtupidity of birds?
This lark was hated in the wood,
Becauſe he did his brethren good.
At laſt the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the Doctor by the chin:
We all can find out whom he means,
The worſt of diſaffected Deans:
Whoſe wit at beſt was next to none,
And now that little next is gone.
Againſt the Court is always blabbing,
And calls the ſenate-houſe a cabbin;
So dull, that but for ſpleen and ſpite,
We ne'er ſhou'd know that he could write:
Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Becauſe himſelf is not preferr'd:
His heart is thro' his libel * ſeen,
Nor could his malice ſpare the Q——n;
Who, had ſhe known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have ſhown him ſo much favour.
A Noble Lord † hath told his pranks,
And well deſerves the nation's thanks.
O would the Senate deign to ſhow,
Reſentment on this public Foe;
Our Nightingale might fit a cage,
There let him ſtarve, and vent his rage.
Or would they but in fetters bind
This enemy of human-kind.
Harmonious Coffee * ſhow thy zeal,
Thou champion for the common-weal:
Nor on a theme like this repine,
For once to wet thy pen divine:

* Vide a Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret, Vol. VI. p. 322.

† Lord Allen, the ſame who is meant by Traulus.

* A Dublin Garretteer.

Beſtow

Beſtow that libeller a laſh,
Who daily vends ſeditious traſh:
Who dares revile the nation's wiſdom,
But in the praiſe of virtue is dumb:
That ſcribbler laſh, who neither knows
The turn of verſe, nor ſtyle of proſe;
Whoſe malice, for the worſt † of ends,
Wou'd have us loſe our ENGLISH friends,
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove ſend this Nightingale may fall,
Who ſpends his day and night in gall.
So Nightingale and Lark, adieu;
I ſee the greateſt owls in you
That ever ſcreecht or ever flew.

THE

PROGRESS of MARRIAGE.

ÆTatis ſuæ fifty-two,
A rich Divine began to woo
A handſome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an Earl.
Her parents and her friends conſent,
The couple to the temple went:
They firſt invite the Cyprian Queen;
'Twas anſwer'd, She would not be ſeen:
The Graces next, and all the Muſes
Were bid in form, but ſent excuſes.

† Vide Vol. VI. p. 265. A new ſong on a ſeditious pamphlet.

Juno

Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing-candle for a torch,
While Miſtreſs Iris held her train,
The faded bow diſtilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But ſhew'd no more than half her face.

Whate'er thoſe dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was ſpent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promiſe nothing for the night.
The bridegroom dreſt, to make a figure
Aſſumes an artificial vigour;
A flouriſht night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, ſmiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And, thus ſet out, this happy pair,
The ſwain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The ſwain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together ſtart;
Scarce run a ſtep before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts, and actions, hopes and fears,
Leſs correſponding than their years.
Her ſpouſe deſires his coffee ſoon,
She riſes to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glaſs conſults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dreſs theſe parſons wear!
So odd a choice how could ſhe make?
Wiſht him a col'nel for her ſake.
Then, on her fingers ends, ſhe counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.

The

The Dean, ſhe heard her uncle ſay,
Is ſixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no diſguiſe;
You ſee the crow's feet round his eyes.

At one ſhe rambles to the ſhops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradeſmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning bus'neſs o'er,
Sits down to dinner juſt at four;
Minds nothing that is done or ſaid,
Her ev'ning-work ſo fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukiſh, and his ſtomach gone;
In thread-bare gown, would ſcarce a louſe hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his houſhold,
Beholds her from the chaplain's place
In French brocades and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never aſks, or aſks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the ſneaking parſon's airs,
Computes, that half a pariſh-dues
Will hardly find his wife in ſhoes.

Can'ſt thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love to make her fine?
Hath ſhe no other wants beſide?
You raiſe deſire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to deſpiſe thee more.

If in her coach ſhe'll condeſcend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoiſt above his noſe,
His odious gown would ſoil her cloaths,

And

And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball;
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to pray'rs;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her Ladyship is just come in,
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado:
And shall be chid this afternoon
For leaving company so soon:
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.

But now, though scarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarry'd:
The cause, alas, is quickly guest,
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his Rev'rence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infus'd a strong prolific potion,
That mixt with Achelaus spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind
For husbands past their youth to find:

The

The nymph, who ſtill with paſſion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childleſs wives croud ev'ry morn
To drink in Achelaus horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.

Hither, though much againſt the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not conſent,
But vow'd his money all was ſpent:
His money ſpent! a clowniſh reaſon!
And muſt my Lady ſlip her ſeaſon?
The Doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.

Here all diverſions of the place
Are proper in my Lady's caſe:
With which ſhe patiently complies,
Merely becauſe her friends adviſe;
His money and her time employs
In muſic, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or, in the Croſs-bath, ſeeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there:
Where, if the Dean, by chance appears,
It ſhames his caſſock and his years.
He keeps his diſtance in the gallery
'Till baniſh'd by ſome coxcomb's raillery;
For, 'twould his character expoſe
To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So have I ſeen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foſter'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As inſtinct leads them, in a puddle:
The ſober hen, not born to ſwim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The Dean, with all his beſt endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the laſt eſſays
Of vigor in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he leſs?) his whole eſtate,

The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in ſwarms.
Oh, may I ſee her ſoon diſpenſing
Her favours to ſome broken enſign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarniſht lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And ſpend her jointure on his whores:
But, for a parting preſent, leave her
A rooted pox to laſt for ever.

FABU-

FABULA

CANIS ET UMBRAE.

ORE cibum portans catulus dum ſpectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum ſpecioſa diu damna admiratur, et alte
Ad latices inhiat, cadit ino vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non ſimulachrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram:
Illudit ſpecies, ac dentibus aera mordet.

EPIGRAMS.

Written upon a Window in an INN.

WE fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardſhips in purſuit of health;
From gen'rous wines and coſtly fare,
And dozing in an eaſy chair;
Purſue the Goddeſs Health in vain,
To find her in a country-ſcene,
And ev'ry where her footſteps trace,
And ſee her marks in ev'ry face;
And ſtill her favourites we meet,
Crouding the roads with naked feet.
But oh! ſo faintly we purſue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

Written upon Windows at INNS in ENGLAND.

THE glaſs, by lovers nonſenſe blurr'd,
Dims and obſcures our ſight:
So when our paſſions Love hath ſtirr'd,
It darkens Reaſon's light.

Another

Another, written upon a Window where there was no Writing before.

THanks to my ſtars, I once can ſee
A window here from ſcribbling free:
Here no conceited coxcombs paſs,
To ſcratch their paultry drabs on glaſs;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

Another at CHESTER.

MY landlord is civil,
But dear as the D——l:
Your pockets grow empty
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is ſo ſour,
'Twill give you a ſcour:
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with ſtale.
The veal is ſuch carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a ſmelt.

Another at CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And ſtrangers delight to walk round 'em:
But, as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and ſellers,
For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

Another at HOLYHEAD *.

O Neptune! Neptune! muſt I ſtill
Be here detain'd againſt my will?
Is this your juſtice, when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home?
O'er mountains ſteep, o'er duſty plains,
Half choak'd with duſt, half drown'd with rains;
Only your Godſhip to implore,
To let me kiſs your other ſhore?
A boon ſo ſmall! But I may weep,
Whilſt you're, like Baal, faſt aſleep.

* Theſe verſes are ſigned J—— K——, but written, as it is preſumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.

A N

A N S W E R

TO A CERTAIN

DOCTOR's COMPLAINT *.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpleſs, left alone;

ANSWER.

Except the firſt, the fault's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burthen grown.

ANSWER.

Becauſe to few you will be ſhown.
Give them good wine, and meat to ſtuff,
You may have company enough.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

* This poem is printed before, but without the anſwers.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you f—— t.

DOCTOR.

And what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have ſkill,
Sounds ſomewhat like a throwſter's mill;
But louder than a bell or thunder:
That does, I own, increaſe my wonder.

VERSES

ON

I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY Lateſt tribute here I ſend,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I conſign you down to fame,
A character to praiſe or blame:
And, if the whole may paſs for true,
Contented reſt, you have your due.
Give future times the ſatisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

TO

†TOLAND's INVITATION

TO

DISMAL,

To dine with the CALVES-HEAD-CLUB.

Imitated from HORACE, Epist. V. Lib. I.

A BALLAD.

IF, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish and tavern-wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the *Calves-head* with your trusty friends:
Susp nd

SI Potes Archaicis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modicâ cœnare times olus omne patellâ;
Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.
* * * * * *
Mitte

† This poem was occasioned by the Lord Treasurer Oxford's hinting one evening to Dr Swift, that he wished a ballad was made on the Earl of Nottingham; and, accordingly, the ballad was written and printed the next morning. And when it was read after dinner, in a large circle, where my Lord Oxford was present, it made the whole company laugh a dozen times. *Vide* Swift's Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. Jonathan Swift, chap. II. p. 227.

Suſpend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our myſtic feaſt prepare,
Where thou, our lateſt proſelyte, ſhalt ſhare:
When we, by proper ſigns and ſymbols, tell
How, by *brave hands*, the ROYAL TRAITOR fell:
The meat ſhall repreſent the TYRANT's head,
The wine his blood our predeceſſors ſhed;
Whilſt an alluding hymn ſome artiſts ſings,
We toaſt confuſion to the race of kings:
At monarchy we nobly ſhew our ſpite,
And talk *what fools call treaſon* all the night.
Who, by diſgraces or ill-fortune ſunk,
Feels not his ſoul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face.
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place;
By force of wine ev'n Scarborough is brave,
Hal * grows more pert, and Sommers not ſo grave:
Wine

Mitte leves ſpes, et certamina divitiarum,
Et Moſchi cauſam. Cras nato Cæſare feſtus
Dat veniam ſomnumque dies: impune licebit
Æſtivam ſermone benigno tendere noctem.
* * * * * * *
Quid non ebrietas deſignat? operta recludit;
Spes jubet eſſe ratas; in prælia trudit inermem:
Solicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
Contracta quem non in paupertate ſolutum?
Hæc

* Harry Boyle, who is mentioned three times in this ballad.

Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland ſenſe,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondley, when drunk, can never loſe his wand,
And L——n then imagines he has land.
My province is, to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our *myſterious club* to keep out ſpies,
And Tories (dreſs'd like waiters) in diſguiſe.
You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's Grace
Will come; and Hampden ſhall have Walpole's * place.
Wharton, unleſs prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail, and there is room for more;
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
And honeſt Harry is too apt to ſt——k.
Let no pretence of buſ'neſs make you ſtay,
Yet take one word of counſel by the way.
If Guernſey † call, ſend word you're gone abroad,
He'll teaze you with King Charles and Biſhop Laud,
Or,

Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa
Corruget nares; ne non et cantharus, et lanx,
Oſtendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet: ut coëat par,
Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimiumque,
Et, niſi cœna prior, potiorque puella Sabinum
Detinet,

* Walpole was then confined in the Tower,
† The Earl of Nottingham's brother.

Or make you faſt, and carry you to pray'rs:
But if he will break in, and walk up ſtairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squaſh to call a hackney chair.

Detinet, aſſumam; locus eſt et pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu, quotus eſſe velis, reſcribe; et, rebus omiſſis,
Atria ſervantem poſtico falle clientem.

GEORGE

GEORGE * NIM-DAN-DEAN's INVITATION †. TO Mr. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gallſtown, Auguſt 2. 1721.

DEAR Tom, this verſe, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the *end's good metre*, is ſent to deſire that, when your Auguſt vacation comes, your *friends you'd meet here*.

* In the year 1721, Doctor Swift, Doctor Delany, Doctor Sheridan, Doctor Stopford, the Reverend Dan Jackſon, and ſome other company, ſpent a great part of the ſummer at Gallſtown, in the county of Weſtmeath, the ſeat of George Rochfort Eſq; father to the preſent Earl of Bellividere. Many of the gentlemen aſſembled in this groupe had a genius for poetry, and a taſte for the polite arts. In this retirement they paſſed their hours very agreeably, and frequently amuſed themſelves with poetical jeſts and whimſies of the brain, which undoubtedly were never deſigned originally for the preſs. However, ſince by one means or other, ſeveral of thoſe ingenious rapid performances have already appeared in ſome of the former volumes of Doctor Swift's works, it is hoped the two or three following copies of verſes, which were communicated to the editor of theſe volumes by a gentleman who had them long in his poſſeſſion. will not meet with an ungracious reception from perſons of taſte and refinement.

† This Invitation ſeems to have been the joint compoſition of George Rochfort, John Rochfort, (who was called Nim, or Nimrod, by Doctor Swift, becauſe he was fond of hunting) Dan Jackſon, and Doctor Swift, in a vein of whim and merriment, and, in all probability, was ſent off directly by the poſt to Sheridan.

For,

For, why ſhould you ſtay in that filthy hole, I mean
the *city ſo ſmoaky*,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at
leaſt not one that's *witty to joke w'ye?*
For, as for honeſt John *, tho' I am not ſure on't,
yet I'll be *hang'd, leſs he*
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that
great peer the Lord Angleſey †.
Oh! but I forgot, perhaps, by this time, you may
have one come to town, but I don't know whe-
ther he be friend or foe, Delany:
But, however, if he be come, bring him down,
and you ſhall go back in a fortnight, for I know
there's *no delaying ye.*
Oh! I forgot too, I believe there may be one more,
I mean that great fat joker, *friend Helſham, he*
That wrote the Prologue ‡, and if you ſtay with
him, depend on't, in the *end, he'll ſham ye.*

Bring

* It is ſuppoſed that by John, in this paſſage, is meant Dr Walmſley.

† Arthur, Earl of Angleſey.

‡ It was cuſtomory with Dr. Sheridan to have a Greek play acted by his head-claſs juſt before they entered the Univerſity; and accordingly, in the year 1720, the Doctor having fixed on Hippolytus, writ a Prologue in Engliſh, to be ſpoken by Mr. Tom Putland, one of the youngeſt children he had in the ſchool. The prologue was very neat and elegant, but extremely puerile, and quite adapted to the childhood of the ſpeaker, who as regularly was taught, and rehearſed his part, as any of the upper lads did theirs. However, it unfortunately happened, that Doctor King, Archbiſhop of Dublin, had promiſed Sheridan that he would go and ſee his lads perform the tragedy. Upon which Doctor Helſham writ another prologue, wherein he laughed egregiouſly at Sheridan's, and privately inſtructed. Mr. Putland how to act his part; and, at the ſame time, exacted a promiſe of the child, that no conſideration ſhould make him repeat that prologue which he had been taught by Sheridan. When the play was to be acted, the Archbiſhop attended according to his promiſe, and Mr. Putland began Helſham's prologue, and went through it to the amazement of Sheridan; which fired him to ſuch a degree, (although he was one of the beſt natured men in the world) that he would have entirely put off the play, had it not been in reſpect to the Archbiſhop, who was indeed highly complimented in Helſham's performance. When the play was over, the Archbiſhop was very

deſirous

Bring down Long Shanks Jim * too, but now I
think on't, he's not come yet from Courtown †,
I fancy ;
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there
a *courting* Sly Nancy.

However, bring down yourſelf, and you bring
down all; for, to ſay it *we may venture*,
In thee Delany's ſpleen, John's mirth, Helſham's
jokes, and the ſoft ſoul of amorous Jemmy *center*.

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to deſire you to bring down what I
ſay you have, and you'll believe me as ſure as a
gun, and own it ;
I mean, what no other mortal in the univerſe can
boaſt of, your own ſpirit of *pun, and own wit*.
And now I hope you'll excuſe this rhyming, which
I muſt ſay is (tho' written ſomewhat at large) *trim
and clean* ;
And ſo I conclude, with humble reſpects as uſual,
Your moſt dutiful and obedient George Nim-Dan-
Dean.

deſirous to hear Sheridan's prologue; but all the intreaties of the Archbiſhop, the child's father, and Sheridan, could not prevail with Maſter Putland to repeat it, having, he ſaid, promiſed faithfully that he would not, upon any account whatever; and therefore inſiſted that he would keep his word.

* Doctor James Stopford, late Biſhop of Cloyne.

† Courtown, the ſeat of —— Huſſay, Eſq; in the county of Kildare.

TO

GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN, Esq;

Upon his incomparable Verſes, &c. of Auguſt 2
M,DCC,XXI.

Written by Dr. DELANY, in the Name o
THOMAS SHERIDAN *.

HAIL, human compound quadrifarious!
Invincible as wight Briaræus!
Hail! doubly doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon!
O may your vaſtneſs deign t'excuſe
The praiſes of a puny Muſe,
Unable in her utmoſt flight,
To reach thy huge Coloſſian height:
T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whoſe lines are like thyſelf gigantic.

Yet let me bleſs, in humbler ſtrain,
Thy vaſt, thy bold Cambyſian vein,
Pour'd out t' inrich thy native iſle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
Oh how I joy to ſee thee wander,
In many a winding looſe meander,
In circling mazes, ſmooth and ſupple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall.

* Theſe verſes were all written in circles, one within another, a
appears from the obſervations in the following poem by Dr. Swift.

Thine

Thine ſure is poetry divine,
Where wit and Majeſty combine;
Where ev'ry line, as huge as ſeven,
If ſtretch'd in length, would reach to heav'n:
Here all comparing wou'd be ſtand'ring.
The leaſt is more than Alexandrine.

Againſt thy verſe Time ſees with pain,
He whets his envious ſcythe in vain;
For, tho' from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou ſtill wilt have to ſpare.

Thou haſt alone the ſkill to feaſt
With Roman elegance of taſte,
Who haſt of rhymes as vaſt reſources
As Pompey's caterer of courſes.

Oh thou, of all the Nine inſpir'd!
My languid ſoul, with teaching tir'd,
How is it raptur'd, when it thinks
On thy harmonious ſett of clinks;
Each anſw'ring each in various rhymes,
Like Echo to St. Patrick's chimes?

Thy Muſe, majeſtic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the ſtage,
And ſcarcely can one page ſuſtain
The length of ſuch a flowing train:
Her train, of variegated dye,
Shews like Thaumantia's in the ſky;
Alike they glow, alike they pleaſe,
Alike impreſt by Phœbus rays.

Thy verſe——(Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what ſhall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft heard ſpoke on,
The famous ſtatue of Laocoon.
'Tis like, —— O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long long ſtring with which you fly kite.

'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your echo † in good humour;
And ev'ry couplet thou haſt writ
Concludes like Rattah-whittah-whit †.

TO

Mr. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

Upon his VERSES written in Circles.

By DOCTOR SWIFT.

IT never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions were ſent to their betters:
And, as to the ſubject, our judgement *mehercle*
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verſes; we tell you *imprimis*,
The ſegment ſo large 'twixt your reaſon and rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horſe in a pond,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant
To gives us your meaſures of lines by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd metre,
In each ſingle verſe, took up a diameter.

* At Gallſtown there is ſo famous an Echo, that, if you repeat two lines of Virgil out of a ſpeaking-trumpet, you may hear the nymph return them to your ear with great propriety and clearneſs.

† The ſe words allude to their amuſements with the Echo, having no other ſignification but to expreſs the ſound of ſtones returned by the Echo, when beaten one againſt the other.

But

But how, Mr. Sheridan came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim to place in the centre * ?
'Twill appear to your coſt, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the cord of your circle is now in their hand ;
The cord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegaſus fixt in a tether,
As his betters are us'd, ſhall be laſh'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the ſtring.
Will Hancock declares you are out of your compaſs,
T' encroach on his art by writing of bombas';
And has taken juſt now a firm reſolution
To anſwer your ſtyle without circumlocution.

Lady Betty † preſents you her ſervice moſt humble,
And is not afraid your worſhip will grumble,
That ſhe makes of your verſes a hoop for Miſs Tam ‡,
Which is all at preſent ; and ſo I remain ——

* There were four human figures in the center of the circular verſes.

† Daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochford, Eſq.

‡ Miſs Tam, (a ſhort name for Thomaſon) Lady Betty's daughter ; then perhaps about a year old. She is now married to Guſtavus Lambert, Eſq; of Paynſtown, in the county of Meath.

OF

MEAN and GREAT FIGURES, made by ſeveral Perſons.

Of thoſe who have made GREAT FIGURES *in ſome particular action or circumſtance of their lives.*

ALexander the Great, after his victory, [at the Streights of Mount Taurus] when he entered the tent where the Queen and the Princeſſes of Perſia fell at his feet.

Socrates, the whole laſt day of his life, and particularly from the time he took the poiſon to the moment he expired.

Cicero, when he was recalled from his baniſhment; the people, through every place he paſſed, meeting him with ſhouts of joy and congratulation, and all Rome coming out to receive him.

Regulus, when he went out of Rome attended by his friends to the gates, and returned to Carthage according to his word of honour, although he knew he muſt be put to a cruel death, for adviſing the Romans to purſue their war with that commonwealth.

Scipio

Scipio the Elder, when he dismissed a beautiful captive lady, presented to him after a great victory, turning his head aside to preserve his own virtue.

The same Scipio, when he and Hannibal met before the battle, if the fact be true.

Cincinnatus, when the messengers, sent by the senate to make him Dictator, found him at the plough.

Epaminondas, when the Persian ambassador came to his house, and found him in the midst of poverty.

The Earl of Strafford, the day that he made his own defence at his trial.

King Charles the Martyr, during his whole trial, and at his death.

The Black Prince, when he waited at supper on the King of France, whom he had conquered and taken prisoner the same day.

Virgil, when at Rome, the whole audience rose up, out of veneration, as he entered the theatre.

Mahomet the Great, when he cut off his beloved mistress's head, on a stage erected for that purpose, to convince his soldiers, who taxed him for preferring his love to his glory.

Cromwell, when he quelled a mutiny in Hyde-park.

Harry the Great of France, when he entered Paris,

Paris, and ſat at cards the ſame night with ſome great ladies, who were his mortal enemies.

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, at his trial.

Cato of Utica, when he provided for the ſafety of his friends, and had determined to die.

Sir Thomas More, during his impriſonment, and at his execution.

Marius, when the ſoldier, ſent to kill him in the dungeon, was ſtruck with ſo much awe and veneration, that his ſword fell from his hand.

Douglas, when the ſhip he commanded was on fire, and he lay down to die in it, becauſe it ſhould not be ſaid, that one of his family ever quitted their poſt.

Sir Jerom Bows, * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Of thoſe who have made a mean contemptible figure, in ſome action or circumſtance of their lives.

Antony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.

Pompey, when he was killed on the ſea-ſhore in Egypt.

Nero and Vitellius, when they were put to death.

Lepidus,

Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his ſhare of the triumvirate.

Cromwell, the day he refuſed the Kingſhip out of fear.

Perſeus King of Macedon, when he was led in triumph.

Richard II. of England, after he was depoſed.

The late King of Poland, when the King of Sweden forced him to give up his kingdom; and when he took it again upon the King of Sweden's defeat by the Muſcovites.

King James II. of England, when the Prince of Orange ſent to him at midnight to leave London.

King William III. of England, when he ſent to beg the Houſe of Commons to continue his Dutch guards, and was refuſed.

The late Queen Anne of England, when ſhe ſent Whiteworth to Muſcovy on an embaſſy of humiliation, for an inſult committed here on that prince's ambaſſador.

The Lord Chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery.

The late Duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own diſgrace, to carry his Dutcheſs's gold-key to the Queen.

The old Earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch Lord gave him a laſh with a whip at New-market, in preſence

preſence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience.

King Charles II. of England, when he entered into the ſecond Dutch war, and in many other actions during his whole reign.

Philip II. of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada.

The Emperor Charles V. when he reſigned his crown, and nobody would believe his reaſons.

King Charles I. of England, when, in gallantry to his Queen, he thought to ſurpriſe her with a preſent of a diamond buckle, which he puſhed down her breaſt, and tore her fleſh with the tongue; upon which ſhe drew it out and flung it on the ground.

Fairfax, the parliament-general, at the time of King Charles's trial.

Julius Cæſar, when Antony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people ſhouted for joy to ſee him decline it; which he never offered to do until he ſaw their diſlike in their countenances.

Coriolanus, when he withdrew his army from Rome at the intreaty of his mother.

Hannibal at Antiochus's court.

Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when, in a quarrel upon the ſtage, he was run into his breaſt, which he opened and ſhewed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a laughing.

The

The Count de Buſſy Rabutin, when he was recalled to Court after twenty years baniſhment into the country, and affected to make the ſame figure he did in his youth.

The Earl of Sunderland, when he turned Papiſt in the time of King James II. and underwent all the forms of a Heretic converted.

Pope ——— when he was taken priſoner, at Rome, by the Emperor Charles V's forces.

Queen Mary of Scotland, when ſhe ſuffered Bothwel to raviſh her, and pleaded that as an excuſe for marrying him.

King John of England, when he gave up his kingdom to the Pope, to be held as a fief from the ſee of Rome.

CON-

CONCERNING

THAT UNIVERSAL HATRED,

WHICH

PREVAILS against the CLERGY.

MAY 24. M,DCC,XXXVI.

I HAVE been long considering and conjecturing, what could be the causes of that great disgust, of late, against the clergy of both kingdoms, beyond what was ever known 'till that monster and tyrant, Henry VIII. who took away from them, against law, reason, and justice, at least two thirds of their legal possessions; and whose successors (except Queen Mary) went on with their rapine, till the accession of King James I. That detestable tyrant Henry VIII. although he abolished the Pope's power in England, as universal bishop, yet what he did in that article, however just it were in itself, was the mere effect of his irregular appetite, to divorce himself from a wife he was weary of, for a younger and more beautiful woman, whom he afterwards beheaded. But, at the same time, he was an entire defender of all the Popish doctrines, even those which were the most absurd. And, while he put people to death for denying him to be head of the church, he burned every offender against the doctrines of the Roman Faith; and

and cut off the head of Sir Thomas More, a perſon of the greateſt virtue this kingdom ever produced, for not directly owning him to be head of the church. Among all the princes who ever reigned in the world there was never ſo infernal a beaſt as Henry VIII. in every vice of the moſt odious kind, without any one appearance of virtue; But cruelty, luſt, rapine, and atheiſm, were his peculiar talents. He rejected the power of the Pope for no other reaſon, than to give his full ſwing to commit ſacrilege, in which no tyrant, ſince Chriſtianity became national, did ever equal him by many degrees. The abbeys, endowed with lands by the miſtaken notion of well-diſpoſed men, were indeed too numerous, and hurtful to the kingdom; and, therefore, the legiſlature might, after the Reformation, have juſtly applied them to ſome pious or public uſes.

In a very few centuries after Chriſtianity became national in moſt parts of Europe, although the Church of Rome had already introduced many corruptions in religion; yet the piety of early Chriſtians, as well as new converts, was ſo great, and particularly of princes, as well as noblemen and other wealthy perſons, that they built many religious houſes for thoſe who were inclined to live in a recluſe or ſolitary manner, endowing thoſe monaſteries with land. It is true, we read of monks ſome ages before, who dwelt in caves and cells in deſert places. But, when public edifices were erected and endowed, they began gradually to degenerate into idleneſs, ignorance, avarice, ambition, and luxury, after the uſual fate of all human inſtitutions. The popes, who had already aggrandized themſelves, laid hold of the opportunity to ſubject all religious houſes with their priors and abbots, to their peculiar authority; whereby theſe religious orders became of an intereſt directly different from the reſt of mankind, and wholly at the Pope's devotion. I

need say no more on this article, so generally known and so frequently treated, or of the frequent endeavours of some other princes, as well as our own, to check the growth, and wealth, and power of the regulars.

In later times, this mistaken piety, of erecting and endowing abbeys, began to decrease. And therefore, when some new-invented sect of monks and friars began to start up, not being able to procure grants of land, they got leave from the Pope to appropriate the tithes and glebes of certain parishes, as contiguous or near as they could find, obliging themselves to send out some of their body to take care of the people's souls: And, if some of those parishes were at too great a distance from the abbey, the monks appointed to attend them were paid, for the cure, either a small stipend of a determined sum, or sometimes a third part, or what are now called the vicarial tithes.

As to the church lands, it hath been the opinion of many writers, that, in England, they amounted to a third part of the whole kingdom. And therefore, if that wicked Prince above-mentioned, when he had cast off the Pope's power, had introduced some reformation in religion, he could not have been blamed for taking away the abbey-lands by authority of parliament. But, when he continued the most cruel persecutor of all those who differed in the least article of the popish religion, which was then the national and established faith, his seizing on those lands, and applying them to profane uses, was absolute sacrilege, in the strongest sense of the word; having been bequeathed by princes and pious men to sacred uses.

In the reign of this Prince, the Church and Court of Rome had arrived to such a height of corruption, in doctrine and discipline, as gave great offence to many wise, learned, and pious men through most parts of Europe; and several countries

countries agreed to make ſome reformation in religion. But, although a proper and juſt reformation were allowed to be neceſſary, even to preſerve Chriſtianity itſelf, yet the paſſions and vices of men had mingled themſelves ſo far, as to pervert and confound all the good endeavours of thoſe who intended well: And thus the reformation, in every country where it was attempted, was carried on in the moſt impious and ſcandalous manner that can poſſibly be conceived. To which unhappy proceedings we owe all the juſt reproaches, that Roman Catholics hath caſt upon us ever ſince. For, when the northern kingdoms and ſtates grew weary of the Pope's tyranny, and when their preachers, beginning with the ſcandalous abuſes of indulgencies, and proceeding farther to examine ſeveral points of faith, had credit enough with their princes, who were in ſome fear leſt ſuch a change might affect the peace of their countries, becauſe their biſhops had great influence on the people by their wealth and power; theſe politic teachers had a ready anſwer to this purpoſe. "Sir, your Ma-"jeſty need not be in any pain or apprehenſion: "Take away the lands, and ſink the authority of "the Biſhops: Beſtow thoſe lands on your cour-"tiers, on your nobles, and your great officers in "your army; and then you will be ſecure of the "people." This advice was exactly followed. And, in the Proteſtant monarchies abroad, little more than the ſhadow of Epiſcopacy is left; but, in the republics, is wholly extinct.

In England, the Reformation was brought in after a ſomewhat different manner, but upon the ſame principle of robbing the church. However, Henry VIII. with great dexterity, diſcovered an invention to gratify his inſatiable thirſt for blood, on both religions, * * * * * * * *

A

LETTER

Giving an ACCOUNT of

A PESTILENT NEIGHBOUR.

SIR,

YOU must give me leave to complain of a *pestilent* fellow in my neighbourhood, who is always beating *mortar*, yet I cannot find he ever builds. In talking he useth such hard words, that I want a drugger-man to interpret them. But all is not gold that *glisters*. *A pot he carries* to most houses where he visits. He makes his prentice his *gally*-slave. I wish our lane were *purged* of him. Yet he pretends to be a *cordial* man. Every *spring* his shop is crowded with country-folks; who, by their *leaves*, in my opinion, help him to do a great deal of mischief. He is full of *scruples*; and so very litigious, that he *files bills* against all his acquaintance; And, though he be much troubled with the *simples*, yet I assure you he is a *Jesuitical dog*; as you may know by his *bark*. Of all poetry he loves the *drama-tick* best.

I am, *&c.*

A

LETTER

TO THE

EARL of PEMBROKE.

My Lord, 1709, at a Conjecture.

IT is now a good while since I resolved to take some occasion of congratulating with your Lordship, and condoling with the public, upon your Lordship's leaving the Admiralty; and I thought I could never chuse a better time, than when I am in the country with my Lord Bishop of Clogher and his brother the Doctor *: For we pretend to a *triumvirate* of as humble servants and true admirers of your Lordship, as any you have in both islands. You may well call them a *triumvirate*; for, if you please to *try-um*, they will *vie* with the best, and are of the first *rate*, though they are not *men of war*, but men of church. To say the truth, it was a pity your Lordship should be confined to the *Fleet*, when you are not in debt. Though your Lordship is *cast away*, you are not *sunk*; nor ever will be, since nothing is out of your Lordship's *depth*. Dr. *Ashe* says, it is but justice that your Lordship, who

* Dr. St. George Ashe.

is a man of *letters*, ſhould be place'd upon the *poſt-office*; and my Lord Biſhop adds, that he hopes to ſee your Lordſhip toſt from that *poſt* to be a *pillar* of ſtate again; which he deſired I would put in by way of *Poſtſcript*.

I am,

My Lord, *&c.*

A

LETTER

TO THE

EARL of PEMBROKE,

Pretended to be the Dying Speech of TOM ASHE, whoſe Brother, the Reverend DILLON ASHE, was nicknamed DILLY *.

[Given to Dr. Monsey by Sir Andrew Fountain, and communicated to the Editor of theſe Volumes by that ingenious, learned, and very obliging Gentleman.]

TOM ASHE died laſt night. It is conceived he was ſo puffed up by my Lord Lieutant's *favour*, that it ſtruck him into a *fever*. I here ſend you his dying

* Thomas Aſhe, Eſq; deſcended from an ancient family of that name in Wiltſhire, was a gentleman of fortune in Ireland. He was

dying ſpeech, as it was exactly taken by a friend in ſhort-hand. It is ſomething long, and a little incoherent; but he was ſeveral hours delivering it, and with ſeveral intervals. His friends were about the bed, and he ſpoke to them thus:

MY FRIENDS,

IT is time for a man to look *grave* when he has one foot there. I once had only a *pun*nick fear of death, but, of late, I have *pun*dred it more ſeriouſly. Every fit of *coffing* hath put me in mind of my *coffin*; though *diſſolute* men ſeldomeſt think of *diſſolution*. This is a very great alteration: I, that ſupported myſelf with good *wine*, muſt now be myſelf ſupported by a ſmall *beer*.——A fortune-teller once looked on my hand, and ſaid, 'This man is to be a great traveller: He will ſoon be at the *Diet* of *Worms*, and from thence go to *Ratis-bone*. But now I underſtand his double meaning.——— I deſire to be privately *buried*, for I think a public

a facetious pleaſant companion, but the moſt eternal unwearied punſter that perhaps ever lived. He was thick and ſhort in his perſon, being not above five feet high at the moſt, and had ſomething very droll in his appearance. He died about the year 1719, and left his whole eſtate, of about a thouſand pounds a year, to his intimate friend and kinſman Richard Aſhe of Aſhfield, Eſq; There is a whimſical ſtory, and a very true one of Tom Aſhe, which is well remembered to this day. It happened, that, while he was travelling on horſeback, and at a conſiderable diſtance from any town, there burſt from the clouds ſuch a torrent of rain as wetted him through. He galloped forward; and, as ſoon as he came to an inn, he was met inſtantly by a drawer: "Here," ſaid he to the fellow, ſtretching out one of his arms, "Take off my coat immediately." "No, Sir, I won't," ſaid the drawer. "Pox confound you," ſaid Aſhe, "take off my coat this inſtant." No, Sir, (replied the drawer) I dare not take off your coat; for it is felony to ſtrip an ASH." Tom was delighted beyond meaſure, frequently told the ſtory, and ſaid he would have given fifty guineas to have been the author of that pun. This little tract of Dr. Swift's, inintituled, *The Dying Words of Tom Aſhe*, was written ſeveral years before the deceaſe of Tom, and was merely deſigned to exhibit the manner in which ſuch an eternal punſter might have expreſſed himſelf on his death-bed.

funeral

funeral looks like *Bury* Fair; and the *rites* of the dead too often prove *wrong* to the living. Methinks the word itſelf beſt expreſſes the number, neither *few nor all.*—A dying man ſhould not think of *obſequies*, but *ob ſe quies :* —— Little did I think you would ſo ſoon ſee poor *Tom ſtown* under a *tomb ſtone.* But, as the *mole* crumbles the *mold* about her, ſo a man of my ſmall *mold*, before I am *old*, may *molder* away.——Sometimes I've rav'd that I ſhould *revive*; but phyſicians tell me that when once the great *artery* has drawn the *heart awry*, we ſhall find the *cor die all*, in ſpite of the higheſt *cordial.* ——Brother, you are fond of *Daffy*'s elixir; but, when death comes, the world will ſee that in ſpite of *Daffy down Dilly* *—Whatever doctors *may deſign* by their *medicines*, a man in a *dropſy drops he* not, in ſpite of *Goddard*'s *drops*, though none are reckoned ſuch *high drops.*——I find death ſmells the blood of an *Engliſhman.* A *fee* faintly *fumbled* out, will be a weak defence againſt his *fee fa-fum.* ——— *P. T.* are no letters in death's *alphabet*; he has not *half a bit* of either: He moves his *ſithe*, but will not be moved by all our *ſighs.*——Every thing ought to put us in mind of death: Phyſicians affirm that our very food breeds it in us, ſo that in our *dieting*, we may be ſaid to *di eating.*—— There is ſomething ominous, not only in the names of diſeaſes, as *di*-arrhœa, *di*-abetes, *di*-ſentery, but even in the drugs deſigned to preſerve our lives; as *di*-acodium, *di*-apente, *di* aſcordium. ——— I perceive Dr. Howard (and I feel *how hard) lay thumb* on my *pulſe*, then *pulls* it back, as if he ſaw *Lethum* in my face. I ſee as bad in his; for ſure there is no *phyſick* like a *ſic Phiz* He thinks I ſhall *deceaſe* before the *day ceaſe*; but, before I die, before the bell hath *toll'd*, and *Tom Tollman* is *told* that little *Tom*, though not *old*, has paid na-

* A nickname of Tom Aſhe's brother,

ture's

ture's *toll*, I do desire to give some advice to those that survive me. First, let gamesters consider that death is *hazard* and *passage*, upon the turn of a *die*. Let lawyers consider it as a hard *case*. And let punners consider how hard it is to *die jesting*, when death is so hard in *digesting*.

As for my Lord-Lieutenant the Earl *Mungomerry*, I am sure he *be-wales* my misfortune; and it would move him to stand by, when the carpenter (while my friends grieve and make an *odd splutter) nails* up my coffin. I will make a short *affidavi-*, that, if he makes my *epitaph I* will take it for a great honour; and it is a plentiful subject. His Excellency may say, that the art of punning is dead with *Tom*. *Tom* has taken all puns with him: *Omne tulit pun-Tom.*——May his Excellency long *live tenant* to the Queen in Ireland. We never *Herberd* so good a governor before. Sure he *mungo-merry* home, that has made a kingdom so happy. ——— I hear my friends design to publish a collection of my puns. Now I do confess, I have let many a *pun go*, which did never *pungo*; therefore the world must read the bad as well as the good. Virgil has long foretold it: *Punica mala leges.*——— I have had several fore-bodings that I should soon die: I have, of late, been often at committees, where I have fate de *die* in *diem*. — I conversed with the *Usher* of the *black rod*: I saw his *medals*; and wo is *me dull soul*, not to consider they are but dead mens faces, *stampt over* and *over* by the living, which will shortly be my conditon.

Tell Sir *Andrew Fountain* I *ran* clear to the *bottom*, and wish he may be a late *a-river* where I am going. He used to *brook* my compliments. May his *sand* be long a *running*; not *quicksand* like mine. Bid him avoid *poring* upon monuments and books, which is in reality but *running* among *rocks* and *shelves*, to *stop* his *course*. May his *waters* never be *troubled* with *mud* or *gravel*, nor *stopt* by any *grinding*

grinding ſtone. May his friends be all true *trouts*, and his enemies laid flat as *flounders*. I look upon him as the moſt *fluent* of his *race*; therefore let him not de*ſpond*. I foreſee his black *rod* will *advance* to a *pike*, and deſtroy all our *ills*.

But I am going; my *wind in* lungs is turning to a *winding* ſheet. The thoughts of *a pall* begin to *a pall* me. Life is but a *vapour*, car elle *va pour* la moindre cauſe. Farewell: I have lived ad amicorum *faſtidium*, and now behold how *faſt I di um!*

Here his breath failed him, and he expired. There are ſome falſe ſpellings here and there, but they muſt be pardoned in a dying man.

A

LETTER

TO THE

KING AT ARMS.

[From a reputed ESQUIRE, one of the Subſcribers to the BANK.]

SIR, *Nov.* 18. 1721.

IN a late printed paper, containing ſome notes and queries upon that liſt of the ſubſcribers names, which was publiſhed by order of the commiſſioners.

miſſioners for receiving of ſubſcriptions, I find ſome hints and inuendos that would ſeem to inſinuate, as if I and ſome others were only *reputed* Eſquires; and our caſe is referred to you, in your kingly capacity. I deſire you will pleaſe to let me know the loweſt price of a real Eſquire's coat of arms: And, if we can agree, I will give my bond to pay you out of the firſt intereſt I receive for my ſubſcription; becauſe things are a little low with me at preſent, by throwing my whole fortune into the bank, having ſubſcribed for five hundred pounds *Sterling*.

I hope you will not queſtion my pretenſions to this title, when I let you know that my godfather was a juſtice of peace, and I myſelf have been often a keeper of it. My father was a leader and commander of horſe, in which poſt he rode before the greateſt lords of the land; and, in long marches, he alone preſided over the baggage, advancing directly before it. My mother kept open houſe in Dublin, where ſeveral hundreds were ſupported with meat and drink, bought at her own charge, or with her perſonal credit, until ſome envious brewers and butchers forced her to retire.

As to myſelf, I have been, for ſeveral years, a foot-officer; and it was my charge to guard the carriages, behind which I was commanded to ſtick cloſe, that they might not be attacked in the rear. I have had the honour to be a favourite of ſeveral fine ladies; who, each of them, at different times, give me ſuch coloured knots and public marks of diſtinction, that every one knew which of them it was to whom I paid my addreſs. They would not go into their coach without me, nor willingly drink unleſs I gave them the glaſs with my own hand. They allowed me to call them my miſtreſſes, and owned that title publicly. I have been told, that the true ancient employment of a Squire was to carry a Knight's ſhield, painted with his colours

colours and coat of arms. This is what I have witneſſes to produce that I have often done; not indeed in a ſhield, like my predeceſſors, but that which is full as good, I have carried the colours of a Knight upon my coat. I have likewiſe born the King's Arms in my hand, as a mark of authority; and hung them painted before my dwelling-houſe, as a mark of my calling: So that I may truly ſay, his Majeſty's Arms have been my ſupporters. I have been a ſtrict and conſtant follower of men of quality: I have diligently purſued the ſteps of ſeveral Squires, and am able to behave myſelf as well as the beſt of them, whenever there ſhall be occaſion.

I deſire it may be of no diſadvantage to me, that, by the new act of parliament going to paſs for preſerving the game, I am not yet qualified to keep a greyhound. If this ſhould be the teſt of Squirehood, it will go hard with a great number of my fraternity, as well as myſelf, who muſt all be unſquired, becauſe a greyhound will not be allowed to keep us company; and it is well known I have been a companion to his betters. What has a greyhound to do with a Squireſhip? Might not I be a real Squire, although there was no ſuch thing as a greyhound in the world! Pray tell me, Sir, are greyhounds to be from henceforth the ſupporters of every Squire's coat of arms? Although I cannot keep a greyhound, may not a greyhound help to keep me? May not I have an order from the Governours of the Bank to keep a greyhound, with a *non obſtante* to the act of parliament, as well as they have created a bank againſt the votes of the two houſes? But, however, this difficulty will ſoon be overcome. I am promiſed 125 *l.* a year for ſubſcribing 500 *l*; and, of this 500 *l.* I am to pay in only 25 *l.* ready money: The Governours will truſt me for the reſt,

reſt, and pay themſelves out of the intereſt by 25 *l. per cent.* So that I intend to receive only 40 *l.* a year, to qualify me for keeping my family and a greyhound, and let the remaining 85 *l.* go on 'till it makes 500 *l.* then 1000 *l.* then 10,000 *l.* then 100,000 *l.* then a million, and ſo forwards. This, I think, is much better (betwixt you and me) than keeping fairs, and buying and ſelling bullocks; by which I find, from experience, that little is to be gotten, in theſe hard times. I am,

SIR,

Your friend, and

Servant to command,

A. B. ESQUIRE.

Poſtſcript. I hope you will favourably repreſent my caſe to the publiſher of the paper above mentioned.

Direct your letter for A. B. Eſquire, at —— in ——; and, pray, get ſome parliament-man to frank it, for it will coſt a great poſtage to this place.

A

LETTER

TO

Mrs. SUSANNA NEVILLE *.

MADAM, *June* 24. 1732.

I Will not trouble you with any grave *tophicks*, leſt I ſhould *diſcurmode* you; but rather write in a *farmiliar* and *jocoſious* way.

You muſt know then, I was the other night at Mrs. Tattle's, and Mrs. Rattle came in to drink ſome *jocklit* with us, upon which they fell into a *nargiment* about the beſt *muſicioners* in town: At laſt Rattle told Tattle, that ſhe did not know the *diff'rence* between a ſong and a *tympany*. They were going to *defer* the matter to me; but I ſaid that when people diſputed, it was my way always to ſtand *muter*. You would have thought they were both *intoſticated* with liquor, if you had ſeen them ſo full of outrageouſneſs. However, Mrs. Tattle, as being a very *timberſome* woman, yielded to Rattle, and there was an end of the *diſputement*. —— I wonder you do not honour me ſometimes with your company. If I myſelf be no *introducement*, my garden, which has a fine *ruval* look,

* This letter is fictitious, and was written by Dr. Sheridan.

ought

ought to be one. My Tomy would be glad to see you before he goes for England, and so would I; for I am resolved to take the *tower* of London before I return. We intend to go to Norfolk or Suffolk, to see a clergyman, a near cousin of ours. They say that he is an *admiral* good man, and very *horspital* in his own house. I am *determ'd*, when this *vege* is over, never to set my foot in a stage-coach again, for the jolting of it has put my blood into such a *firmament*, that I have been in an *ego* ever since, and have lost my *nappitite* to such a degree that I have not eaten a *manshon* of bread, put all together, these six weeks past They allow me to eat nothing at night but *blanchius manshius*, which has made a perfect *notomy* of me; and my spirits are so *extorted*, that I am in a perfect *liturgy*; for which I am resolved to take some *rubrick*, although the doctors advise me to drink *burgomy*. And what do you think? when I went to my cellar for a flask, I found that my servants had *imbellished* it all; for which I am resolved to give them some *hippokockeney* to bring it up again. —— I fear that I have been too *turbulent* in this long and tedious *crawl*; which I hope you will excuse from

Your very humble servant,

MARY HOWE.

ON

BARBAROUS DENOMINATIONS IN IRELAND.

SIR,

I Have been lately looking over the advertiſements in ſome of your Dublin news-papers, which are ſent me to the country, and was much entertained with a large liſt of denominations of lands, to be ſold or let. I am confident they muſt be genuine; for it is impoſſible that either chance, or modern invention, could ſort the alphabet in ſuch a manner, as to make thoſe abominable ſounds, whether firſt invented to invoke, or fright away the Devil, I muſt leave among the curious.

If I could wonder at any thing barbarous, ridiculous, or abſurd among us, this ſhould be one of the firſt. I have often lamented that Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, was not prevailed on by that petty King from Ireland, who followed his camp, to come over and civilize us with a conqueſt, as his countrymen did Britain, where ſeveral Roman appellations remain to this day; and ſo would the reſt have done, if that inundation of Angles, Saxons, and other northern people, had not changed them ſo much for the worſe, although in no compariſon with ours. In one of the advertiſements juſt mentioned, I encountered near a hundred words together, which I defy any creature in human ſhape, except an Iriſhman of the ſavage kind, to pronounce; neither would I undertake ſuch a taſk, to be owner of the lands, unleſs I had

liberty

liberty to humanize the ſyllables twenty miles round. The legiſlature may think what they pleaſe, and that they are above copying the Romans in all their conqueſts of barbarous nations; but I am deceived, if any thing hath more contributed to prevent the Iriſh from being tamed, than this encouragement of their language, which might eaſily be aboliſhed, and become a dead one in half an age, with little expence, and leſs trouble.

How is it poſſible that a gentleman, who lives in thoſe parts, where the town-lands (as they call them) of his eſtate produce ſuch odious ſounds from the mouth, the throat, and the noſe, can be able to repeat the words, without diſlocating every muſcle that is uſed in ſpeaking, and without applying the ſame tone to all other words, in every language he underſtands? As it is plainly to be obſerved, not only in thoſe people, of the better ſort, who live in Galloway and the weſtern parts, but in moſt counties of Ireland.

It is true, that, in the city-part of London, the trading-people have an affected manner of pronouncing; and ſo, in my time, had many ladies and coxcombs at court. It is likewiſe true, that there is an odd provincial cant in moſt counties of England, ſometimes not very pleaſing to the ear: And the Scotch cadence, as well as expreſſion, are offenſive enough. But none of theſe defects derive contempt to the ſpeaker; whereas, what we call the Iriſh brogue is no ſooner diſcovered, than it makes the deliverer, in the laſt degree, ridiculous and deſpiſed; and, from ſuch a mouth, an Engliſhman expects nothing but bulls, blunders, and follies. Neither does it avail whether the cenſure be reaſonable or not, ſince the fact is always ſo. And, what is yet worſe, it is too well known that the bad conſequence of this opinion affects thoſe among us who are not the leaſt liable to ſuch reproaches, further than the misfortune of bein

born in Ireland, although of Engliſh parents, and whoſe education hath been chiefly in that kingdom.

I have heard many gentlemen, among us, talk much of the great convenience to thoſe who live in the country, that they ſhould ſpeak Iriſh. It may poſſibly be ſo: But, I think, they ſhould be ſuch who never intend to viſit England, upon pain of being ridiculous. For I do not remember to have heard of any one man that ſpoke Iriſh, who had not the accent upon his tongue, eaſily diſcernible to any Engliſh ear.

But I have wandered a little from my ſubject, which was only to propoſe a wiſh, that theſe execrable denominations were a little better ſuited to an Engliſh mouth, if it were only for the ſake of the Engliſh lawyers; who, in trials upon appeals to the Houſe of Lords, find ſo much difficulty in repeating the names, that, if the plaintiff or defendant were by, they would never be able to diſcover which were their own lands. But, beſide this, I would deſire, not only that the appellations of what they call Town-lands were changed, but likewiſe of larger diſtricts, and ſeveral towns, and ſome counties; and, particularly, the ſeats of country-gentlemen, leaving an *alias* to ſolve all difficulties in point of law. But I would by no means truſt theſe alterations to the owners themſelves; who, as they are generally no great clerks, ſo they ſeem to have no large vocabulary about them, nor to be well ſkilled in proſody. The utmoſt extent of their genius lies in naming their country-habitation by a hill, a mount, a brook, a burrough, a caſtle, a bawn, a ford, and the like ingenious conceits. Yet theſe are exceeded by others, whereof ſome have continued anagrammatical appellations, from half their own and their wives names joined together, others only from the lady. As, for inſtance, a perſon, whoſe wife's name was Eliſabeth, calls his

ſeat

ſeat by the name of Beſs-borow. There is likewiſe a famous town, where the worſt iron in the kingdom is made, and it is called Swandlingbar. The original of which name I ſhall explain, leſt the antiquaries of future ages might be at a loſs to derive it. It was a moſt witty conceit of four gentlemen, who ruined themſelves with this iron-project. Sw. ſtands for Swift, And. for Sanders, Ling. for Darling, and Bar. for Barry. Methinks I ſee the four loggerheads ſitting in conſult, like Smectimnius, each gravely contributing a part of his own name to make up one for their place in the iron-work; and could wiſh they had been hanged, as well as undone, for their wit. But I was moſt pleaſed with the denomination of a town-land, which I lately ſaw in an advertiſement of Pue's paper: "This is to give notice, that the lands of "Douras, *alias* WHIG-borow, &c." Now this zealous proprietor, having a mind to record his principles in religion or loyalty, to future ages, within five miles round him, for want of other merit, though fit to make uſe of this expedient; wherein he ſeems to miſtake his account: For this diſtinguiſhing term, Whig, had a moſt infamous original, denoting a man who favoured the fanatic ſect, and an enemy to kings, and ſo continued till the idea was a little ſoftened, ſome years after the Revolution, and during a part of her late Majeſty's reign. After which it was in diſgrace until the Queen's death: Since which time it hath, indeed, flouriſhed with a witneſs: But how long it will continue ſo, in our variable ſcene, or what kind of mortal it may deſcribe, is a queſtion which this courtly landlord is not able to anſwer. And therefore, he ſhould have ſet a date on the title of his burrow, to let us know what kind of creature a Whig was in that year of our LORD. —— I would readily aſſiſt nomenclators of this coſtive imagination; and therefore I propoſe, to others of the

ſame

ſame ſize in thinking, that, when they are at a loſs about chriſtening a country-ſeat, inſtead of ſtraining their invention, they would call it Booby-burrow, Fool-brook, Puppy-ford, Coxcomb-hall, Mount Loggerhead, Dunce-hill; which are innocent appellations, proper to expreſs the talents of the owners. But I cannot reconcile myſelf to the prudence of this Lord of Whig-borow, becauſe I have not yet heard, among the Preſbyterian ſquires, how much ſoever their perſons and principles are in vogue, that any of them have diſtinguiſhed their country-abode by the name of Mount-regicide, Covenant-hall, Fanatic-hill, Roundhead-bawn, Canting-brook, or Mount-rebel, and the like; becauſe there may, poſſibly, come a time when thoſe kind of ſounds may not be ſo grateful to the ears of the kingdom. For I do not conceive it would be a mark of diſcretion, upon ſuppoſing a gentleman, in alluſion to his name, or the merit of his anceſtors, to call his houſe Tyburn-hall.

But the ſcheme I would propoſe, for changing the denominations of land into legible and audible ſyllables, is by employing ſome gentlemen in the univerſity; who, by the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and their judgement in ſounds, might imitate the Roman way, by tranſlating thoſe hideous words into their Engliſh meanings, and altering the termination, where a bare tranſlation will not form a good cadence to the ear, or be eaſily delivered from the mouth. And, when both theſe means happen to fail, then to name the parcels of land from the nature of the ſoil, or ſome peculiar circumſtance belonging to it; as, in England, Farnham, Oat-lands, Black-heath, Corn-bury, Rye-gate, Aſh-burnham, Barn-elms, Cole-ortum, Sandwich, and many others.

I am likewiſe apt to quarrel with ſome titles of Lords among us, that have a very ungracious ſound, which are apt to communicate mean ideas

to

to thoſe who have not the honour to be acquainted with their perſons, or their virtues, of whom I have the misfortune to be one. But I cannot pardon thoſe gentlemen, who have gotten titles ſince the judicature of the peers among us hath been taken away, to which they all ſubmitted with a reſignation that became good Chriſtians, as undoubtedly they are. However, ſince that time, I look upon a graceful harmonious title to be, at leaſt forty *per cent.* in the value intrinſic of an Iriſh peerage: And, ſince it is as cheap as the worſt, for any Iriſh law hitherto enacted in England to the contrary, I would adviſe the next ſett, before they paſs their patents, to call a conſultation of ſcholars, and muſical gentlemen, to adjuſt this moſt important and eſſential circumſtance. The Scotch noblemen, though born almoſt under the North Pole, have much more tuneable appellations, except ſome very few, which, I ſuppoſe, were given them by the Iriſh, along with their language, at the time when that kingdom was conquered, and planted from hence; and, to this day, retain the denominations of places, and ſurnames of families, as all hiſtorians agree.

I ſhould likewiſe not be ſorry, if the names of ſome biſhops ſees were ſo much obliged to the alphabet; that, upon pronouncing them, we might contract ſome veneration for the order and perſons of thoſe reverend peers, which the groſs ideas ſometimes joined to their titles, is very unjuſtly apt to diminiſh.

TO

TO

FRANCIS GRANT, Esq;

MERCHANT in LONDON.

[*Francis Grant, Esq; of London, Merchant, younger son of Sir Francis Grant of Cullen, Baronet, having an high opinion of the herring and other fisheries in the British seas, writ and published a pamphlet, in the year 1733, on that subject; principally with a view to excite the encouragement of the public, to such of the mercantile people as might engage in a project so extremely beneficial. The pamphlet was much esteemed; but the ministry of England, in those days, fearing to offend the Dutch, were not inclined to favour it. Whereupon Mr. Grant writ a letter to the Reverend Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's Dublin, who was then very eminent in Ireland, to try if the patriot-party there would espouse the design, and reap benefit to their country from what was thus rejected in England: To which letter the Dean wrote the following answer, which greatly shews the man, as well as the general opinion he had of those times.*

SIR, *Dublin, March* 23. 1733-4.

I Return you my hearty thanks for your letter and discourse upon the Fishery: You discover, in both, a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgement, good wishes to this ruined kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are more

more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser: For corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery, just under our noses.

The last Lord Wemys told me, he was governor of a castle in Scotland near which the Dutch used to fish: He sent to them, in a civil manner, to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused; whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, (for their boats were in reach of the shot); and, immediately, they sent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are like a knot of sharpers among a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, because it is their private interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the Queen's time, I did often press the Lord-Treasurer Oxford, and others of the ministry, upon this very subject; but the answer was, "We must not offend the Dutch;" who, at that very time, were opposing us in all our steps towards a peace. I laughed to see the zeal that ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland, I think, while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed, by a perfect accident, to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her house at Leicester, and I was a year old before I was sent to England: And thus I am a Teague, or an Irish man, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.

What I did for this country was from perfect hatred

hatred of tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me of 300 l. which my old friend my Lord Carteret was forced to consent to, the very first or second night of his arrival hither. The crime was that of writing against a project of one Wood, an iron-monger, to coin 100,000 l. in halfpence, not worth a sixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in so plain a manner, that they all refused it; and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin.

I have done some smaller services to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much sickness. I am out of favour at court, where I was well received, during two summers, six and seven years ago. The governing people here do not love me. For as corrupt as England is, it is an habitation of saints in comparison of Ireland. We are all fl——s, and kn——s, and fools; and all, but bishops and people in employments, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to 200,000 l. The few honest men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this House of Commons, now sitting here; and, mentioning your scheme, shewed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland. They agreed with me; but said, that if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not so miserable a people as we; for oppression supported by power, will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am afraid, that, even in England, your proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your scheme should pass into an act, it will become a job: Your sanguine temper will cool: R——s will be the only gainers. Party and faction will

will intermingle, and defeat the most essential parts of the whole design. Standing armies, in times of peace, projects of excise, and bribing at elections, are all you are like to be employed in; not forgetting septennial parliaments, directly against the old Whig-principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here, in the northern parts: They advanced 200 l. by way of trial: They got men from Orkney to cure their fish, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish, that it turned to no account, nor would any body join with them: And so the matter fell, and they lost two thirds of their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and, I believe, there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery, than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost 30 000 l. a-year for ever, in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland: But the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen, that it was all returned back, or sold for a fourth part of the value. This is our condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, Sir, with true esteem for your good intentions,

Your most
Obedient
Servant.

P. S. I would subscribe my name, if I had not a very bad one; so I leave you to guess it. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I shall be glad you will employ me.

A

LATIN LETTER,

IN THE

GRATTANIAN STYLE.

Written by Dr. SHERIDAN,

LATINITAS GRATTANIANA.

DOMINE,

TU cogitabas quod egi duram rem in intrando judicium supra vinculum tuum, et quatuor claudendo mortgagiam: non potui adjuvare id, quoniam eram valde durum positus ei pro nummum. Ego desidero te tenere linguam, et ne tergum morde me aliquid longior; nam si facis, supra meam animam te tundam deorsum primum tempus quod occuro te. Est pulchra res quod homo non potest rogare pro suo quin vocas illum nomina, et das illi pessimum verbum in ore tuo. Semel magis jubeo te tenere linguam, vel potes esse certus quod non frangam juramentum. Sum nunciatus quod uxor tuus simile sapienti capit magnas libertates cum me; profecto illa habuit melior esse quietus, vel nunciabo illi suam ac cito ac video illam. Nosco valde bene tu potes gignere pecuniam a centum manibus, si places, igitur fac festinationem, nam diabolus cape me si famulabor unus dies plus. Sic do te pulchram cautionem aspicere ad teipsum, nam habebo te in carcere ante mensis it circa, si non sum solvitus. Prope est indusium, sed proprior est cutis, it charitas incipit apud domum.

mum. Habeo novem infantes et uxor ; non poſſum tenere illos ſupra nihil, et ora habebunt cibum. Sic neceſſitas habet nullam lex. Omnes hi res ſunt ſatis oſtendere te magnus opus in quo ſum ; ideo dico te in brevi, habebo pecuniam quodlibet quadrantem. Sum

Tuus humilis famulus

BLUNDERORIUS PETYIFOGARIUS.

Sine me habere lineam vel duo, ut ſciam quid dependeam ſupra.

A

LETTER

TO

DOCTOR SHERIDAN.

ANGLO-LATIN.

[*As the following is the only piece of the kind that perhaps ever was written; we doubt not but the curious and polite will find some agreeable entertainment in the perusal of it.*]

Ill us try figh may Do my nay,

IN vain I vye am new pear am defery bend a late in night a tea. Dice eaſe force an ſpay row hock effay a liquid no vye ake way a claw dabble is. Tame puſs e'er it poſe ſtack come me a fye low ſo fye a law dabb bitter a tea. Eaſt nay ill lay a my cuz veſt err it a e'er you dye t'us you teague o ſome; add ſome mum all tear ſock rates, ought a wriſt I days? Can toe carr-men I am be come, here o I come, home e'er I come. Egg o a mow tea; ſaid eaſe nay Sr does come add tea meat toe litter as tun on lay jays, neck aw dire veal is? Aw dye vye tea few is ſea a man tame you nigh us pew ell lay leap I dice I may, for mow ſay, ſaid paw pear I may, ſaid dive eaſe may lye us place ſea bitt patt rye veſt row.

Codd add raiſe belly eat pace is at tin net, my high my nigh may like wet, neck raiſe aw like as no vye Sat is eaſt aw dye ray à ball I is. Wrecks bay nay valet, come rage in a eat inn fan tye buſs,

eat

eat aw lice is, pray ſip you ay ake witty ill us try: Said hock egg o nigh hill cur o, come paw lull'um may a matt; at egg o ill loſs mine us. Feel licks ſort tea may ah: Sick dice it whore as I us: In tea jear vye tea ſeal err riſque pure us: I dame vye day eat ſet her a. Dum ſpy row, ſpay row.

Some hew my lime us domine aſs I own is veſt ray

Vye like us.

P. S. Ray ſea pye veſt ram ape piſt lamb, quay caſt a duck inn many buſs.

AN

EPISTLE

IN

HARD LATIN

FROM

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

DOMINE,

AUdivi * quod abra feminæ nobilis et mihi amicæ offendendo pedem ad paxillum vel ridicam, vel, ut alii dicunt, rutabulum, valdè læsit uropygium, et est miserè catax. Novi ejus patrem, capitularem, et sublestum, et carnarium, qui furatus erat hornotinum per ostium clathratum, et, ut meruit,

[* *As all the words in this and the following letter, which cause any difficulty, are extremely uncommon, we presume it will not be amiss to print a glossary, in order to save our readers the plague and trouble of turning over a Dictionary.*]

Abra, a waiting-woman: *Quod sit* delicata, *non vulgaris ancilla.*

Paxillus, a stake, pale, or post.

Ridica, the prop of a wine, &c.

Rutabulum, a maulkin, a cole-rake to make clean an oven, an oven-sweep, a skealing stick.

Uropygium, the narrowest and lowest part of the chine, the rump.

Catax,

ruit, a vulgo occillatus. Pauper enim erat, gaunaco et decotibus vestitus; pernionibus claudicans laboravit. Frequentavit sui similes, propolas nempe, arilatores, cociones, imo salisubsulos et labdas, omnes, ut meruerant tribonibus vestitos.

Pridiè tabellio ad me attulit epistolam de stlata et catta in portu obrutis, unde miser perdidi cadiscum strobilorum plerum, duo haustra, calpar, decem scutellas, calignam, et, quod maximè dolet, crocotulam nuper uxori emptam, sed spero me redhostiturum fore.

Amicus

Catax, lame, hip halt.
Capitularis, a tax-gatherer, an exciseman.
Subleslus, weak, feeble; of no esteem or account.
Carnarius, a butcher.
Hornotinus, a fawn or hind-calf.
Clathratus, latticed, barred, grated.
Occillo, to buffet, or beat and maul.
Gaunacum, a thick shag rug to cover one with, an Irish mantle.
Decotes, *Togæ detritæ*, garments worn bare.
Pernio, a kibe on the heel.
Propola, a huckster, or retailer, a forestaller, a regrater, &c.
Arilator, a pedlar.
Cocio, a higler.
Salisubsulus, a morris-dancer, any one who dances and capers to music.
Labda, any sort of vile filthy rascal.
Tribon, a threadbare cloak.
Tabellio, a carrier of letters.
Stlata, a float, a hoy, a flat boat.
Catta, *nomen navis*.
Cadiscus, a rundlet, a kilderkin, or little barrel.
Strobilus, a pine-apple.
Plerus, idem quod *plenus*.

Haustrum,

Amicus noster catulaster lepidissimus hominum miserè vivit in domuncula vescarum plena, proficiebus pascitur, operando strigans et conquinisens, et turundis pullos pascit in tuguriolo serphorum pleno.

Hesterna nocte cecidit terribilissima labes mantissa, quæ inlices omnes implevit.

Sum humilissimus, &c.

Hausirum, a bucket; also a kind of pot, or jug, to draw drink with.

Calpar, an earthen vessel, or tun.

Scutella, any kind of dish or platter.

Caligna, as this word seems to be derived from Καλον, *lignum*, perhaps it signifies a large wooden bowl.

Crocotula, a little saffron coloured, or yellow garment.

Redhostio, to requite a curtesy, to return like for like: But here it may signify, to make a present of just such another garment.

Catulaster, a little whelp.

Vesca, a cobweb.

Proficies, perhaps it may signify a supply, or subsidy, given as a present.

Strigo, to breathe, or rest in work, to stop or stand still, as oxen sometimes do at plough in the middle of a furrow.

Conquinisco, to duck the head, to bow or bend the body, to stoop.

Turunda, a pellet of bread, dough, or paste, wherewith capons are crammed.

Serphus, a kind of vermine like an ant.

Labes, a great fall, or pash of rain or hail, &c.

Mantissa, qu. manutensa, eo quod manu porrigitur. Over-measure, advantage, the vantage or over-weight. The Welch call it *Ispine*.

Inlex, *inlices*, *canales*, gutters in streets.

AN

A N

A N S W E R

TO THE

EPISTLE in HARD LATIN,

By DOCTOR SHERIDAN.

Doctiſſime Decane,

FOrbum tabellarum methodium veſtrarum lagonopono me ferme affecit, quocirca hoſtire veſtræ reverentiæ gerras aggredior. Quid mea refert ſi uropygium abræ ignobilis ſit læſum, ejuſmodi etenim mulieres plerumque ſunt exbuæ, atque rimarum non minus plenæ quam excernicula, profecto non mihi injucundum foret, ſi tu eſſes illi iatraliptes,

Forbus, Calidus, Serv. Formus a θέρμος: Æol. φέρμος, aliter a *forbo*, vel *forvo*; i. e. *ferveo*, hot, warm.
Tabella, a letter, or epiſtle.
Methodium, a trick, a cheat, a cunning fetch.
Lagonoponos, a fretting to the gutts.
Hoſtio, to recompence, to return like for like.
Gerræ, hurdles, or twigs filled up with earth, for fortifying a place; gabions, &c.
Exbuæ, tipling-goſſips.
Excerniculum, a ſieve.
Iatraliptes, a phyſician or ſurgeon that cures by ointments and frictions.

Crotaphitæ,

tes. Si vero curam ſuſcipias, non abs re fuerit illius crotaphitas ambabus calidè manibus fricare ne ſpiritus deficiant, atque inde porro ad podicem deſcendens, poſtquam complutum aquâ vitæ feceris, applicueris emplaſtrum calligoni, mattiacarum tritarum, daucorum, ſuffitieteridis, gethyonum. Caveto interim ne tibi manus imbulbitaverit, aut imbubinaverit, partiliter quando prædicti ſpiritus urticam ſenſerit; ſed ne forſan obliviſcaris te moneo, ut pars crepidinis dorſi interior ſit ſifficulanda. Memini illius patrem ex infimâ plebis ruderatione gingrinatorem, lucuntes olim vendidit, admodum fuit procellulus, eximius autem pilicrepus; ſed ſalaconem

Crotaphitæ, the two muſcles that are in the temples.
Complutus, wetted all over.
Calligonum, way graſs, knot-graſs.
Mattiacæ, [pilæ dict. quod præſtantiſſimæ apud Mattiacum Germaniæ oppidum conficerentur]. Soap-balls, waſh balls.
Tritus, common, much uſed.
Daucus, a kind of wild carrot.
Suffitieteridis. As there is no ſuch word as this to be found in the common Dictionaries, it is imagined to have been coined by Dr. Sheridan, when he was writing this letter, in order to amuſe and puzzle his correſpondent: Or, if it be not too wild a conjecture, let us ſuppoſe the word to be thus divided, *Suffiti* et *Eridis*; and then it may refer to the reſt of the ingredients of the plaiſter, and eſpecially to the ſevere poignancy of the onions, in the next and laſt article: And then, perhaps, the latter part of the ſentence may be thus paraphraſtically interpreted: "You might apply to the part affected a plaiſter "of knot-graſs, common waſh-ball, wild carrot, "and among the reſt of the ingredients," [for Συσσιτος ſignifies a companion] "by way of giving

falaconem atque doſonem nimiùm ſe oſtendendo, minuit hanc gloriam quam exercitiis meruit. Si vis ut noſtra denuò amicitia inaleſcat, te mecum cras prandere prorito, habebis ſympinium vel applam vini non vulgaris abſque flocibus, cum ſerviſia æque pellucidum ac glæſum. Sepiſſimè futabas in ædibus meis nequè unquam inanias, de quibus mentionem in epiſtola veſtrâ feciſti, in ulla noſtrarum conſpexiſti camerarum. Heſterno die nimium

" ing the whole a poignancy," [for Ἔρις ſignifies a contention for victory] " you ſhould take care " that a mixture of onion predominate in the " compoſition." The word *Urtica*, in the following period, ſeems to favour this conjecture.

Gethyon, a kind of onions, hollow leeks.

Imbulbito, to defile one's ſelf with any thing deteſtable. Vide Dictionary.

Imbubino, to defile with any thing abominable. Vide Dictionary.

Partiliter, particularly, with exactneſs or ſubtilty.

Urtica, a nettle, or any tickling pain like the ſting of a nettle.

Crepido, dorſi crepido, the rump.

Fiſſiculandus, to be cleft, or cut open.

Ruderatio, rubbiſh.

Gingrinator, a piper or minſtrel.

Lucuns, a kind of meat; or rather ſome baked thing; a ſpice cake.

Pilicrepus, a ball-player.

Salacon, a great boaſter, who being extremely poor, would be thought very rich.

Doſo, a great promiſer, but who does nothing.

Inaleſco, ut Coaleſco, to grow together, to ſtick one to another.

Prorito, to provoke, ſtir up, egg on.

Sympinium, a kind of wooden veſſel for wine, uſed of

nimium ambulando flegmine laboro, quod ex ſtomachi ventoſitate eveniſſe comperio, ideoque magnam git quantitatem, ut poſtico emurmuret, de glutire ſtatuo.

Sum tibi humillimus, &c.

Manaco, Maii 15. 1732.

of old in their holy rites and divine ſervices; a ſtone-jug, or pitcher; a drinking-cup.

Appla, ab *ad* et *pleo*, ut ſit vas quod ſubinde impletur et depletur.——A kind of veſſel uſed at table.

Floces, pl. the dregs or lees of wine.

Cervi ſia, vel *Cereviſia*, *Cerealis*, liquor, ale, beer, &c.

Futo, to blame or reprove.

Glæſum, a kind of amber.

Inaniæ, emptineſſes, cobwebs.

Flegmen, an inflammation or ſwelling in the legs, tired by over-much walking.

Git, vel *Gith*, indecl. a kind of cockle, a ſmall ſeed.

Poſticum, a back-door.

Manacus, a month.

The END *of the Thirteenth* VOLUME.

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